

MAY

NO. 22

10¢

SMASH COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

**BOZO
THE ROBOT** IN A THRILLING
ADVENTURE



THE RAY



MIDNIGHT



ESPIONAGE



THE JESTER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

JUST LIKE *Flying!*



THAT'S *bike-riding* WHEN YOUR BIKE
HAS A **MORROW** COASTER BRAKE

Don't envy aviators! You can fly, too — (or seem to) if your bike is equipped with the world famous Morrow Coaster Brake. You'll go zooming over hills and whizzing down straight-aways when you're coasting with a Morrow.

The Morrow Brake, you see, has 31 BIG, precision ball bearings which spin and spin in a hardened raceway—insuring absolutely free

coasting. And a huge bronze brake shoe that GRIPS the heat-treated steel hub — insures quick, easy stopping.

Be sure your bike's Morrow-equipped. It doesn't cost you a penny more—and all manufacturers use Morrow. Tell your bicycle dealer that's what you want.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bendix Aviation Corporation
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

The **MODERN MORROW**

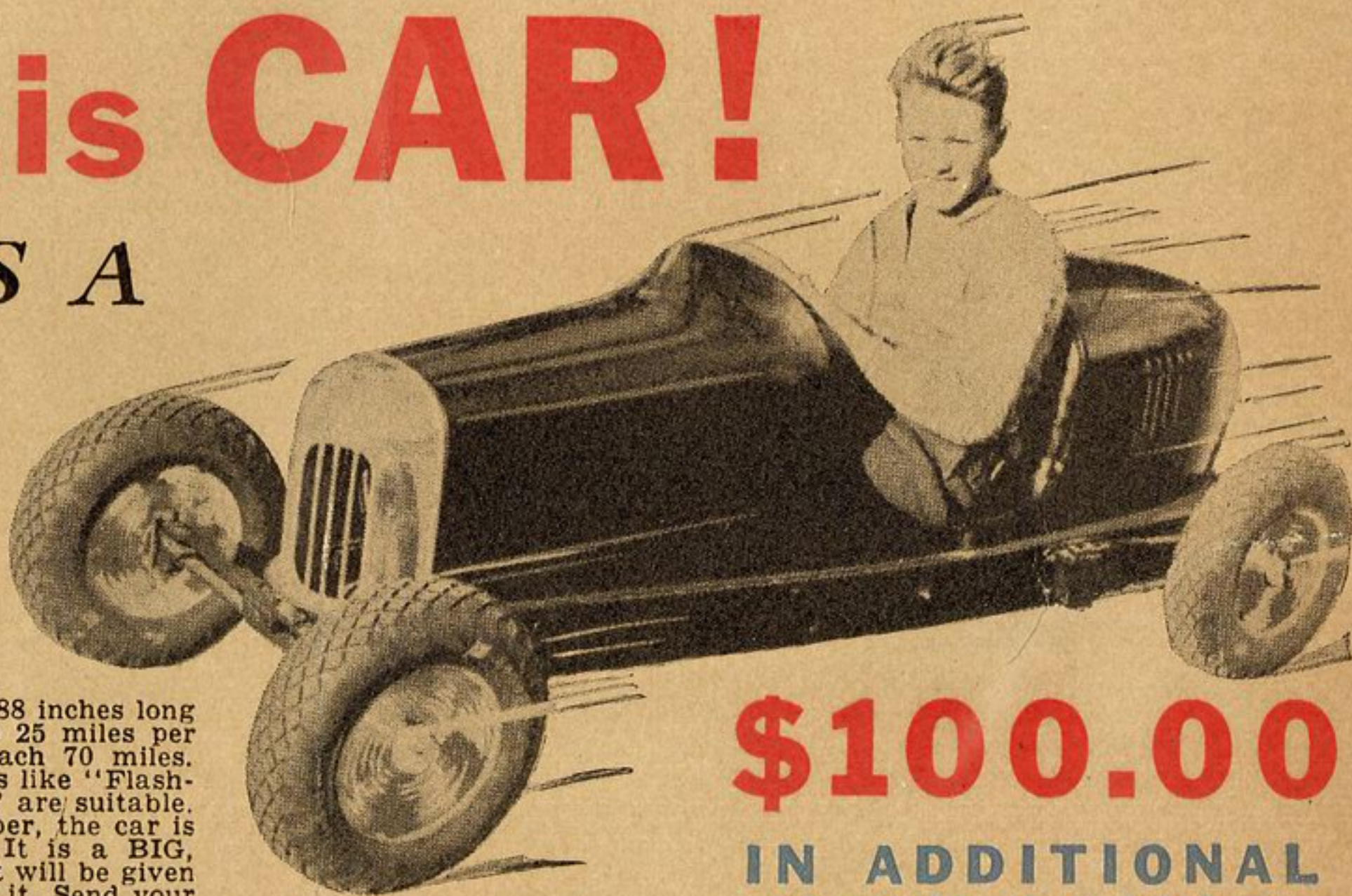
WIN this CAR!

JUST SEND US A NAME

We will give this car to you for sending us the most outstanding name for it! Can't you just imagine yourself driving it down the street? IT'S NOT A TOY—this is a real car and all you have to do to get it is to send us the best name for it. This BIG little racing car has a 4-cycle air-cooled gasoline motor, big 16x4-inch balloon tires and a wheel base of 60 inches. It is 88 inches long and 26 inches high and can be driven from 5 to 25 miles per hour, using about only one gallon of gas for each 70 miles.

Send in the name you think fits this car. Names like "Flashing Arrow," "Speed King," and "Wonder Racer" are suitable, but you can think of a much better one. Remember, the car is just like the one shown in the picture above. It is a BIG, snappy-looking racer with a REAL MOTOR and it will be given to the boy or girl who sends in the best name for it. Send your car name TODAY!

**Mail Your
Name Today**



\$100.00

IN ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

25 Prizes for Boys and Girls

In addition to the car, we are also going to give 24 other big cash prizes to the boys and girls sending in the next best names. The car itself is First Prize; Second Prize will be \$30.00; Third Prize will be \$15.00; Fourth Prize will be \$10.00; Fifth Prize will be \$5.00; and the next 20 prizes will be \$2.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in the event of ties. This offer is open to everyone living in the United States with the exception of those who have won major cash prizes from us since January 1, 1936. You should

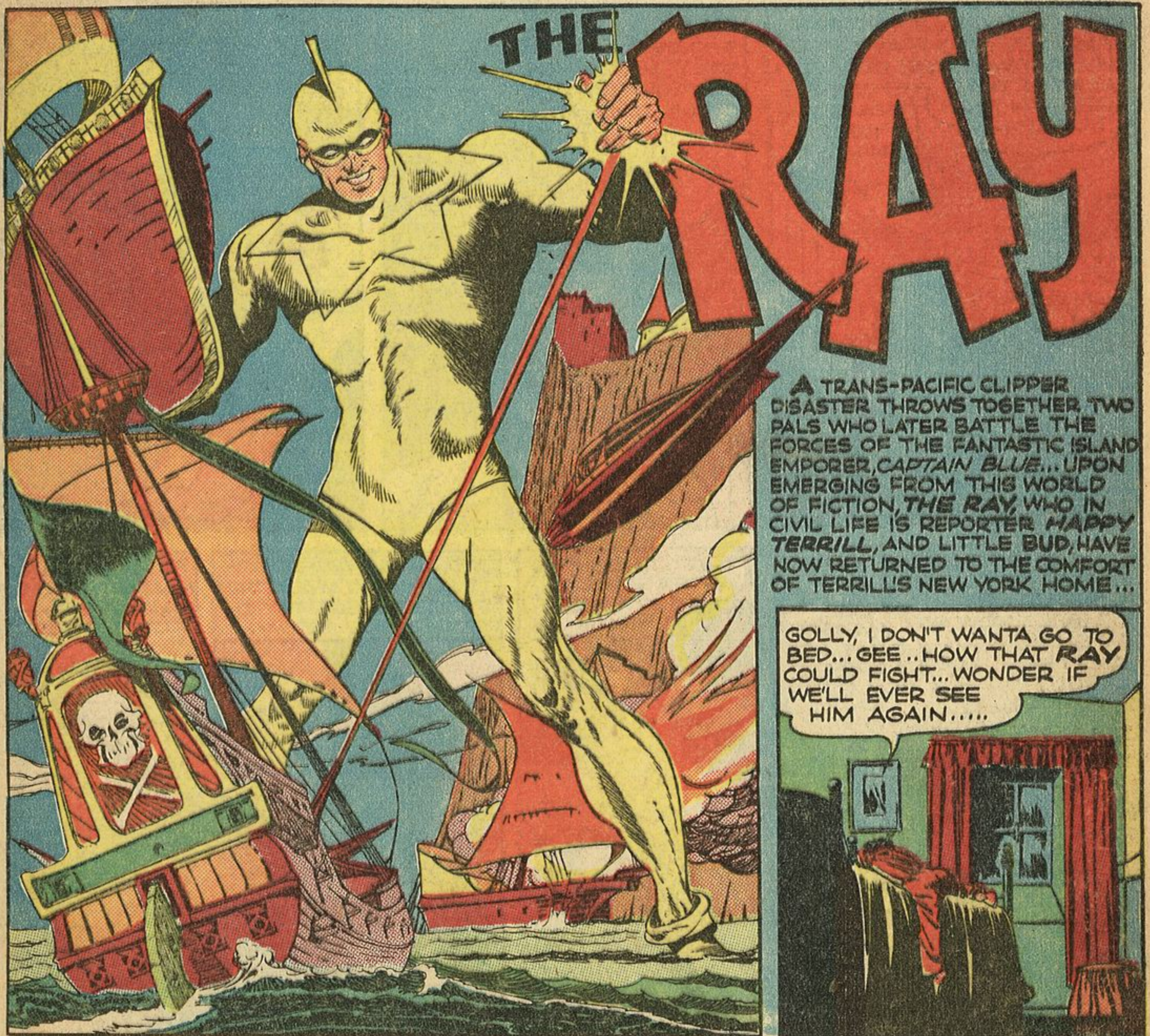
send in but one name for the car and your entry must be mailed before May 24, 1941.

IT'S EASY TO WIN

Think of all the fun you would have driving a REAL CAR like this. You would be more popular than ever with a streamlined racer and even running errands would be fun. It pays to be prompt, so send us your name for the car RIGHT AWAY! The name you have in mind now may win a prize. Just write your name for the car on a penny postcard, sign your own name and address and mail it to:

JUNIOR AUTO CLUB, 62 Capper Building, Topeka, Kansas





THE RAY

A TRANS-PACIFIC CLIPPER DISASTER THROWS TOGETHER TWO PALS WHO LATER BATTLE THE FORCES OF THE FANTASTIC ISLAND EMPEROR, CAPTAIN BLUE... UPON EMERGING FROM THIS WORLD OF FICTION, **THE RAY**, WHO IN CIVIL LIFE IS REPORTER **HAPPY TERRILL**, AND **LITTLE BUD**, HAVE NOW RETURNED TO THE COMFORT OF TERRILL'S NEW YORK HOME...

GOLLY, I DON'T WANTA GO TO BED... GEE.. HOW THAT **RAY** COULD FIGHT... WONDER IF WE'LL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN.....



..ANYWAY..WHY DO US KIDS ALWAYS HAFTA GO T'BED EARLY, AN' BIG PEOPLE STAY UP..**THEY'RE** THE ONES WHO LOOK TIRED AN' SLEEPY!

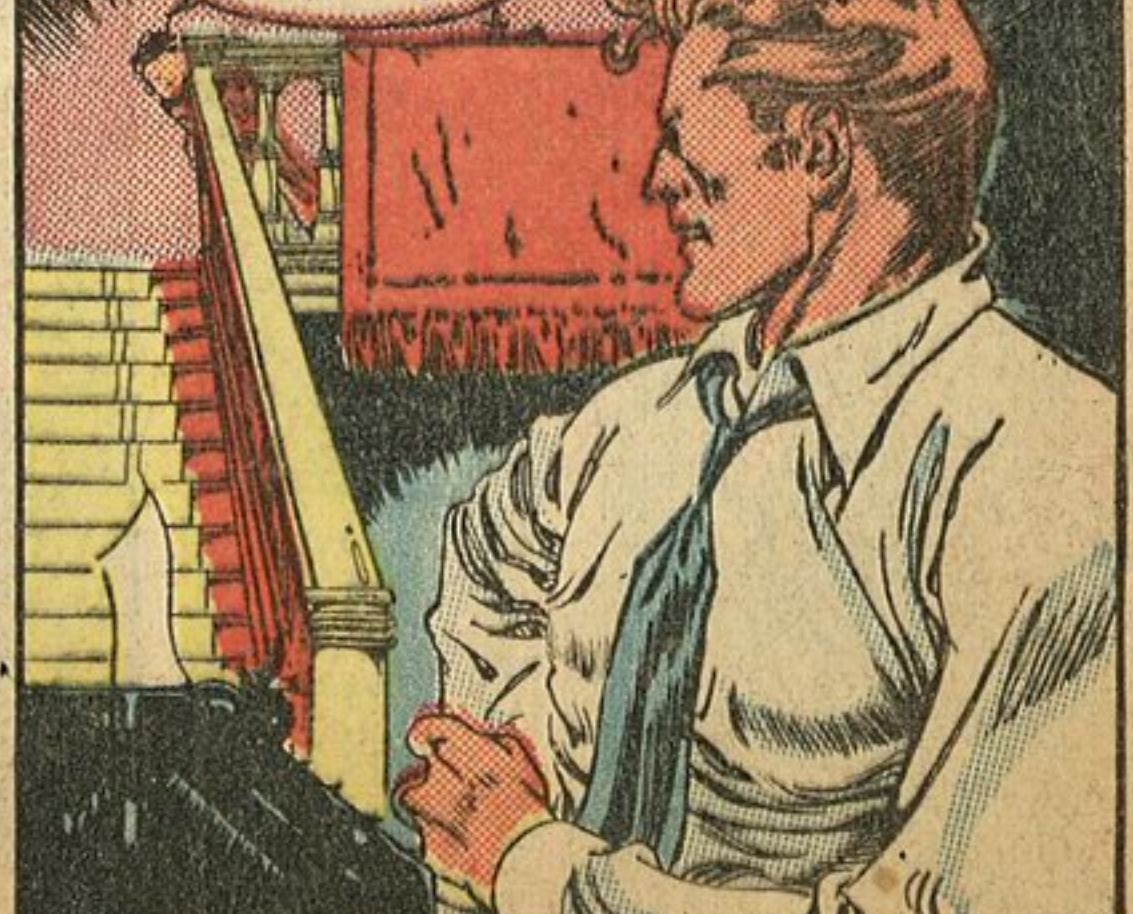


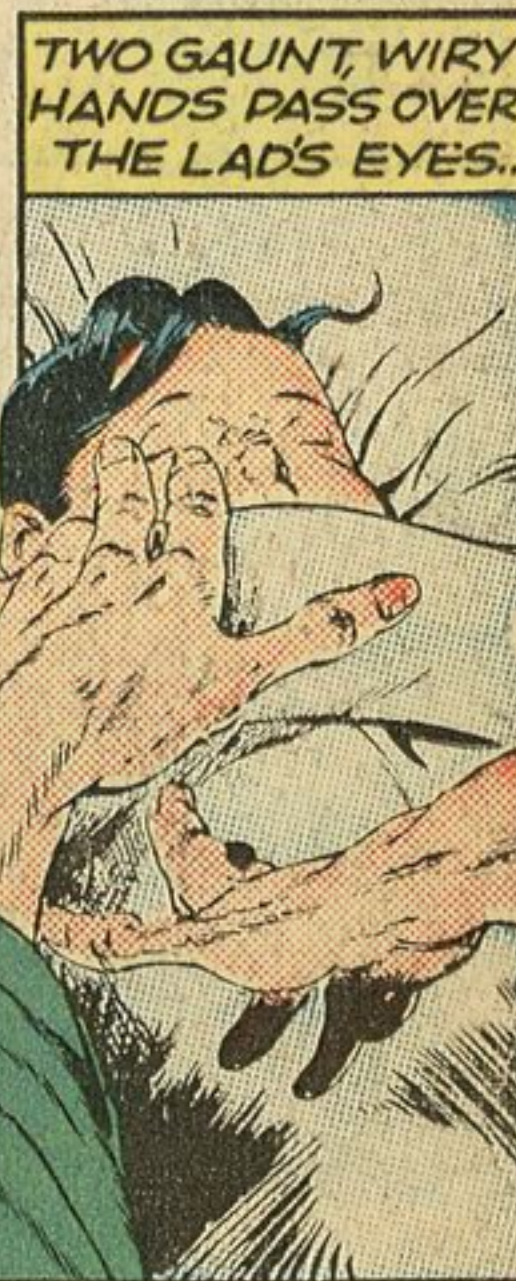
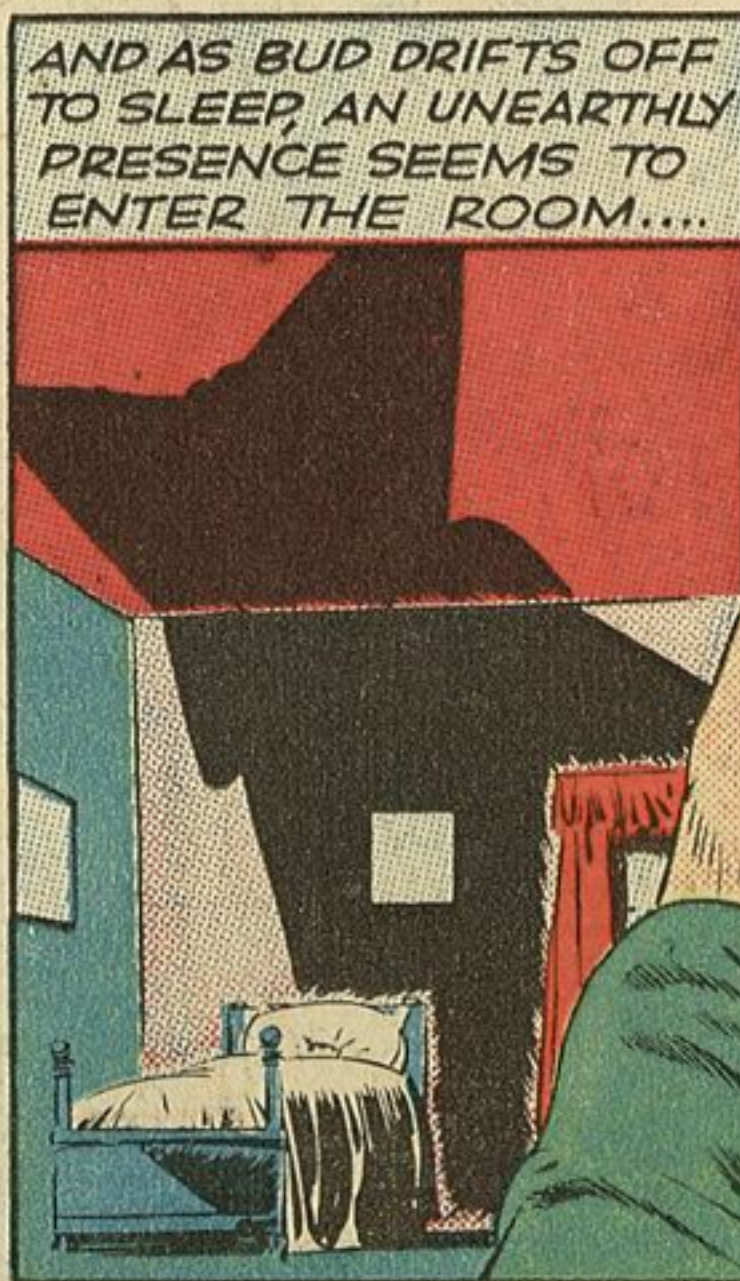
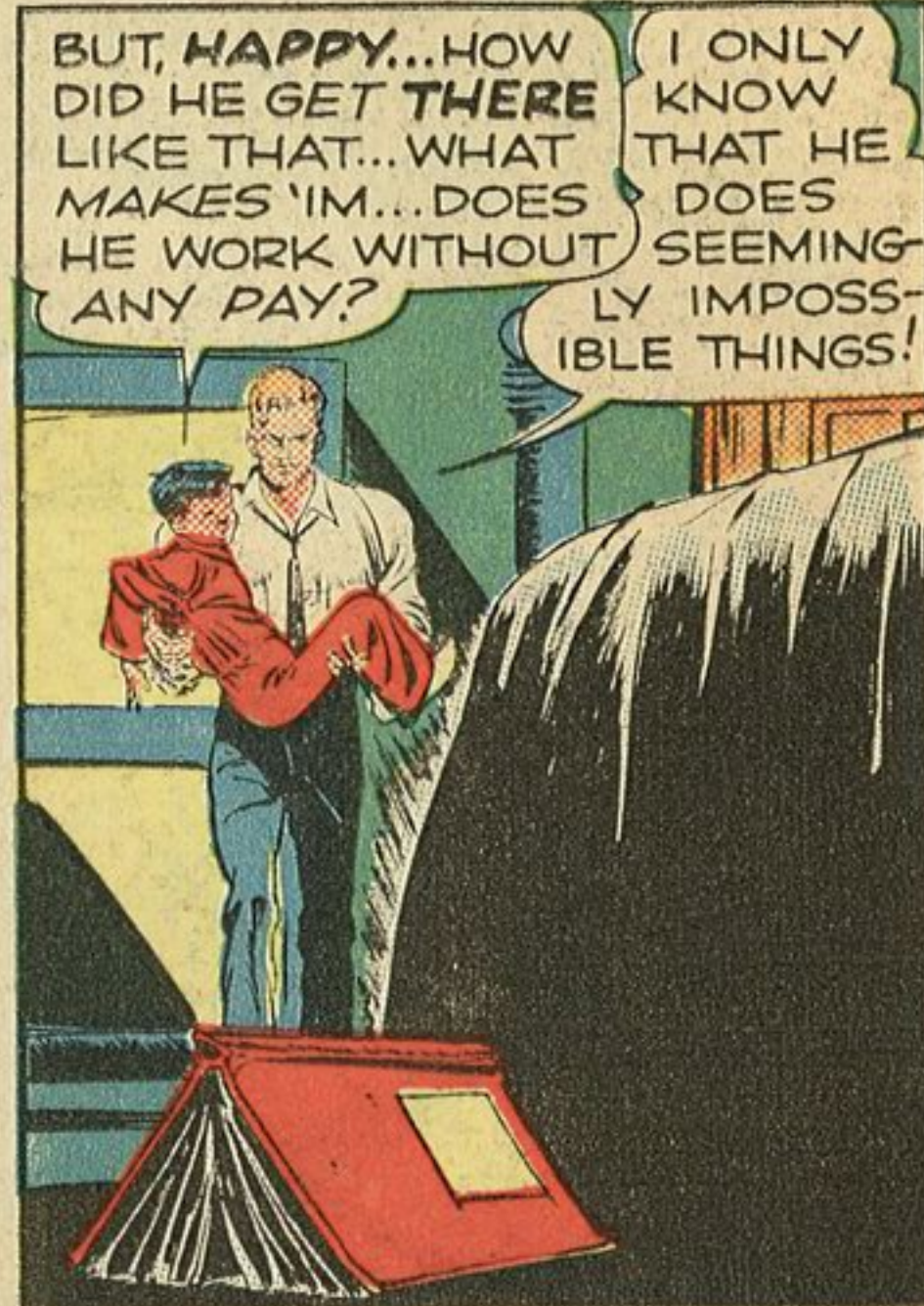
MAYBE **HAPPY'S** SO BUSY WORKIN' THAT HE WON'T NOTICE IF I JUST.....



OH-OH... I THOUGHT I PUT **YOU** IN BED, **BUD!!**.. DON'T YOU KNOW A FELLA WILL NEVER BE BIG AND STRONG WITHOUT REST?

AW...JUST FER A MINUTE, **HAPPY..**



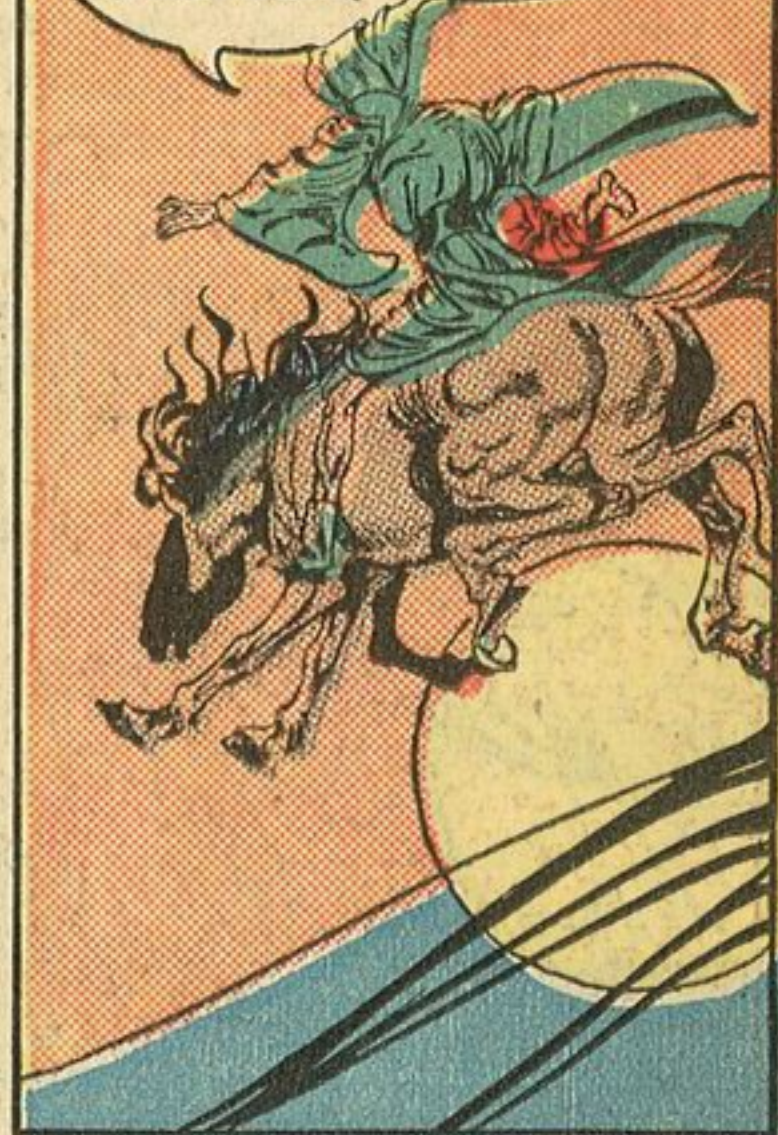


THE TALL MUTE CHIMNEYS AND A GNARLED OLD OAK ARE THE ONLY WITNESSES AS BUD'S CAPTOR NOW MOUNTS A BIG SIX-LEGGED FIERY HORSE...



...AND TOWNS BELOW ARE SPANNED LIKE TOYS AS THE GREAT STEED CARRIES HIS RIDERS WITH THE WHISTLING SPEED OF A MIDNIGHT GALE.....

OUR LITTLE FRIEND DOZES THROUGH A VAST JOURNEY, BLITZEN!



I MUST DROP YOU, LITTLE FRIEND...



THE STRANGE SWAY BRINGS BUD TO HIS SENSES... WITH A GASP HE CLINGS MORE TIGHTLY...



LIKE A FAIRYLAND, A PATCHWORK QUILT OF COUNTRYSIDE LIES BELOW....

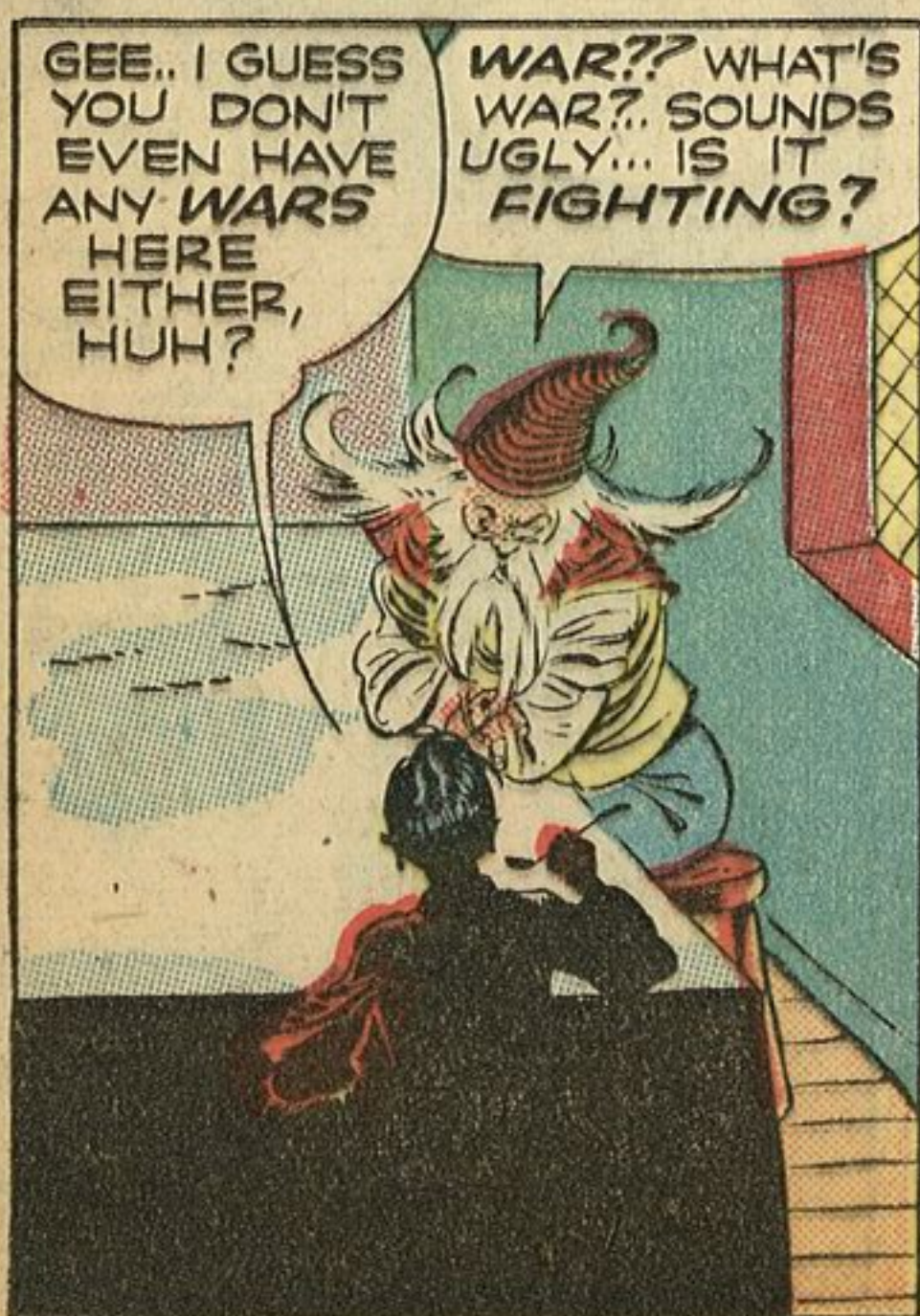


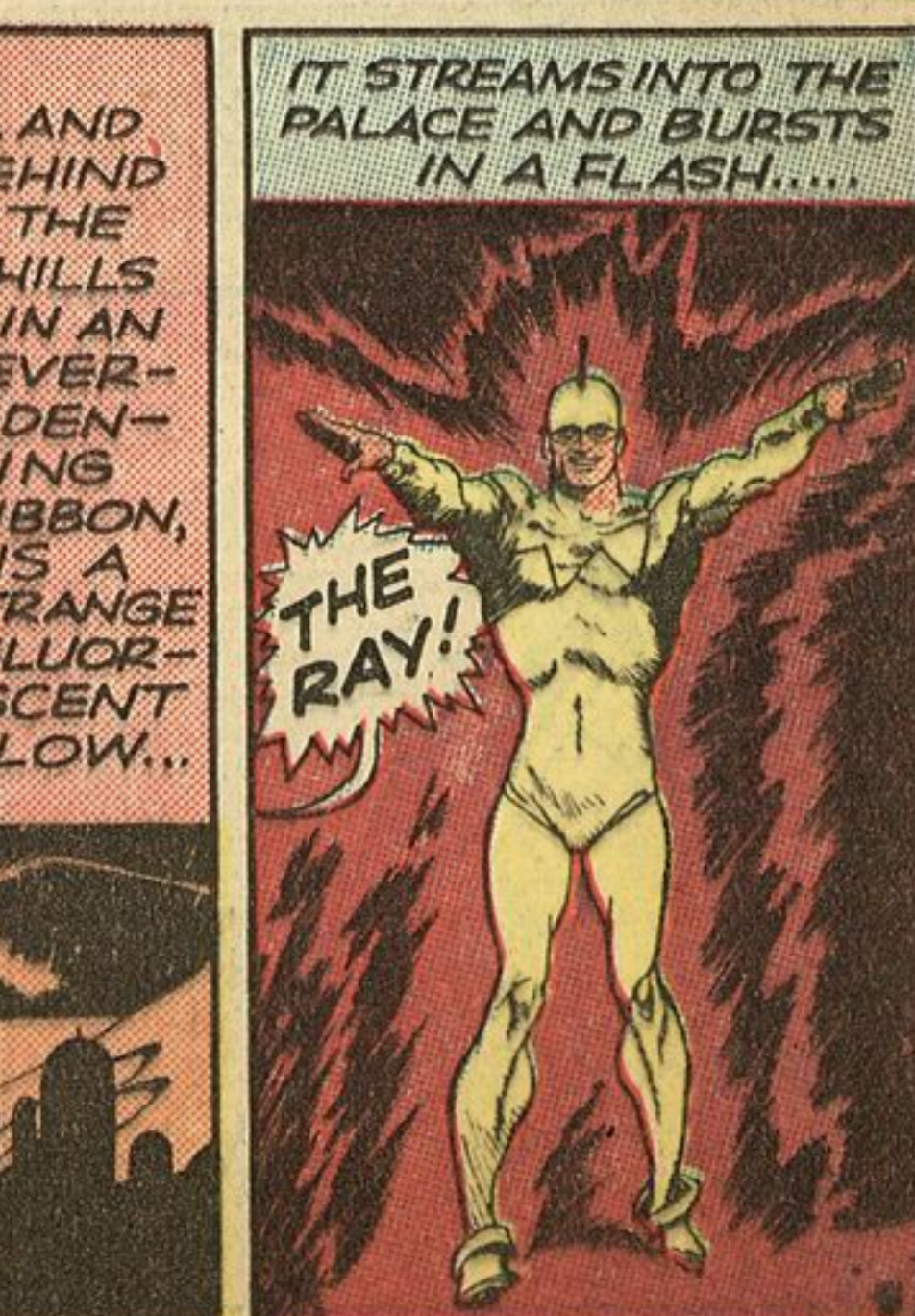
WITH A MOAN AND A DULL THUD, BUD STRIKES THE GROUND

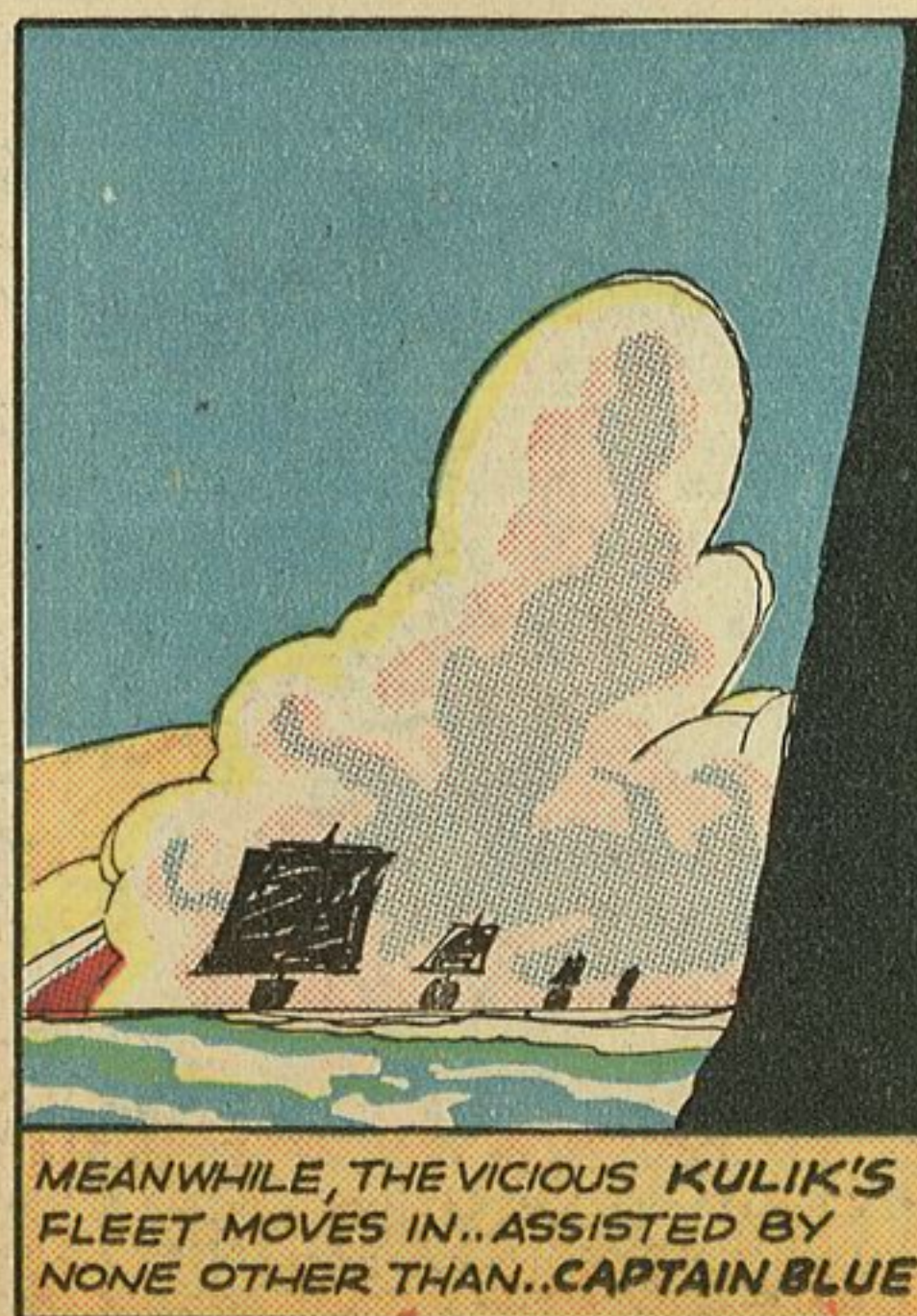
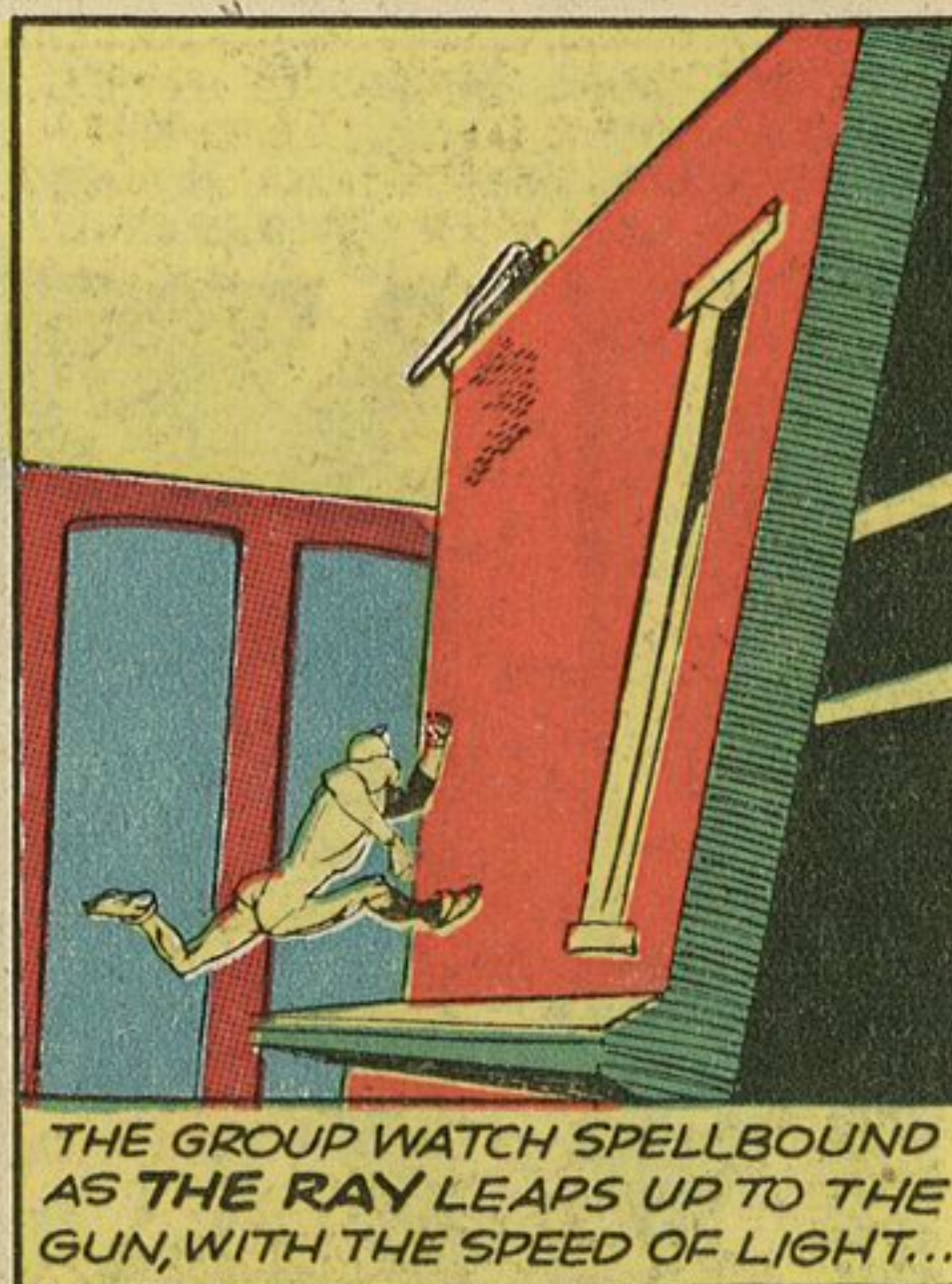
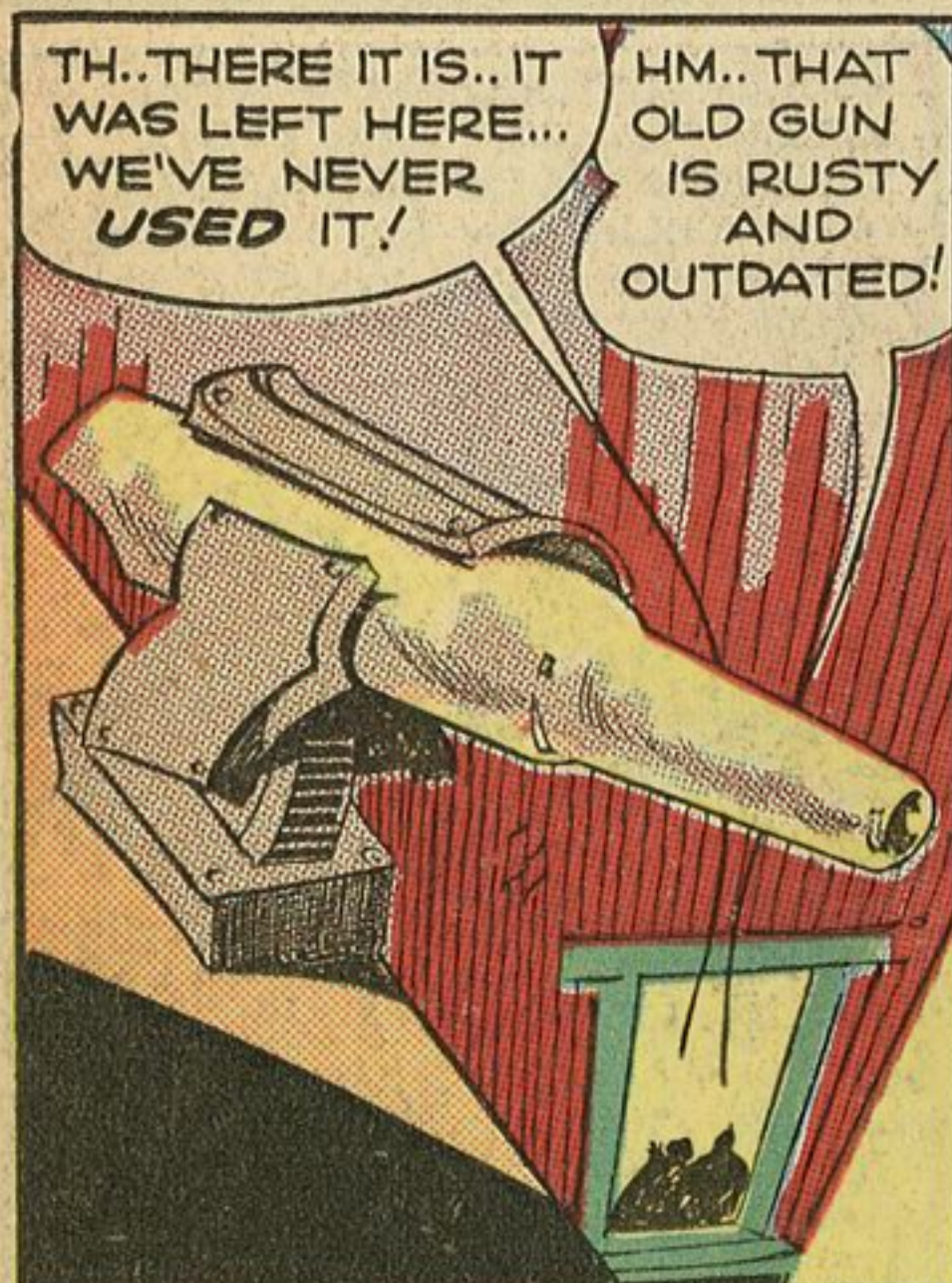


G...GOLLY... I...I'M NOT EVEN HURT... THAT'S FUNNY....

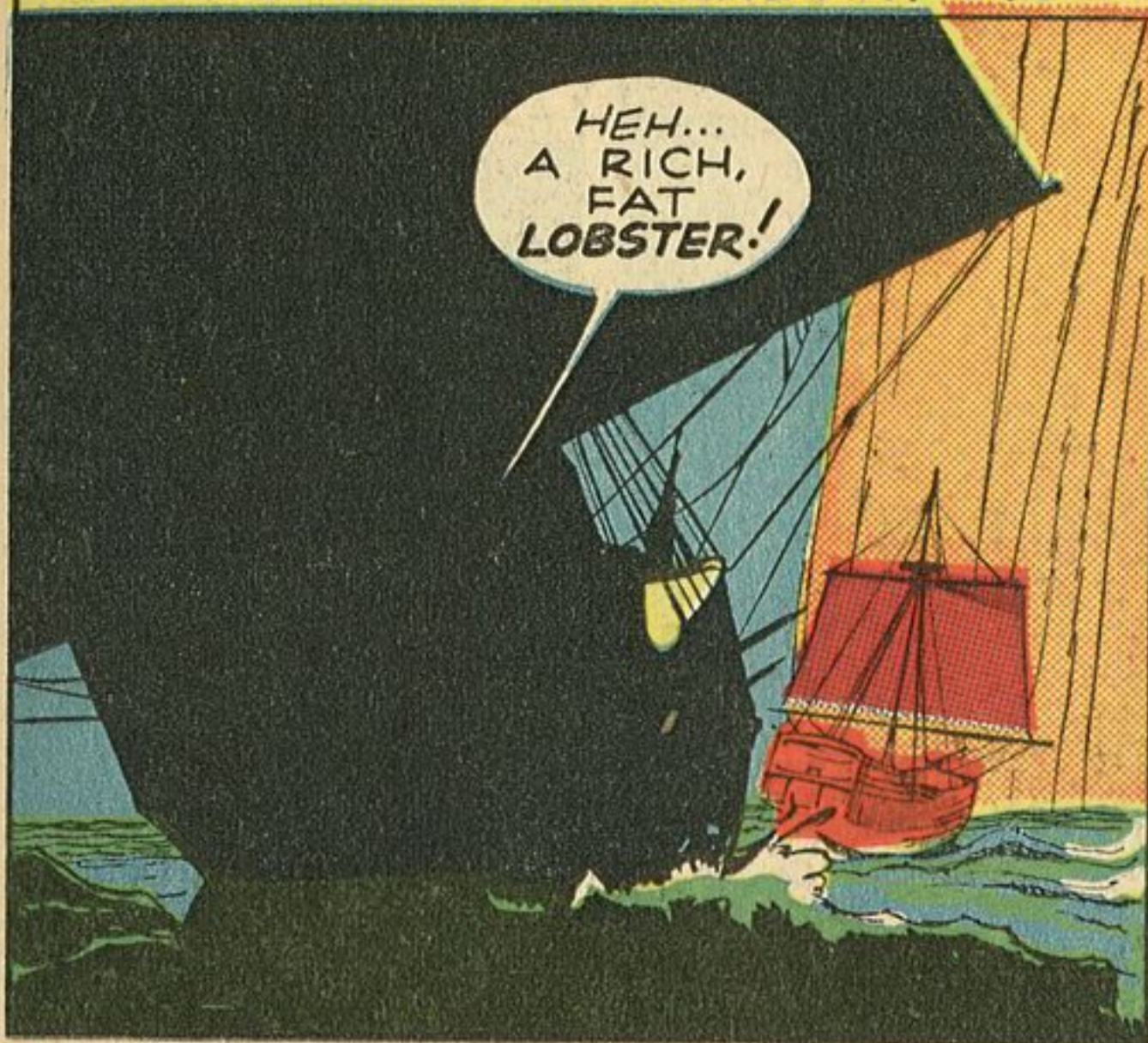








KULIK'S FLAGSHIP BOLDLY GRINDS DOWN
MENACINGLY UPON THE MERCHANTMAN.....



THE SHIPPING VESSEL
TRIES TO FLEE... BUT
WITHERS AS KULIK
RAKES HER WITH FIRE..

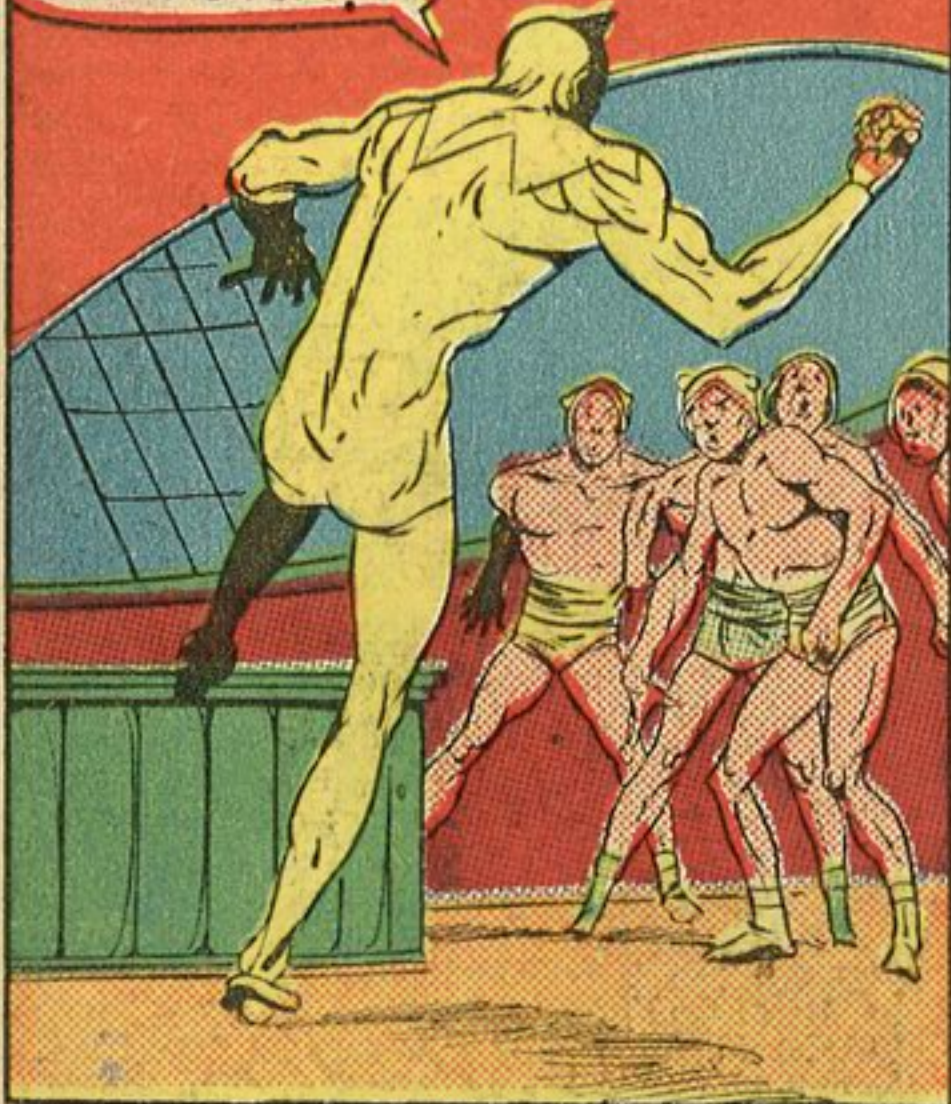


THEN... IN A BLINDING
BURST OF SHELL-FIRE..

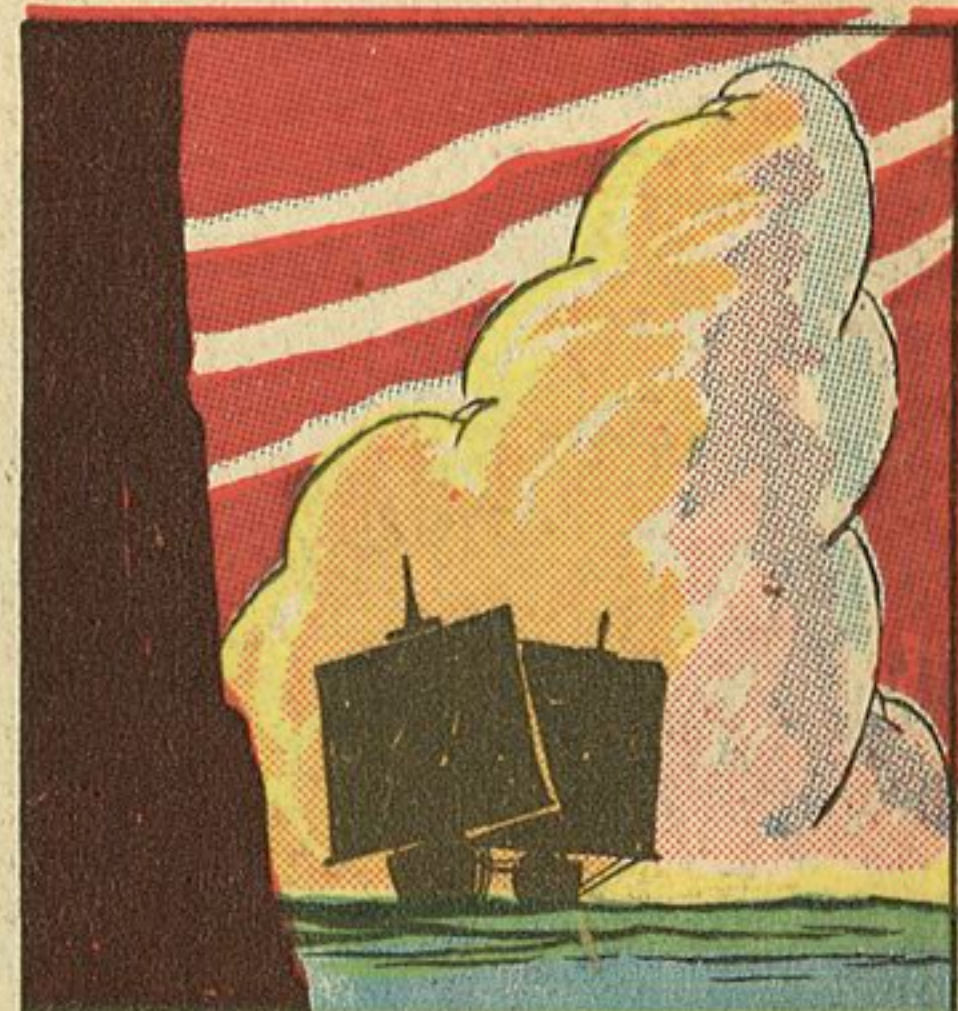
THIS EASY CONQUEST
WILL **BACKFIRE...**
AND LOUD!



STICK TO YOUR POSTS, MEN OF
ELIXIR... THE TIDE IS ABOUT
TO TURN!

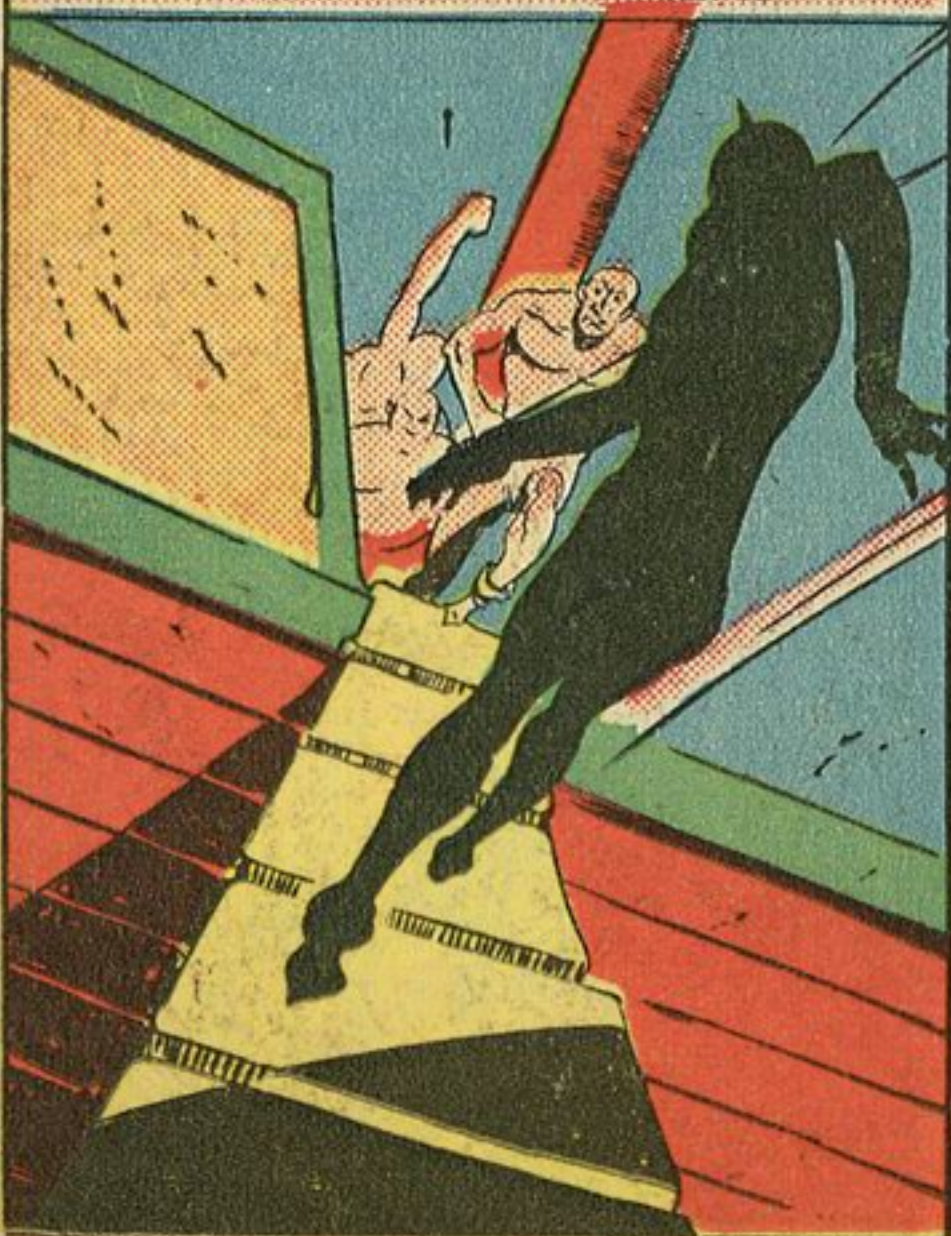


KULIK'S GUNS BEGIN TO BELCH
FORTH RAY-SHELLS UPON THE
MERCHANTMAN... CATCHING THEM
LIKE TOY BALLS, THE RAY
HURLS THEM RIGHT BACK...

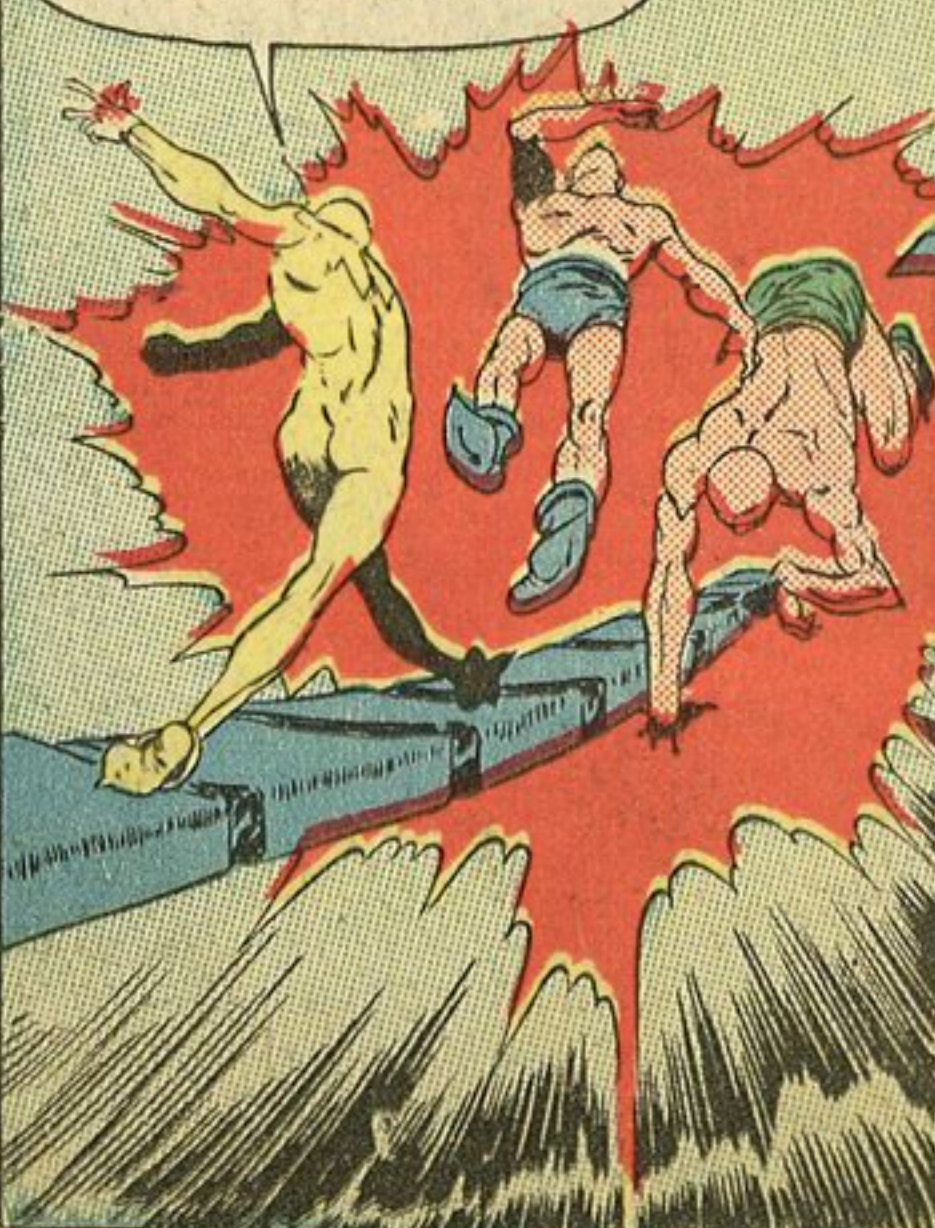


BUT THE AGGRESSORS MOVE
IN AND THROW BOARDING CHAINS
ONTO THEIR VICTIM.. LIKE A HELP-
LESS GIANT, THE ELIXIR SHIP
WALLOWS MOTIONLESS....

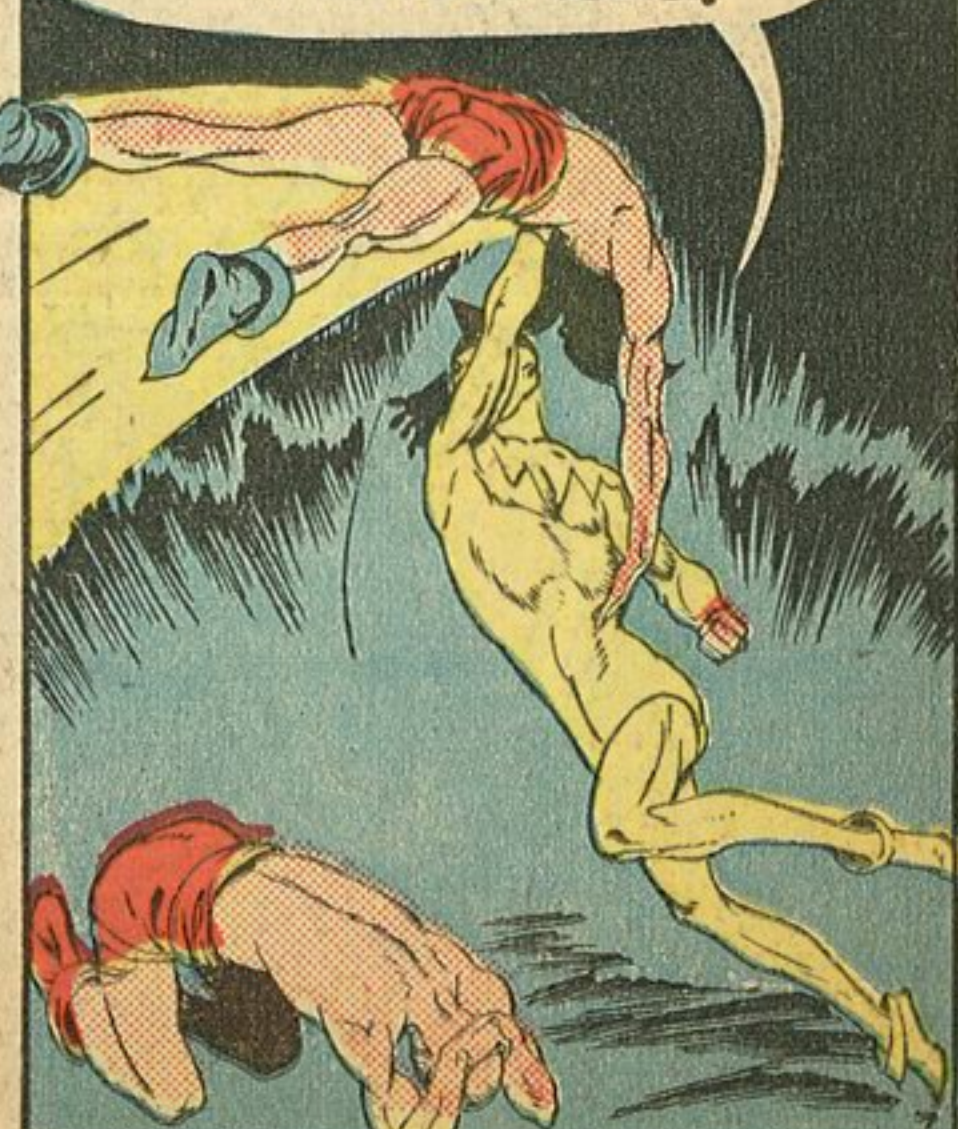
THE RAY DROPS INTO THE PATH
OF THE GRIM ATTACKERS.....

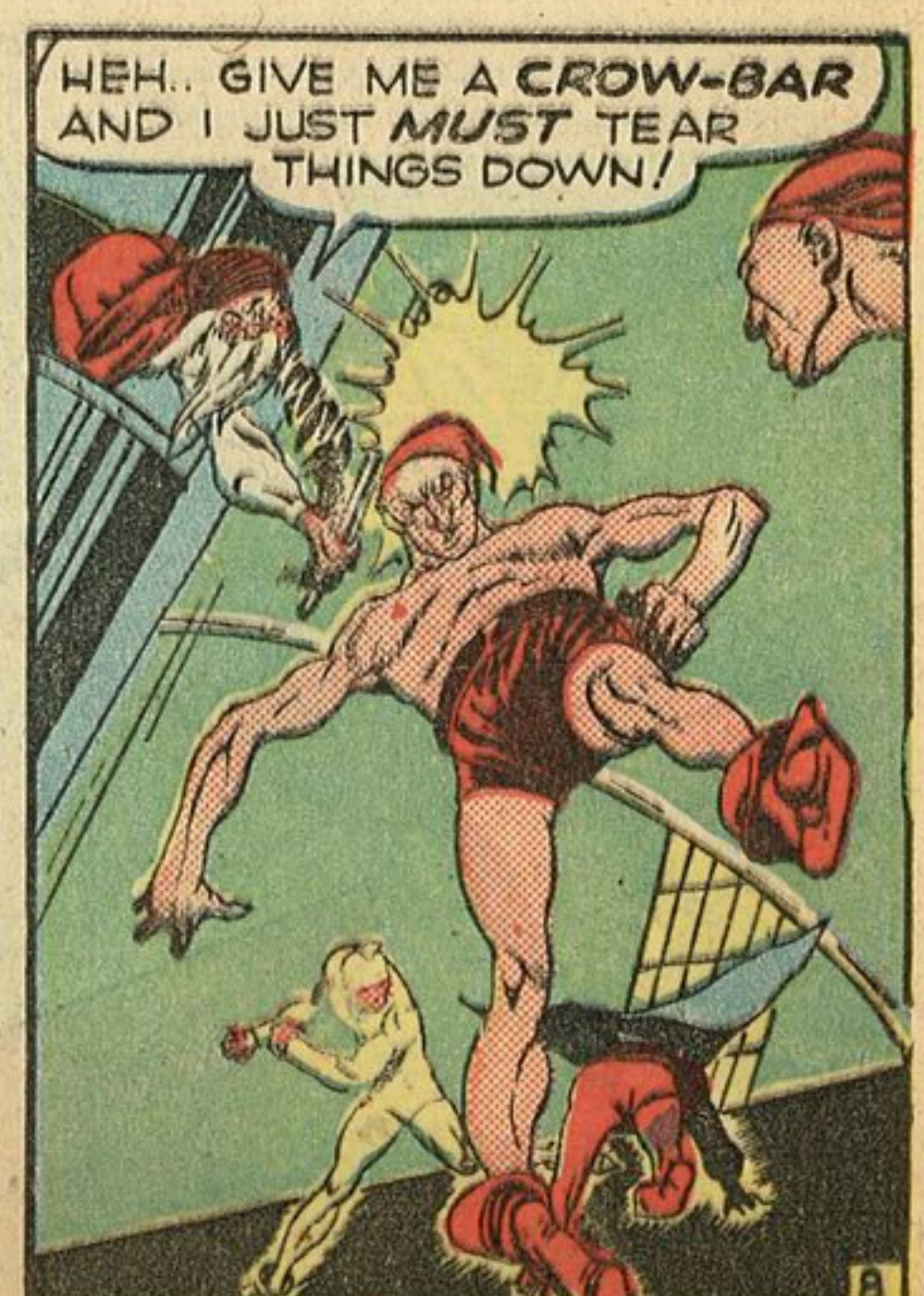
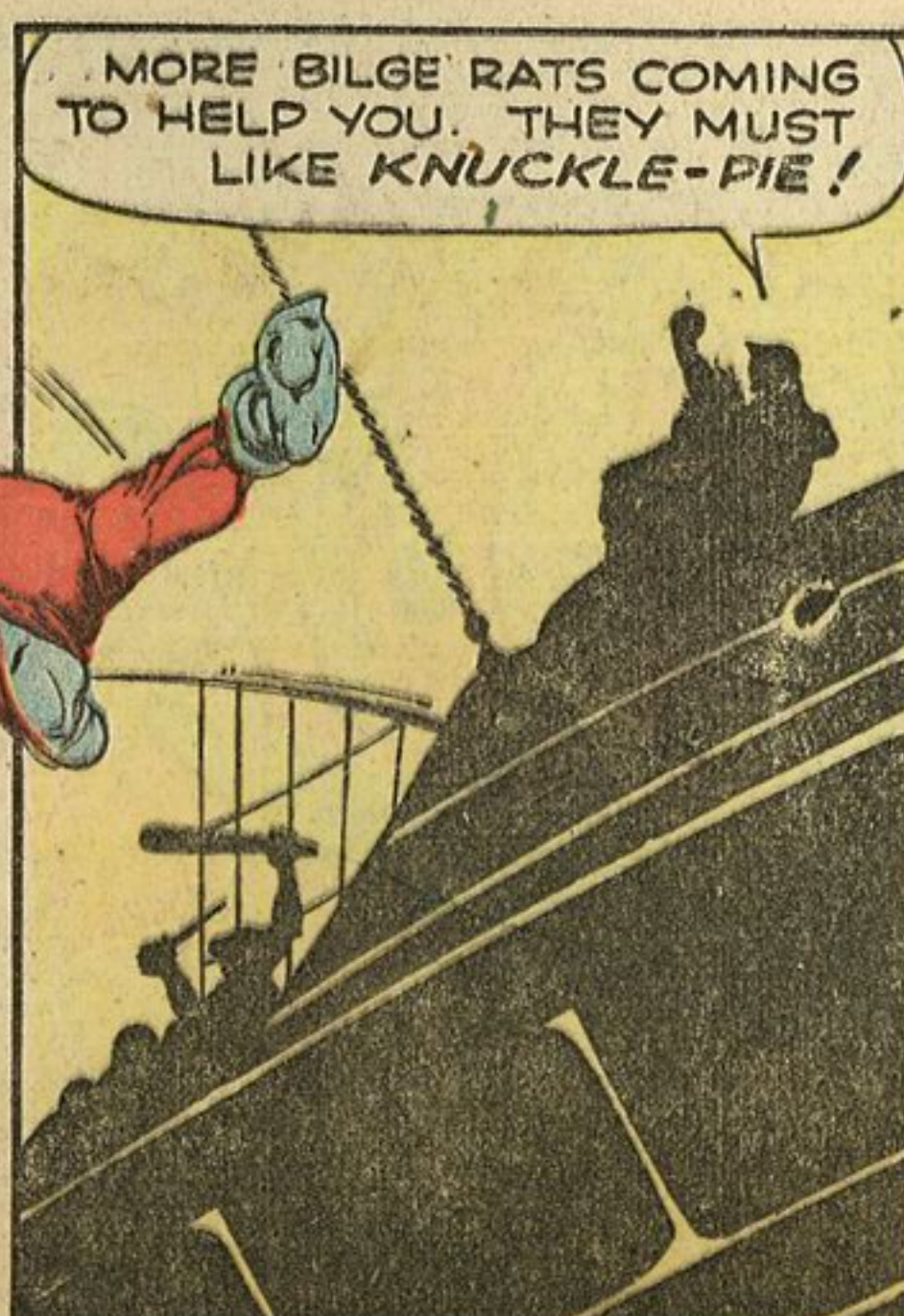
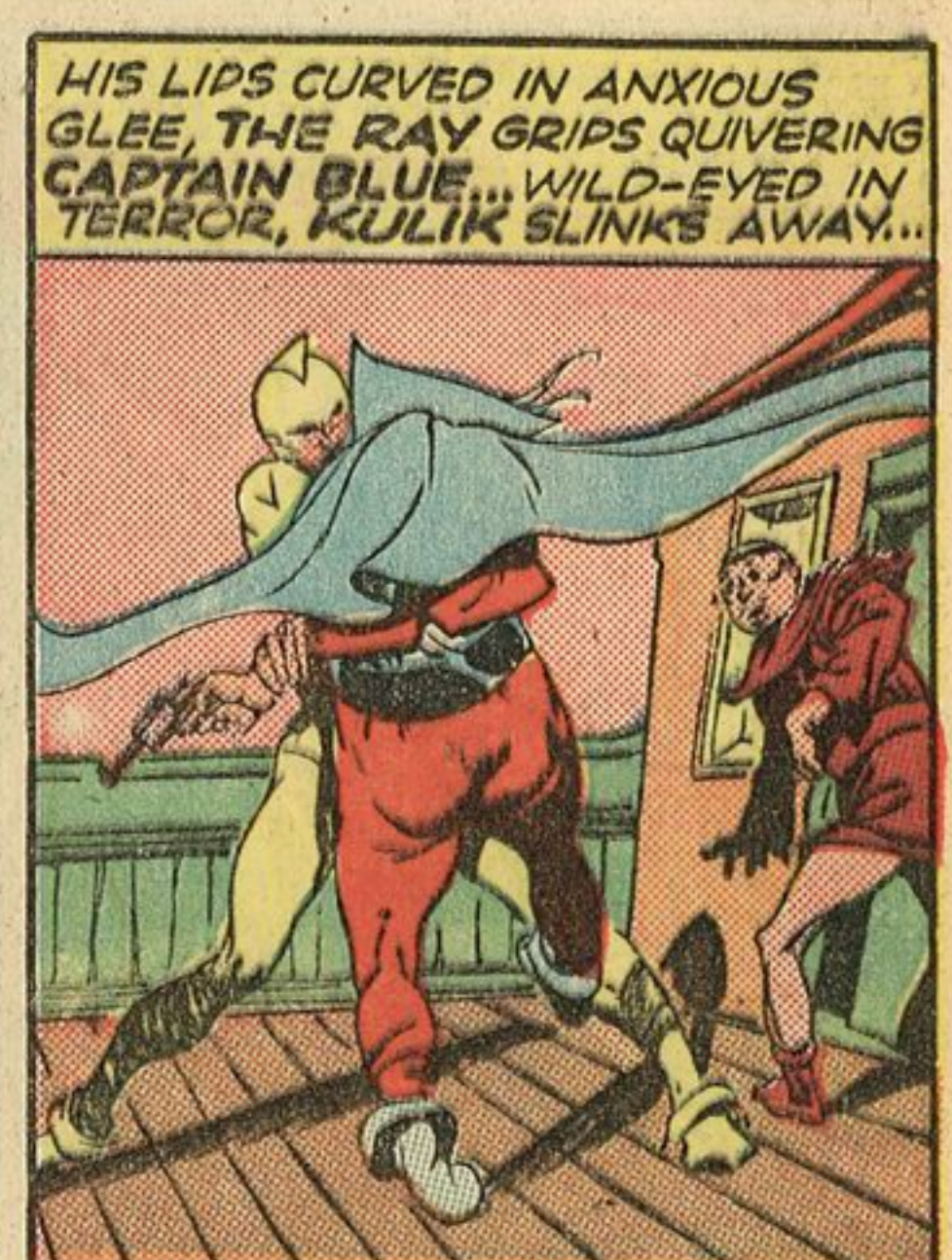
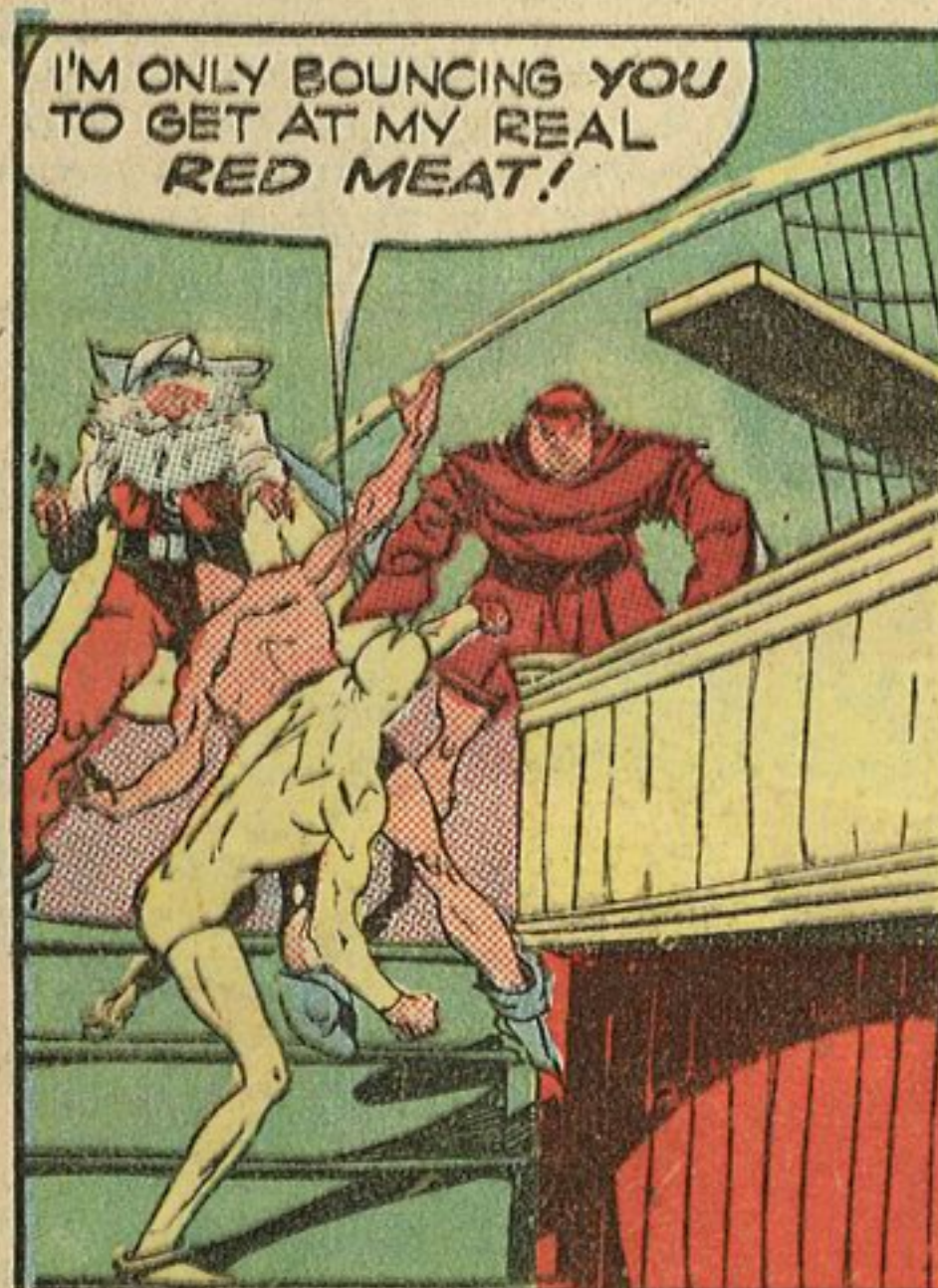
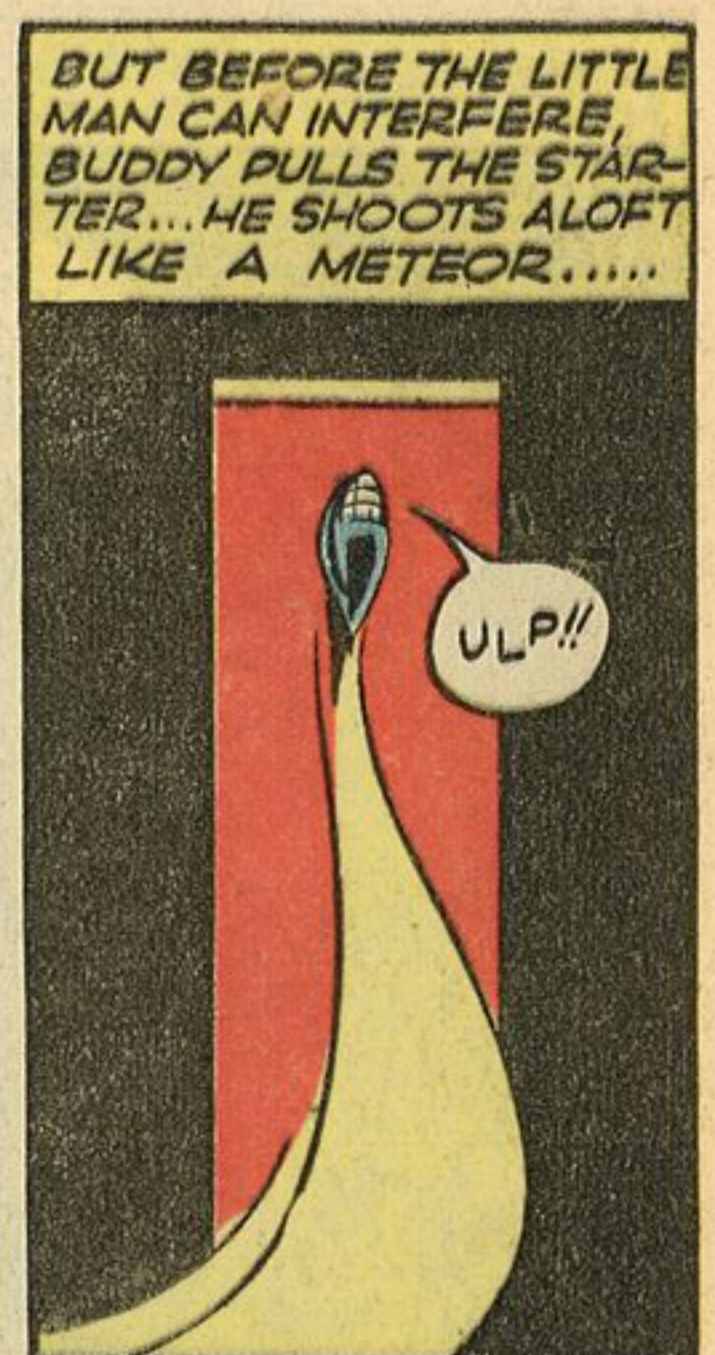
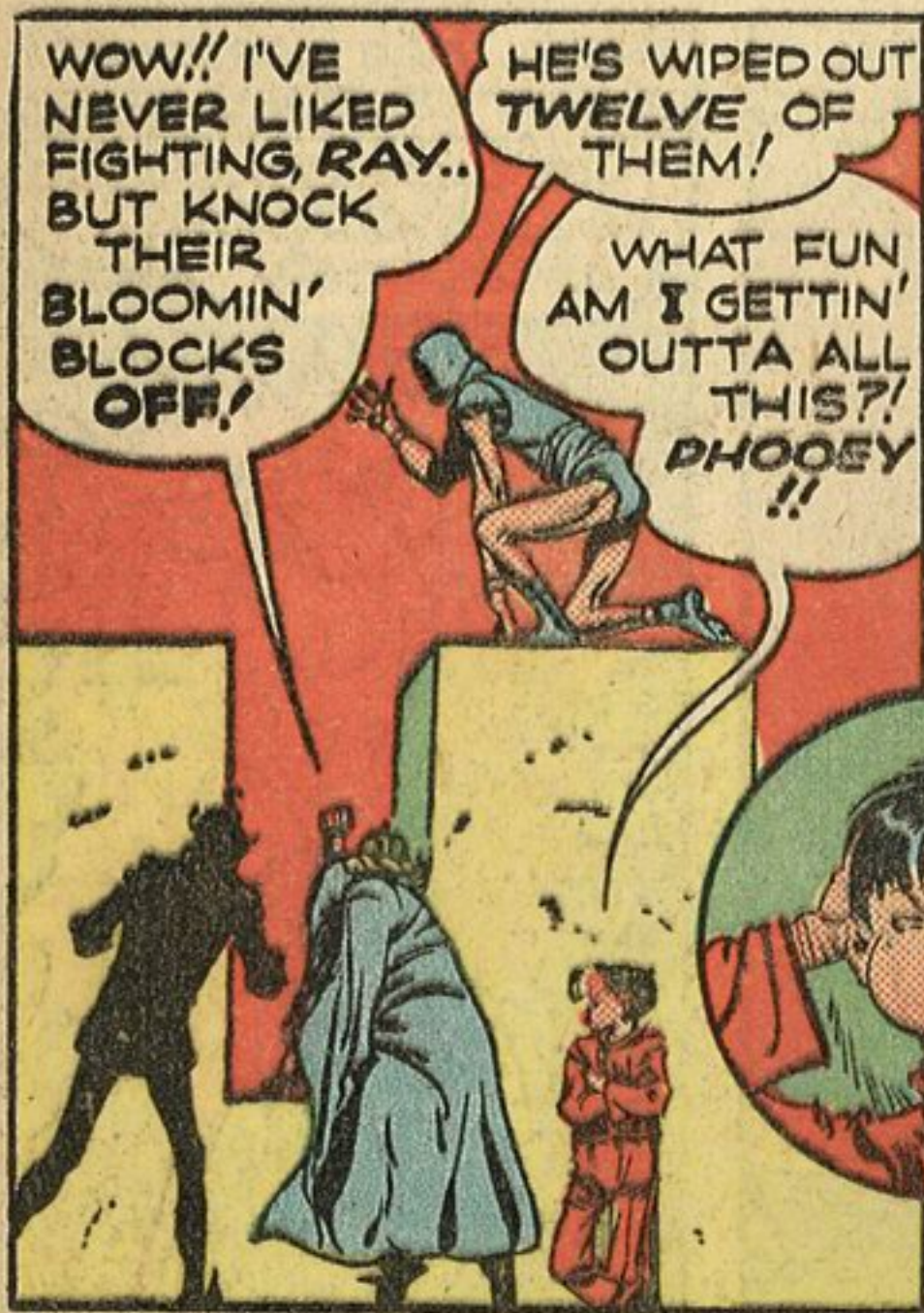


ROUGH PASSAGE,
EH, PALS?!!



I COULD JUST TOSS YOU APES
ASIDE... BUT I LIKE TO FEEL
THINGS BREAKING AGAINST
MY **KNUCKLES!**

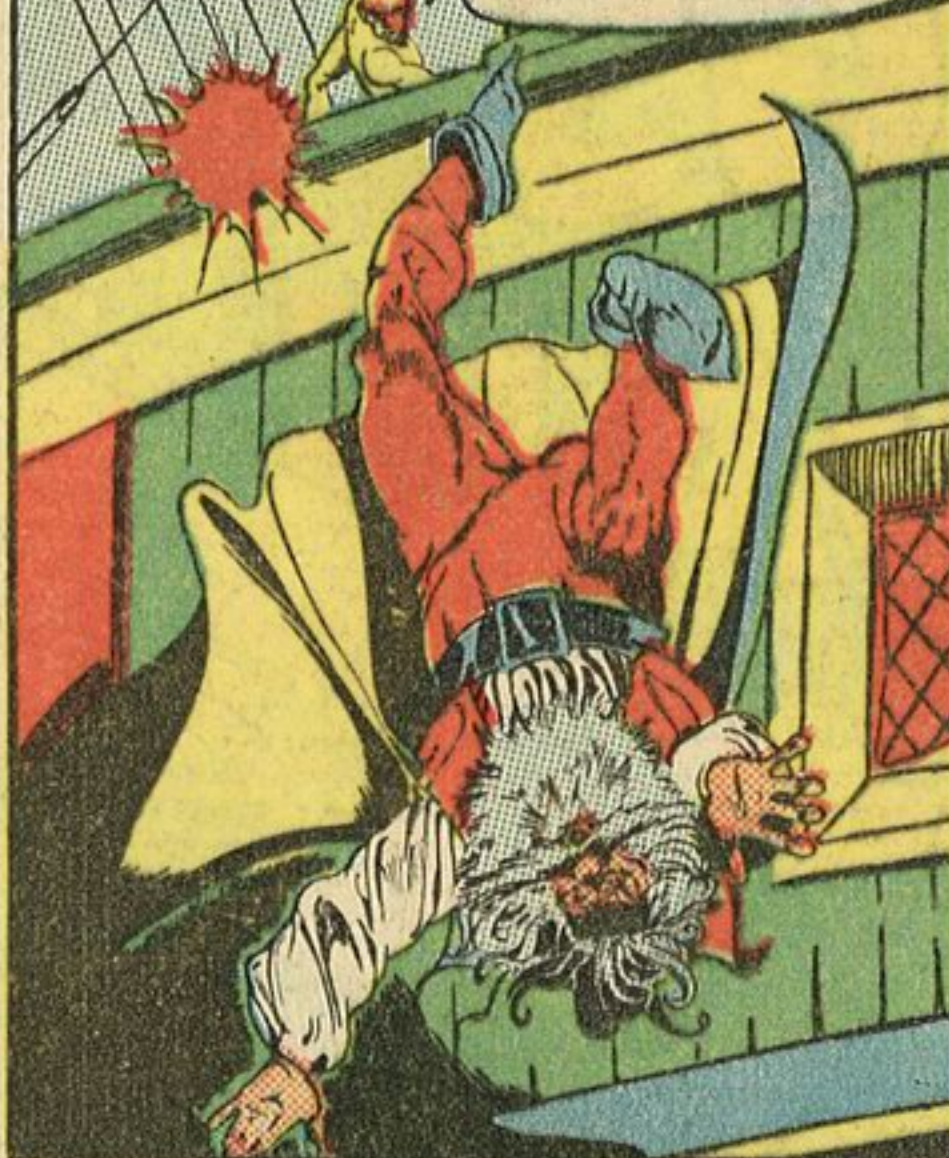




WITH SICKENING BLOWS THE CHUCKLING RAY NOW BATTERS CAPTAIN BLUE TO THE RAIL...



SWALLOW LOTS OF WATER AS YOU GO DOWN...AND WE'LL ALL BE HAPPY!



OH, PLEASE... PLEASE... HAVE MERCY ON ME... IT WAS ALL CAPTAIN BLUE'S IDEA... PLEASE! PLEASE!!

ALL YOU YELLOW CANARIES SING IN THE SAME KEY, KULIK!

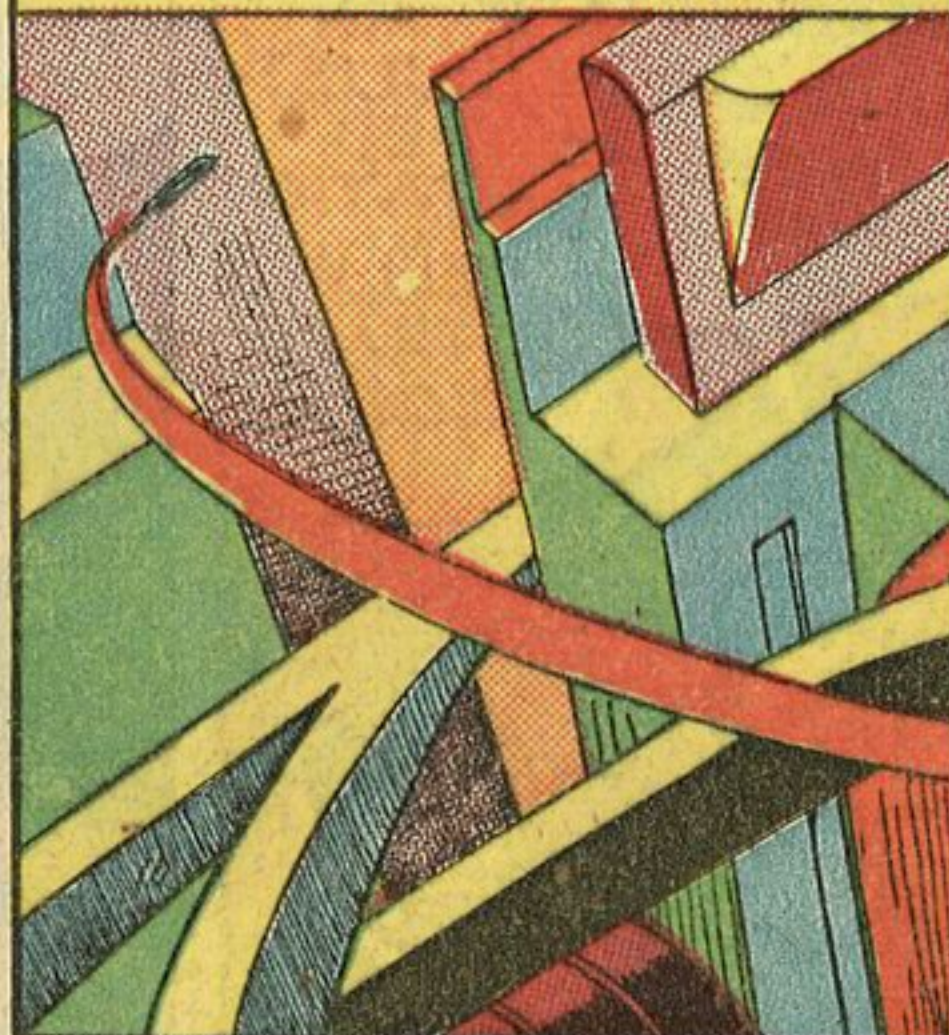


I WAS TOO BUSY TO NOTICE HOW THE RAY-GUN PERFORMED, KING PEVEAL...

MY NOBLE SIR.... ITS RESULTS OUT THERE TELL THEIR OWN STORY!



JUST THEN AN OBJECT HUMS MADLY AMONG THE BUILDINGS OF ELIXIR...ITS SPEED MAKES ITS PATH A MISTY BLUR....



BUT...LIKE A SPENT ROCKET IT STALLS AT THE TOP OF AN ARC... THEN PLUMMETS DOWN

CRASH!

WHOA THERE, BUD...WHOA... NOW..NOW... YOU'RE ALL OKAY...SAY, THAT MUSTA BEEN A WILD DREAM!

OH... HAPPY...



G..GOSH.. AM I STILL HERE?? OH BOY.. I WENT IN THAT THING.. SAW THE RAY SAVE A WHOLE COUNTRY... HAPPY..TELL ME MORE ABOUT HIM?



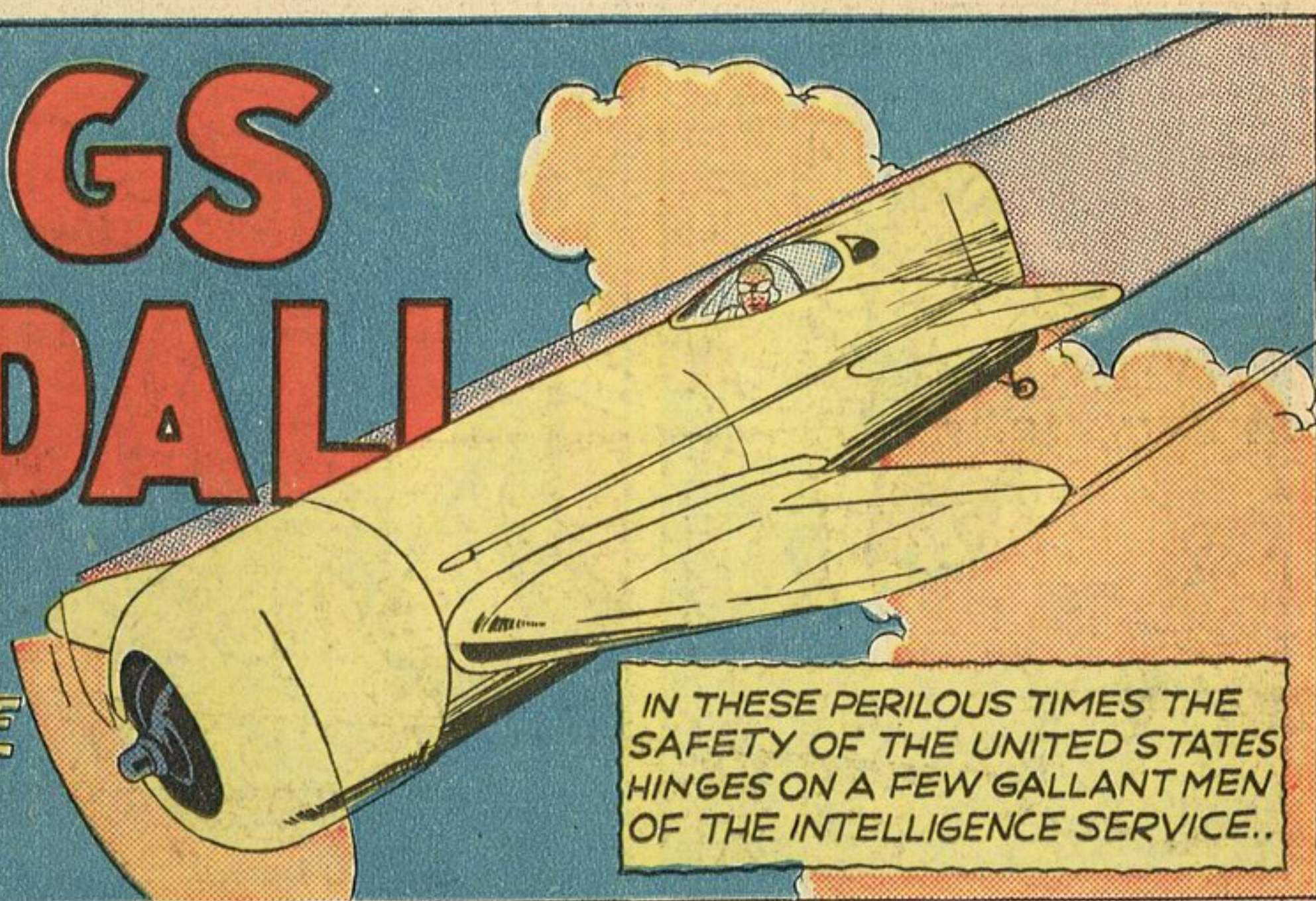
LITTLE CHUM, YOU'RE SURE STUCK ON THE RAY, AREN'T YOU?.... AND THAT MAKES OL' HAPPY FEEL BETTER THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW!



WINGS WENDALL

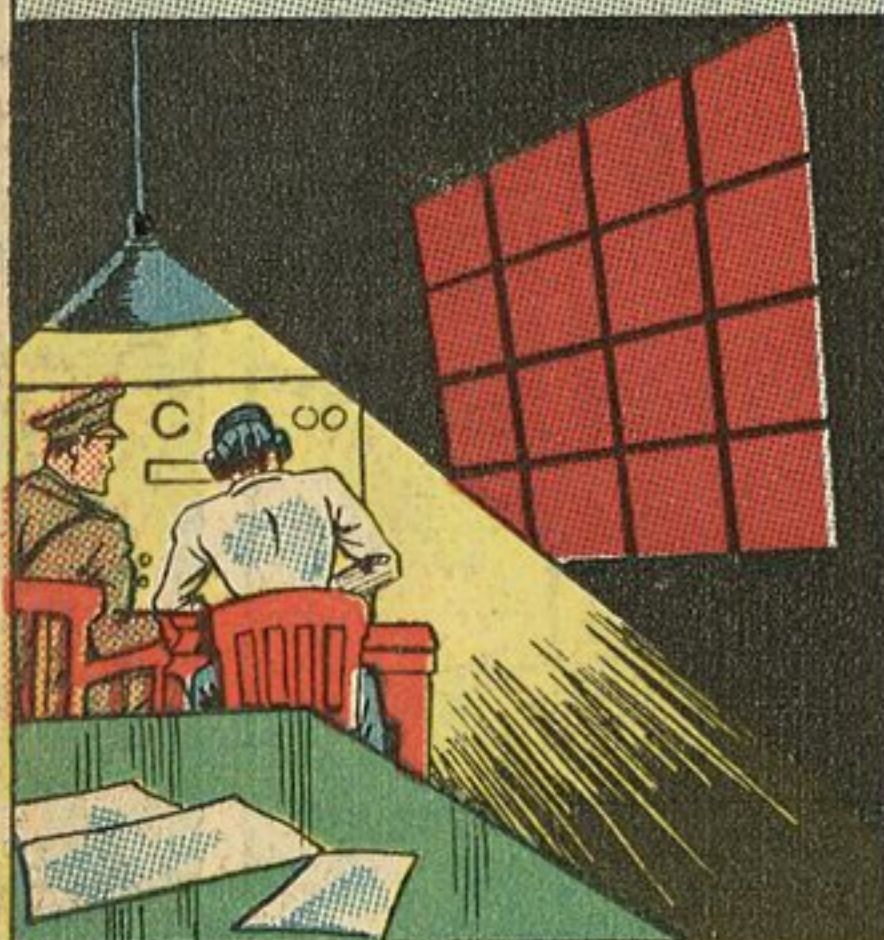
of The
**MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE**

by
VERNON HENKEL



IN THESE PERILOUS TIMES THE SAFETY OF THE UNITED STATES HINGES ON A FEW GALLANT MEN OF THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE..

IN THE HEART OF WASHINGTON. TWO MEN HUNCH INTENTLY OVER AN ARMY SHORT-WAVE RADIO SET...



THOSE CODES HAVE BEEN CRACKLING LATE EVERY NIGHT, WINGS...

AND FROM AN UNLISTED STATION... WELL, WE'LL TRACE CLOSELY!



HERE!! THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN, CAPTAIN!



OKAY... GET THE CODE CLEARLY... OUR CROSS-COUNTRY TRACERS SHOULD TRAP THAT TRANSMITTER LOCATION!



NOW THEY'RE OFF AGAIN... HERE'S THE MESSAGE!

THANKS... I'LL DECODE IT TONIGHT!



LATER..

I'VE GOT IT.. THAT WAS A TOUGH CODE TO CRACK, TOO!



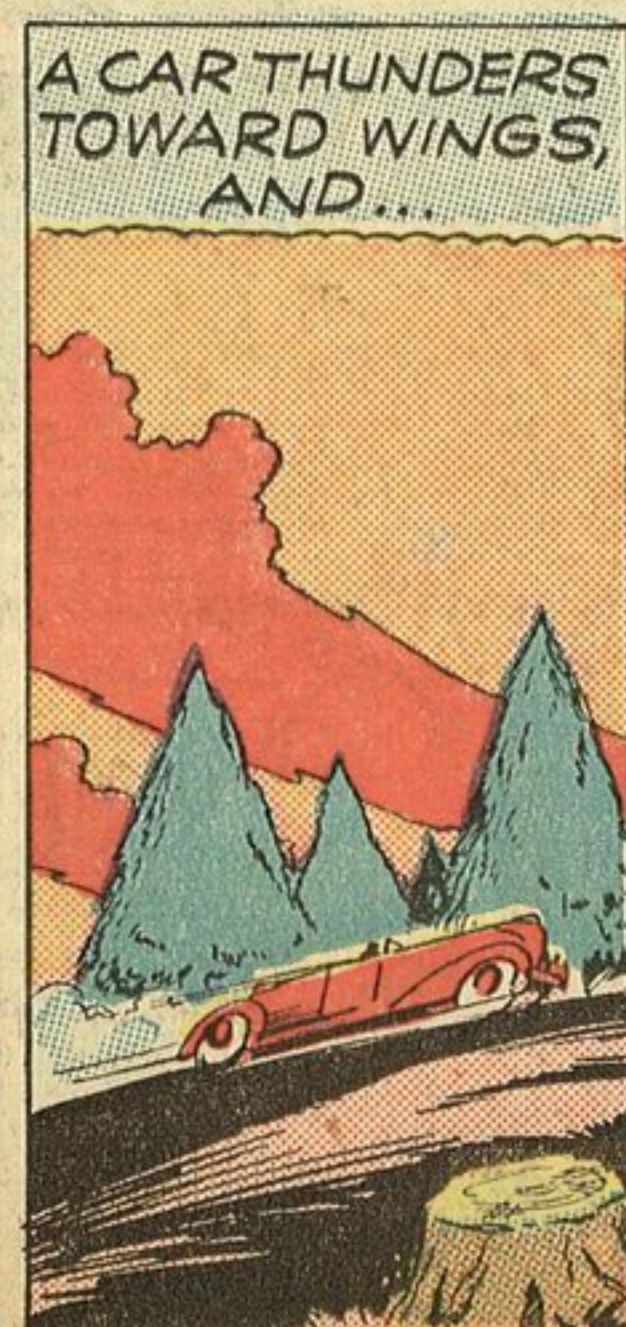
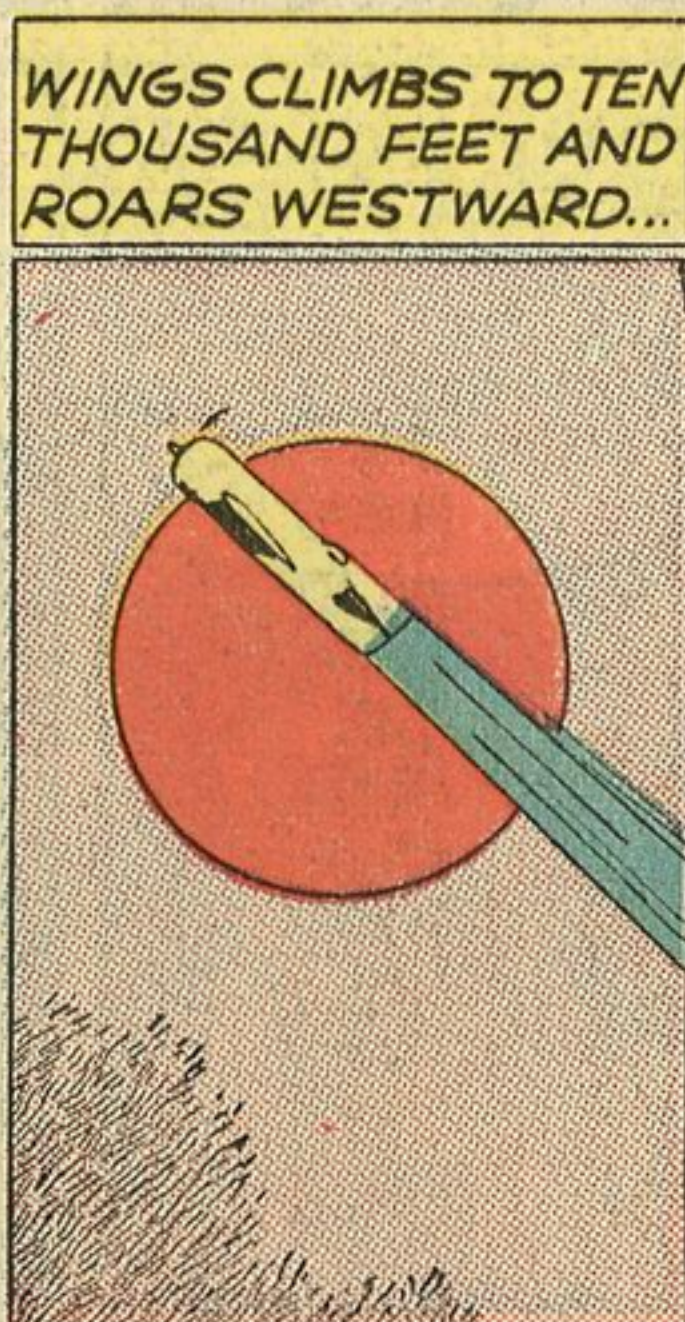
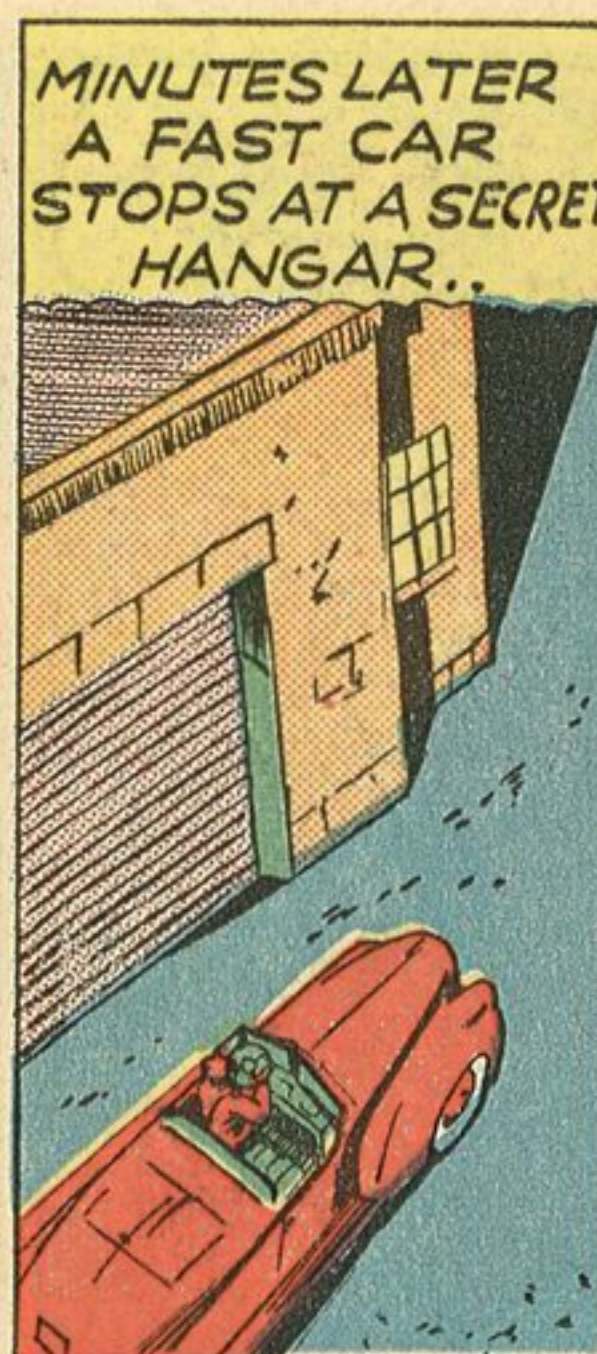
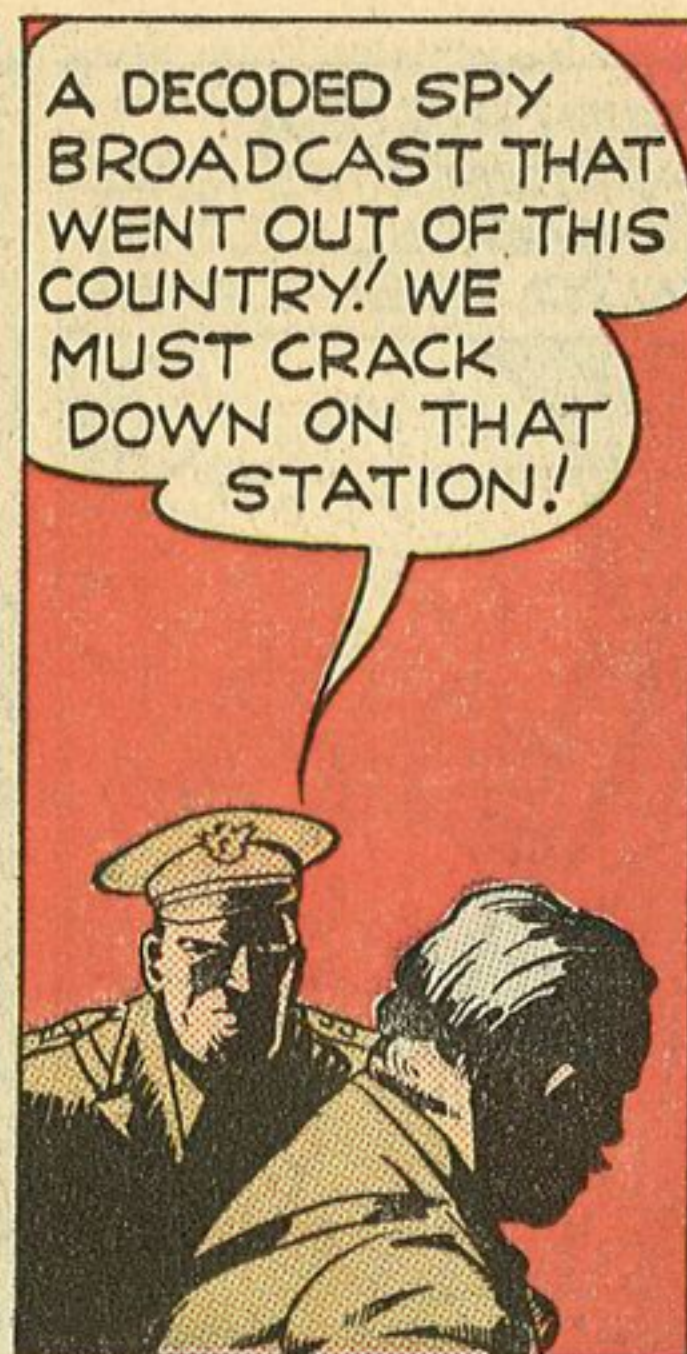
GENERAL HARRIS OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE HAS A SURPRISE VISITOR..

WELL, WENDALL.. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

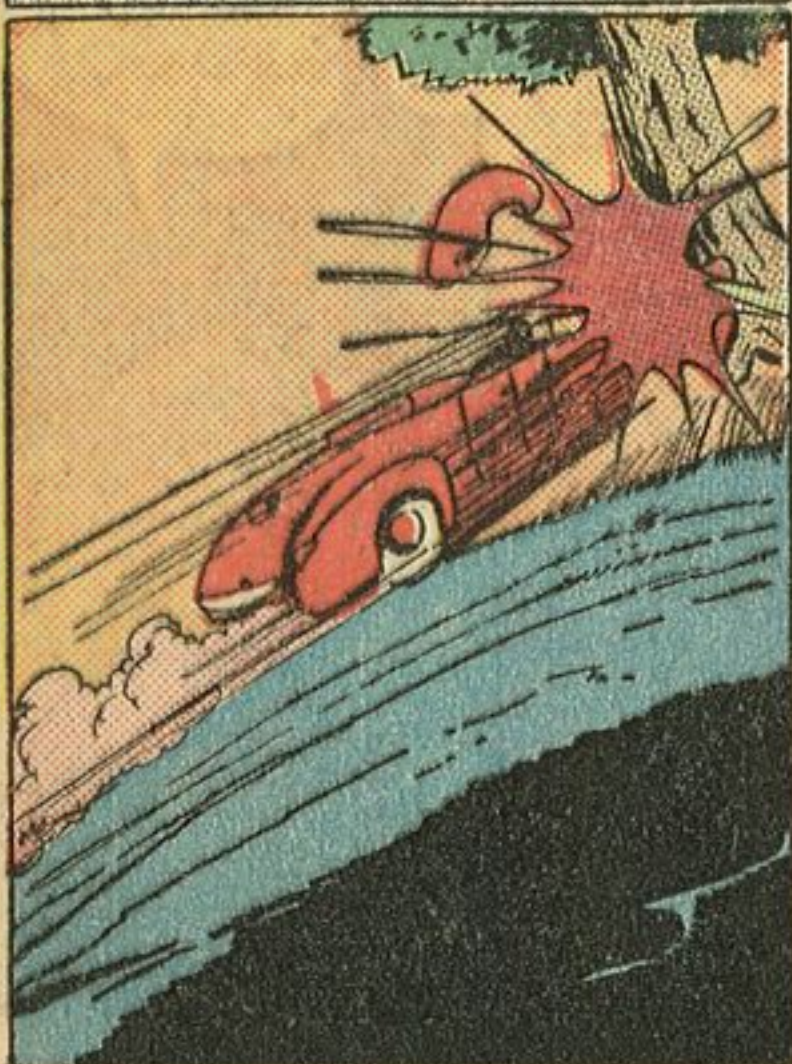


FIRST, GENERAL.. READ THIS!





AS WINGS WATCHES,
THE CAR CRASHES IN-
TO A TREE AND BURSTS
INTO FLAMES..



I'VE GOTTA
PULL THAT
DRIVER
OUT OF
THERE!



WITH HIS COAT
AROUND HIS HEAD
WENDALL LEAPS
INTO THE FLAMES



..HE COMES OUT CARRY-
ING AN INERT FIGURE



SO YOU NEARLY
KILLED ME WITH
THAT CRATE..
C'MON NOW,
YOU'RE OKAY!



OH..I
NEVER
KNEW
WHAT
HAPPEN-
ED!

SAY..
WHERE
WERE
YOU
BLASTING
TO?



TO MY UNCLE'S!
HE SENT ME A
TELEGRAM SAY-
ING HE NEEDED
MY HELP! I
MUST REACH
HIM!



LEAD THE WAY,
BEAUTIFUL, I'VE GOT
A HUNCH YOUR
UNCLE IS THE MAN
I'M LOOKING FOR!



NOT FAR AWAY IS
A HUNTING LODGE
AMONG THE
TOWERING TREES



INSIDE

YEAH..SHE'S
COMIN'.. BUT
SHE HAS AN
ARMY OFFICER
WITH HER!



GOOD! THAT TELE-
GRAM BROUGHT
HER.. DISPOSE OF
THEM BOTH!
WITH MY NIECE
OUT OF THE WAY
NO ONE WILL EVER
KNOW OF THIS
PLACE!



THAT'S
MY UNCLE'S
HOUSE!



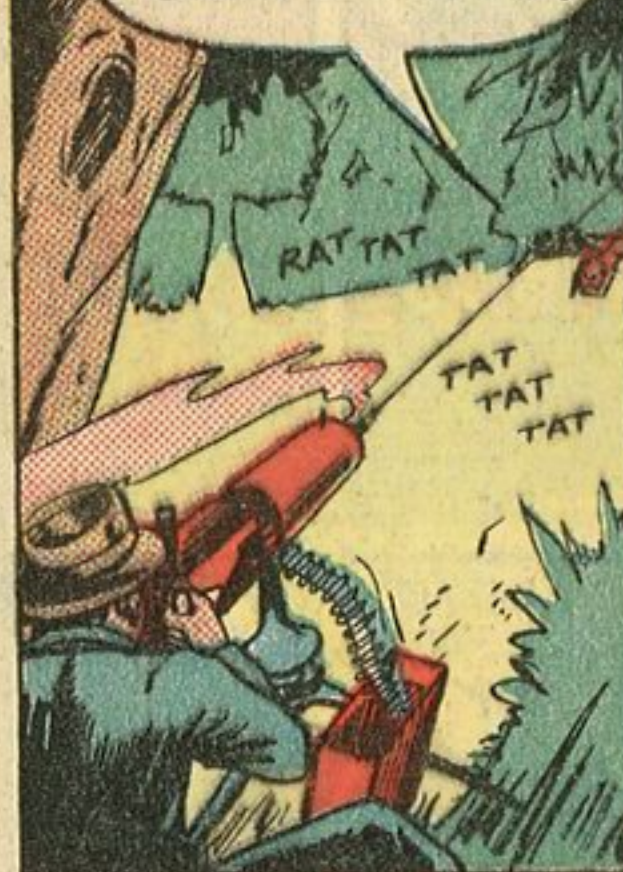
WINGS CATCHES THE TELL-TALE GLINT OF SUNLIGHT ON STEEL

GET DOWN!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER MACHINE GUN SLUGS WHINE OVER THEIR HEADS

PLAY DEAD! DON'T MOVE!



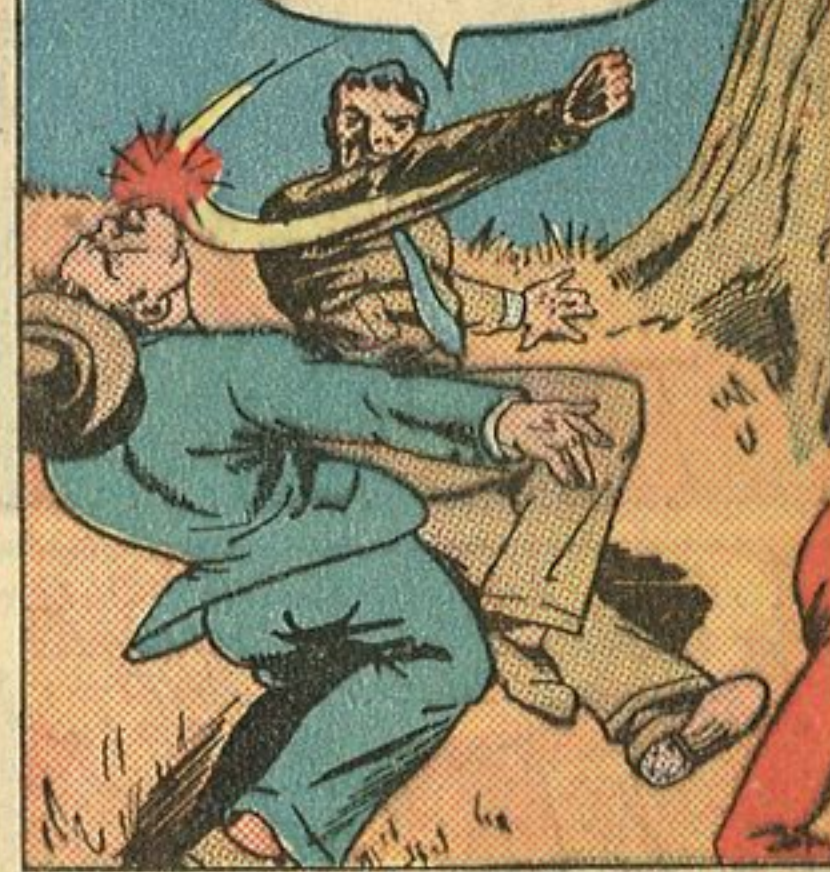
FOR A MINUTE THEY LIE STILL. THE GUNNER THINKS THEM BOTH DEAD...

GOT 'EM BOTH!



THE MAN BENDS OVER THE STILL FORMS..AND..

THAT'S ONE! NOW TO GET THE REST OF YOU!



WINGS ENTERS THE HOUSE UNSEEN..

A SHORT-WAVE RADIO!



..HE HURLS A CHAIR INTO THE HUGE RADIO PANEL-BOARD, SHORT-CIRCUITING THE POWER SYSTEM..



SOMEONE'S IN HERE! GET HIM!



THE LIGHTS GO OUT

SORRY TO DISRUPT YOUR LITTLE SYSTEM-BUT THE UNITED STATES IS FED UP WITH YOU SPY RATS!



GUN-SHOTS STAB THE DARKNESS..

OWW!

BANG

BANG



ABRUPTLY THE BATTLE ENDS..A LONE FIGURE REMAINS STANDING



WINGS... MY UNCLE.. HE'S DEAD! WAS HE ONE OF THE SPIES?



YOUR UNCLE WAS UNFORTUNATELY THE LEADER OF A SPY RING! HE CHOSE TO COMBAT THE PRINCIPLES OF AMERICA, AND LOST!

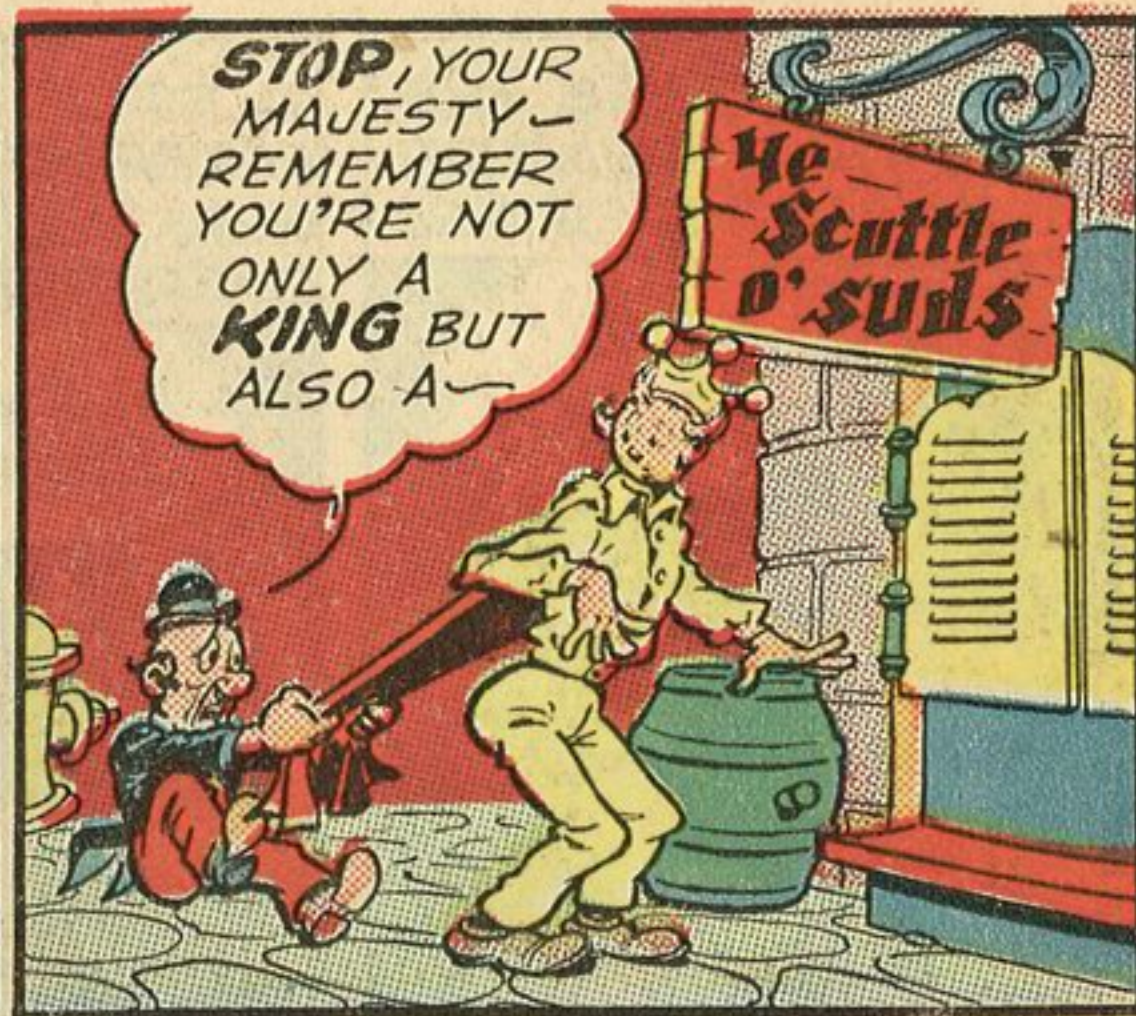




Archie O'TOOLE

I WANNA MAKE A LITTLE WHOOPEE, GRISWOLD—C'MON—THERE'S A HOT SPOT ACROSS THE STREET—

BUT, PLEASE, KING O'TOOLE—SO MANY ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO ASSASSINATE YOU!



STOP, YOUR MAJESTY—REMEMBER YOU'RE NOT ONLY A KING BUT ALSO A—

ye Scuttle o'suds



OOO, LOOK, GRISWOLD—**GIRLESK**—DANCING SINGING AND STUFF!

AW PHOOEY!—I WISH I WAS A SODA JERKER—KINGS CAN'T HAVE ANY FUN!

LET US ADJOURN TO THAT QUIET LITTLE BOWLING ALLEY, AND SEEK DIVERSION!

NO, SIRE—NOT THAT EITHER!

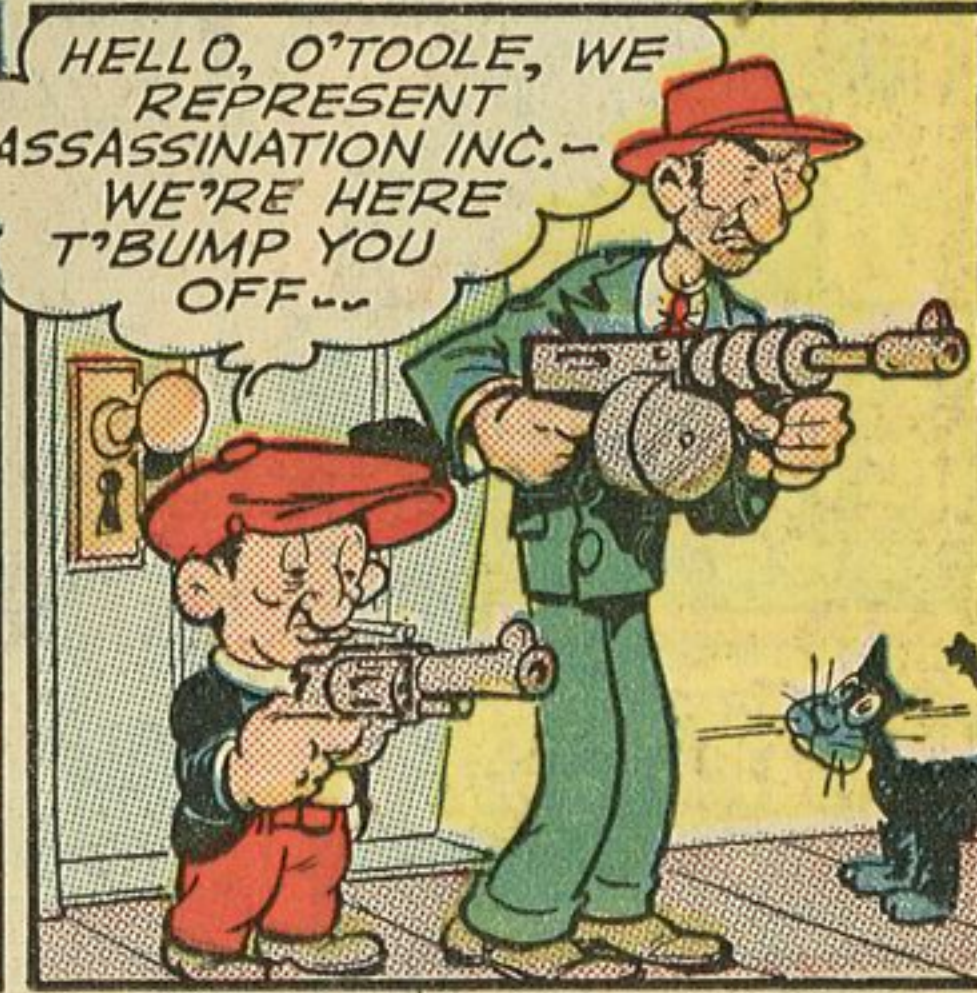


LOOK—KING O'TOOLE GOING INTA THAT BOWLIN' ALLEY!

AT LAST! OUR CHANCE T'PUT HIM ON THE SPOT!



SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY!



HELLO, O'TOOLE, WE REPRESENT ASSASSINATION INC.—WE'RE HERE T'BUMP YOU OFF—



... WOULD YOUSE MIND FALLIN' SO Y'DON'T BLOCK THE DOOR?—WE HAVE TO ESCAPE THROUGH IT—G'BYE NOW—



LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A BOMB!

HE'LL BLOW US ALL UP—RUN!



BUT, YOUR MAJESTY—WHERE DID YOU GET THE BOMB?

BOMB?—THIS ISN'T A BOMB, GRISWOLD—MERELY A BOWLING BALL AND MY CIGAR!

MIDNIGHT

WITH **GABBY**
THE TALKING MONKEY!!



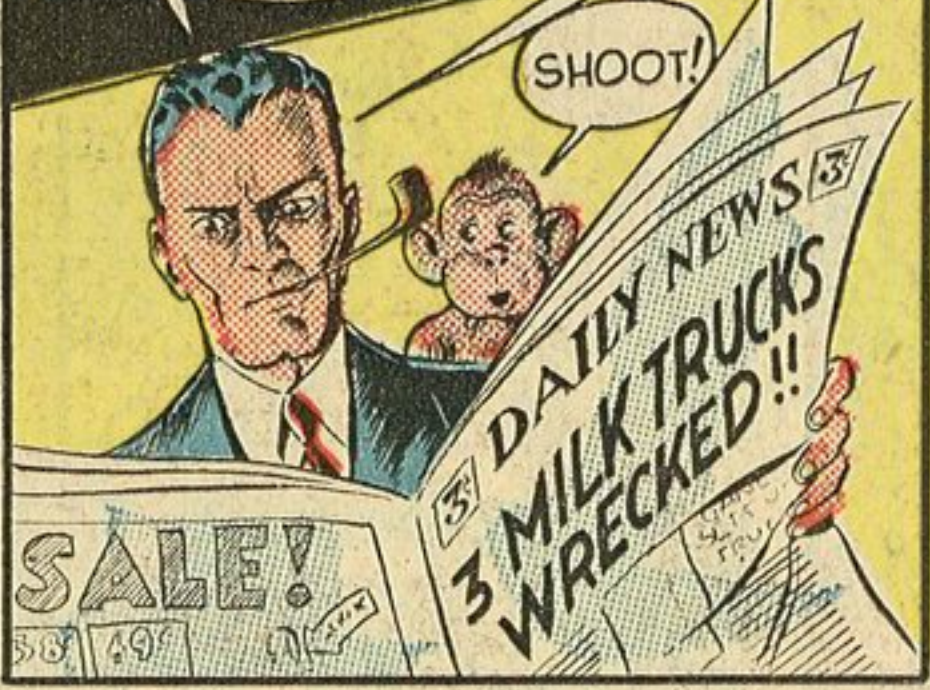
by JACK COLE

THERE'S TROUBLE IN BIG CITY!! FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS DELIVERY TRUCKS OF THE AJAX AND STERLING MILK COMPANIES HAVE BEEN WRECKED AND THE DRIVERS BEATEN! A MILK SHORTAGE THREATENS THE CITY UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE TO BRING THE GUILTY ONES TO JUSTICE!!

RADIO ANNOUNCER DAVE CLARK IS AT HOME WITH HIS AMAZING PET!

MORE TRUCKS WRECKED!! AND THE REAL VICTIMS OF IT ALL ARE THE INNOCENT BABIES WHO NEED MILK! EITHER SOME GANG IS AFTER THE TWO COMPANIES, OR —

LISTEN, GABBY I'VE A BROADCAST TO DO—SO YOU'LL HAVE A JOB TO PERFORM!



GOTCHA, PAL! WHERE'LL I MEET YOU?

I'LL BE BACK AT SIX! SEE YOU THEN!

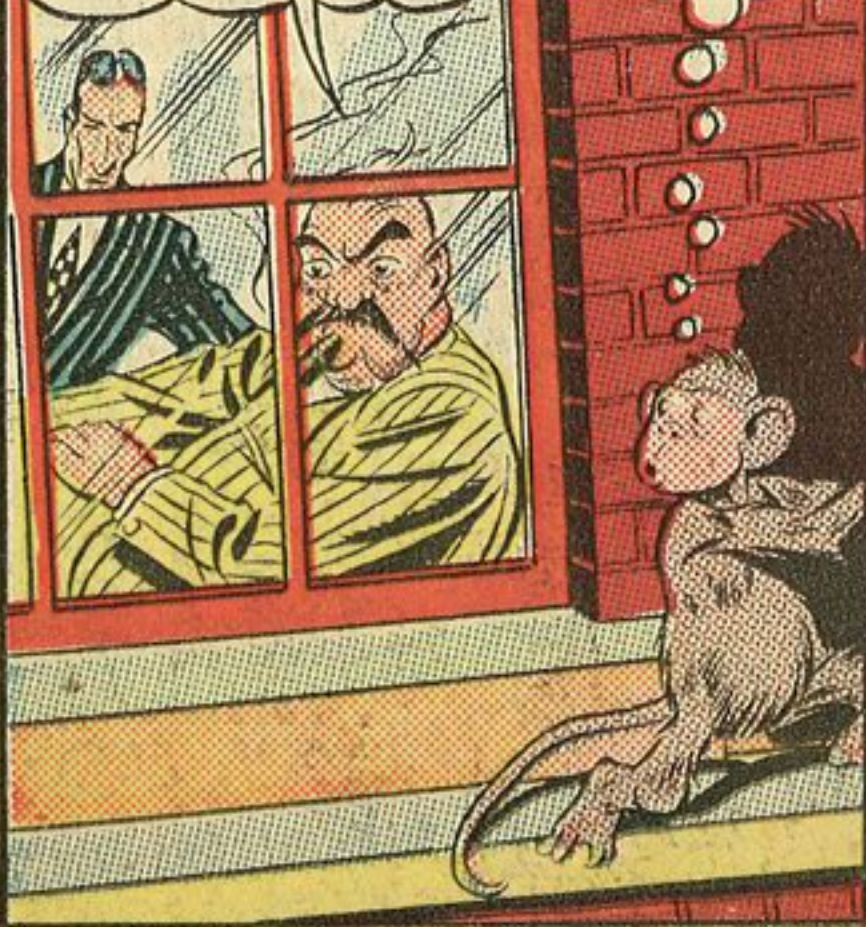


GABBY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE AJAX COMPANY OFFICES:



TONIGHT YOU GUYS ARE GOING TO STOP THE 12 O'CLOCK MILK TRAIN AND — WHAT'S THAT?

OH! OH! THEY HEARD ME! GOTTA WORK FAST!



IT'S ONLY A MONK!

SCRAM YA LITTLE PANHANDLER!





THAT WAS CLOSE..... BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!

WAIT'LL DAVE HEARS TH' DOPE! PITY AJAX AND STERLING WHEN MIDNIGHT STEPS INTO THE PICTURE!



BACK AT DAVE'S APARTMENT:
...SO IT'S JUST AS YOU SUSPECTED. BOTH COMPANIES HAVE HIRED THUGS TO RUN EACH OTHER INTO RUIN!!

SOMETHING TELLS ME MIDNIGHT WILL BE THERE TO MEET THAT MILK TRAIN!



12 O'CLOCK, MIDNIGHT! THE STERLING MILK TRAIN ENTERS BIG CITY, WHEN!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WE GOT YA COVERED!

GET OUT!!

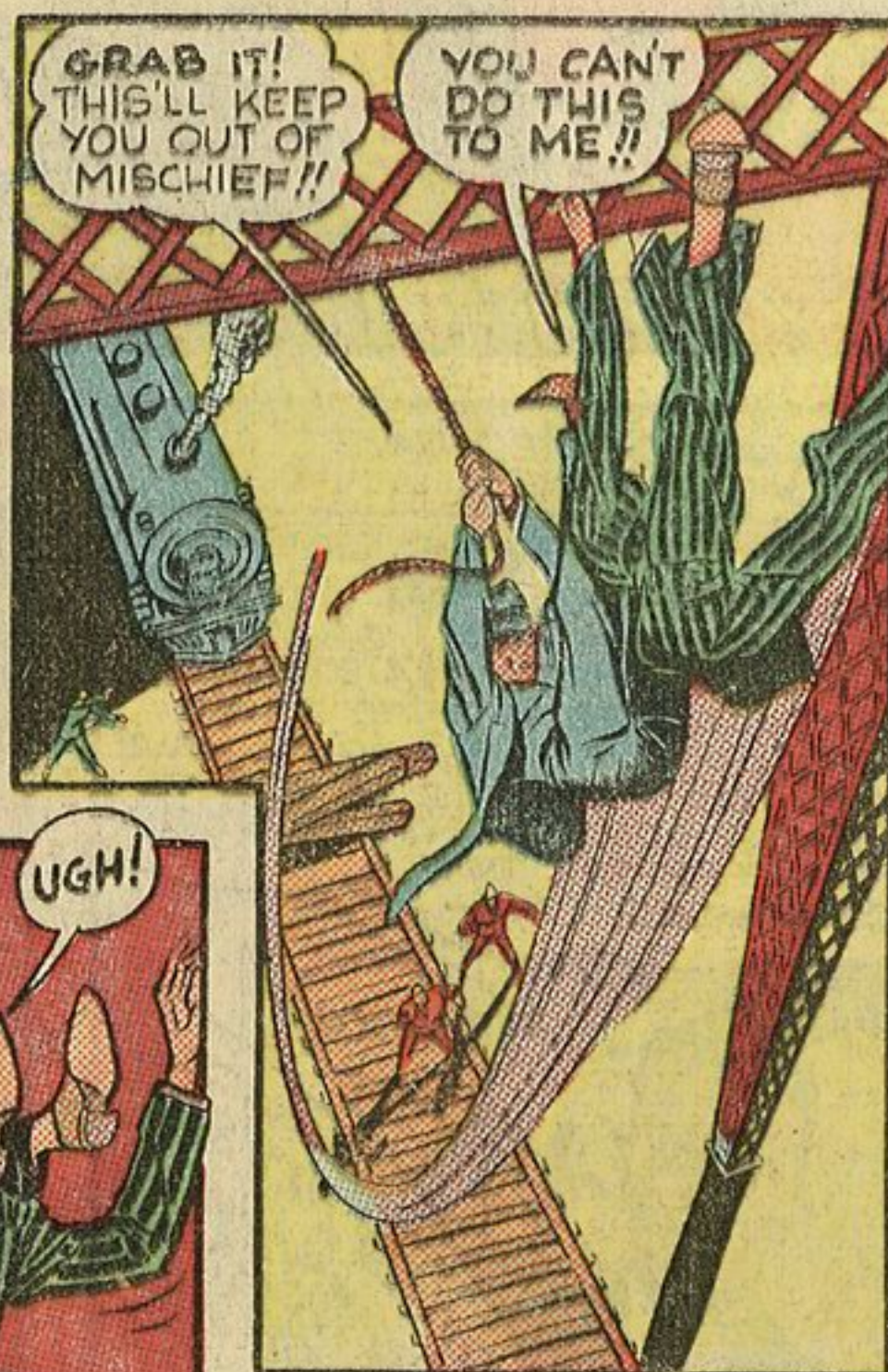
BUT...EVENTS TAKE AN UNEXPECTED TURN.....



WHEE!

MAKE WAY SWINE!

UGH!



GRAB IT! THIS'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF!!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!!



GET 'IM!! IT'S MIDNIGHT!! HE'LL STOP SLUGS JUS' LIKE ANY HUMAN!!

Y-Y-Y-Y-YEAH, S-SH-SH-SH-SURE!!



HEY!! WHO??

YOU MISSED!

PANG!



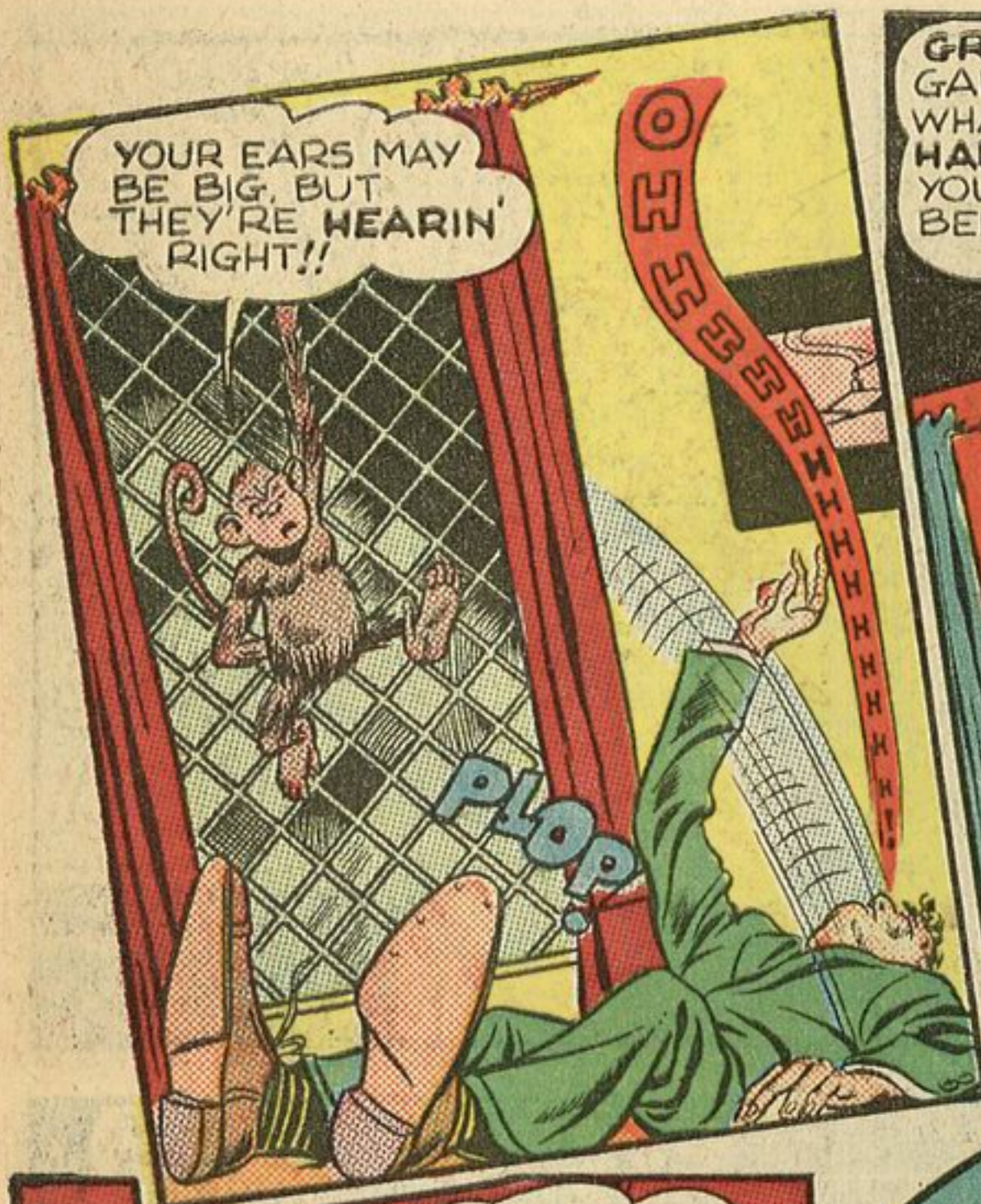
MUCH OBLIGED, GAB!!



HELP!

AND THAT FIXES THAT!

YOUR GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY!!



YOUR EARS MAY BE BIG, BUT THEY'RE HEARIN' RIGHT!!

PLOP



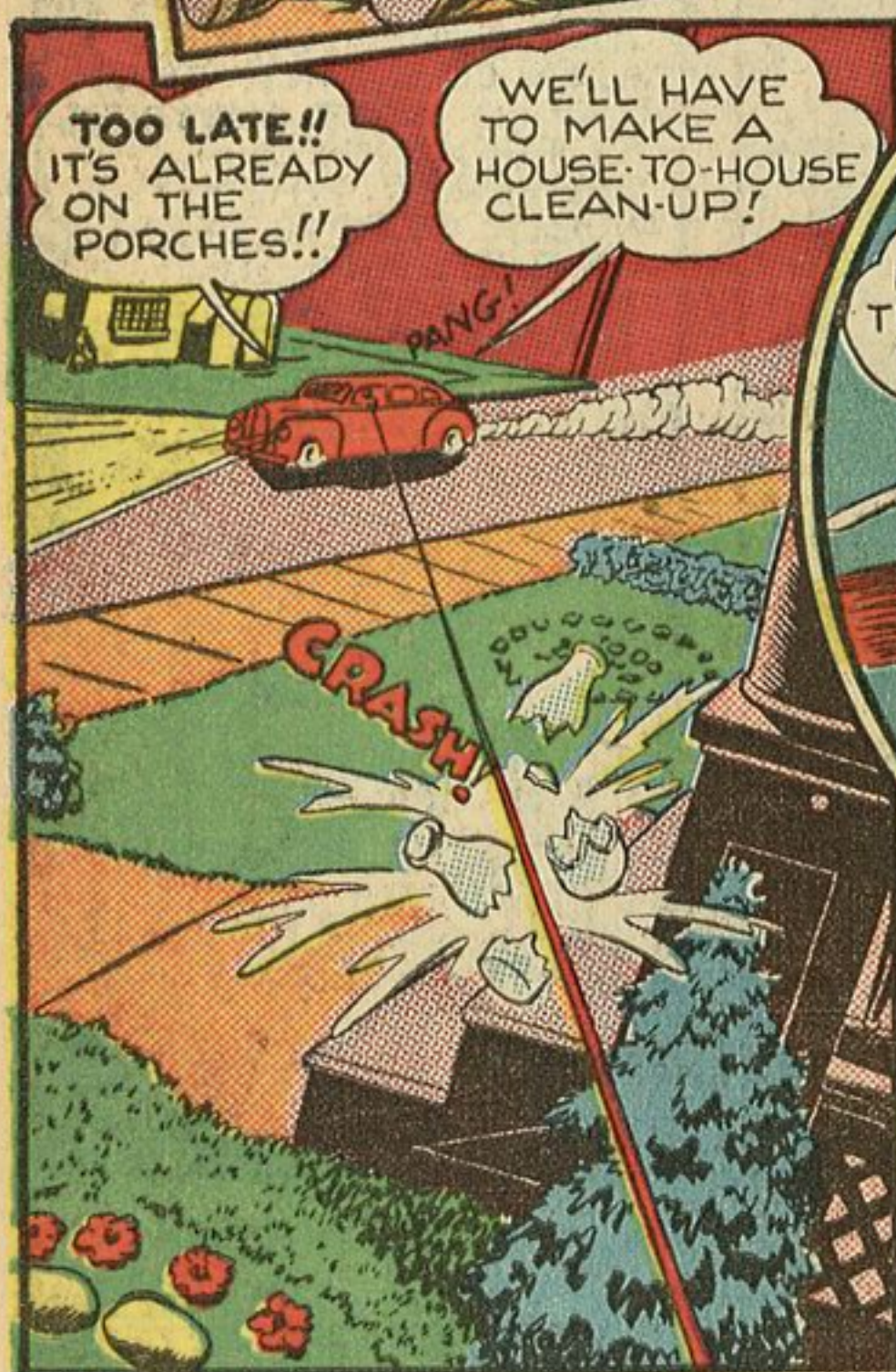
GREAT WORK, GABBY!... BUT WHAT IF HE HADN'T FAINTED? YOU'D HAVE BEEN IN A FIX!

I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO!! I THOUGHT TH' LILLY'D RUSH ME AN GIVE ME A CHANCE T'USE THIS!!



2.00 A.M.!! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT TO STOP THAT DELIVERY OF DOPED MILK!

GOSH, I'M GETTIN' SLEEPY! WISH WE COULD KNOCK OFF 'TIL TOMORROW!



TOO LATE!! IT'S ALREADY ON THE PORCHES!!

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CLEAN-UP!

PANG!

CRASH!



GLOP?

SPLOSH!

HEY! THIS IS FUN!



DAWN IS BREAKING OVER BIG CITY WHEN THE TWO FINISH THEIR TASK!!

NOW, JUST ONE MORE THING TO BE DONE!



MIDNIGHT MAKES A PHONE CALL:

HELLO, BENTLY? THIS IS HART OF AJAX MILK CO. O.K., YOU WIN!! I'M READY TO SIGN OVER TO YOUR COMPANY IF YOU'LL COME TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT WITH THE PAPERS!!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!! I'LL BE THERE!

CLICK!



C'MON, PAL! LET'S GET THAT SLEEP YOU'VE BEEN LONGING FOR! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER BIG NIGHT AHEAD!

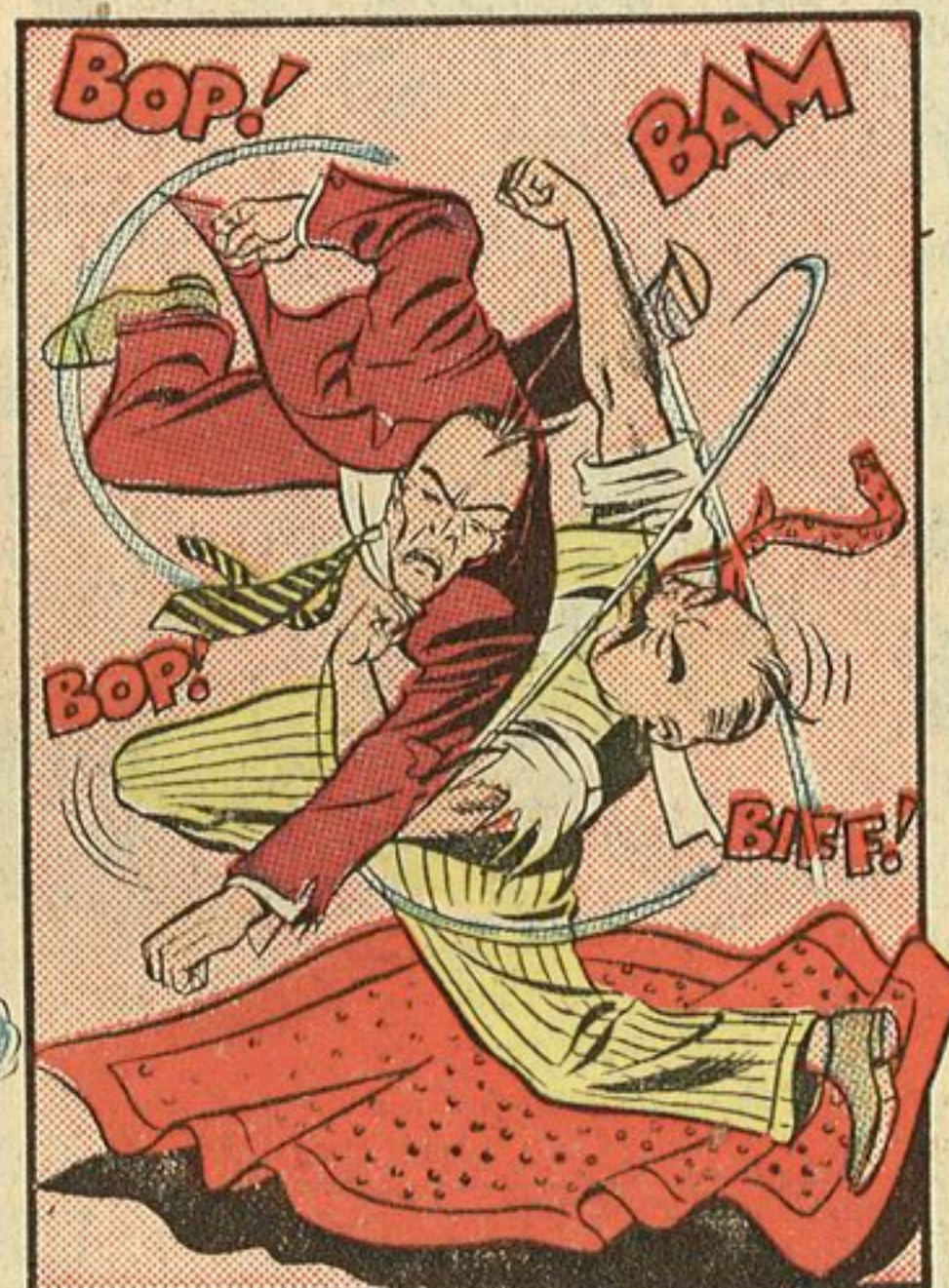
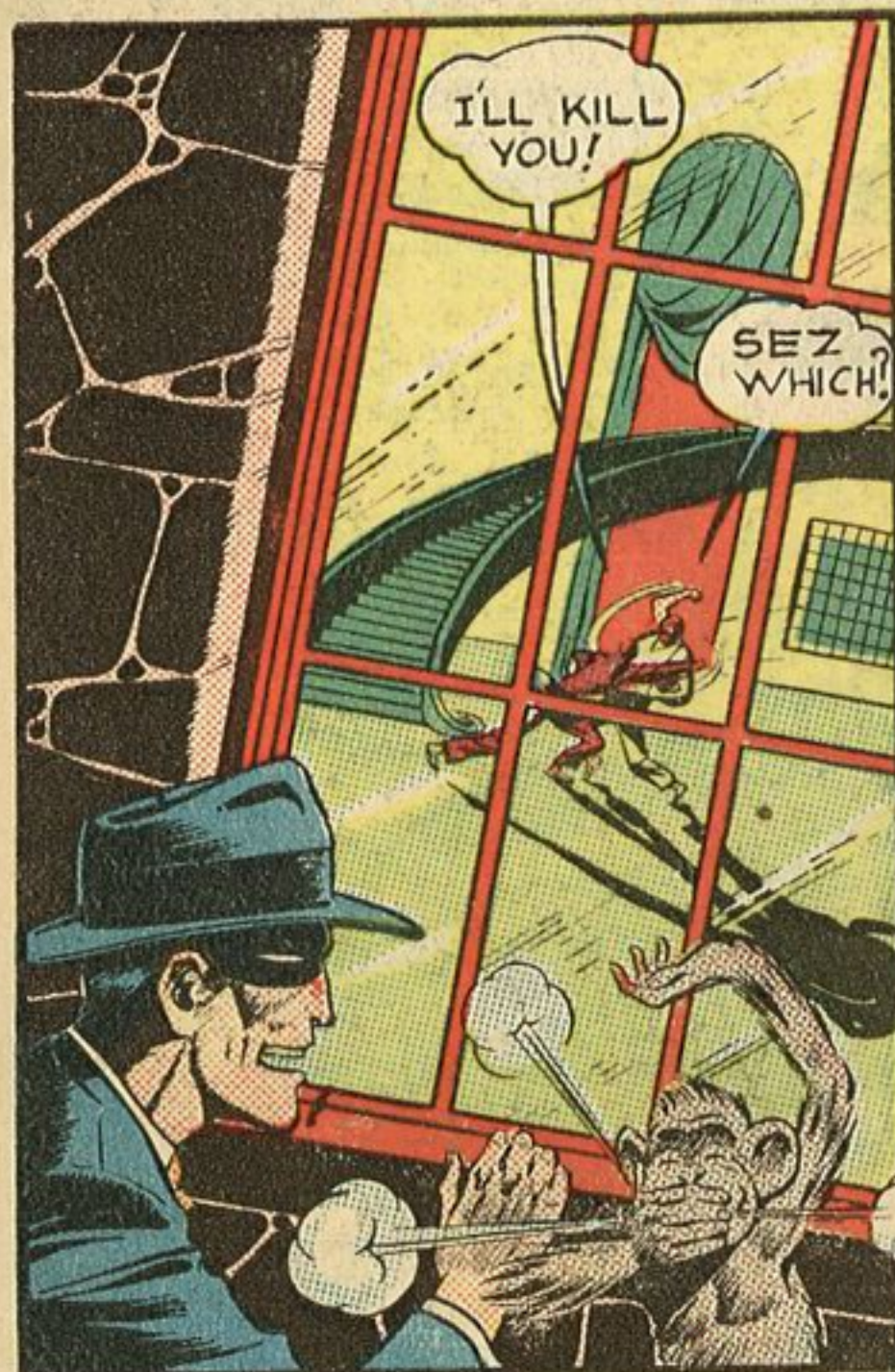
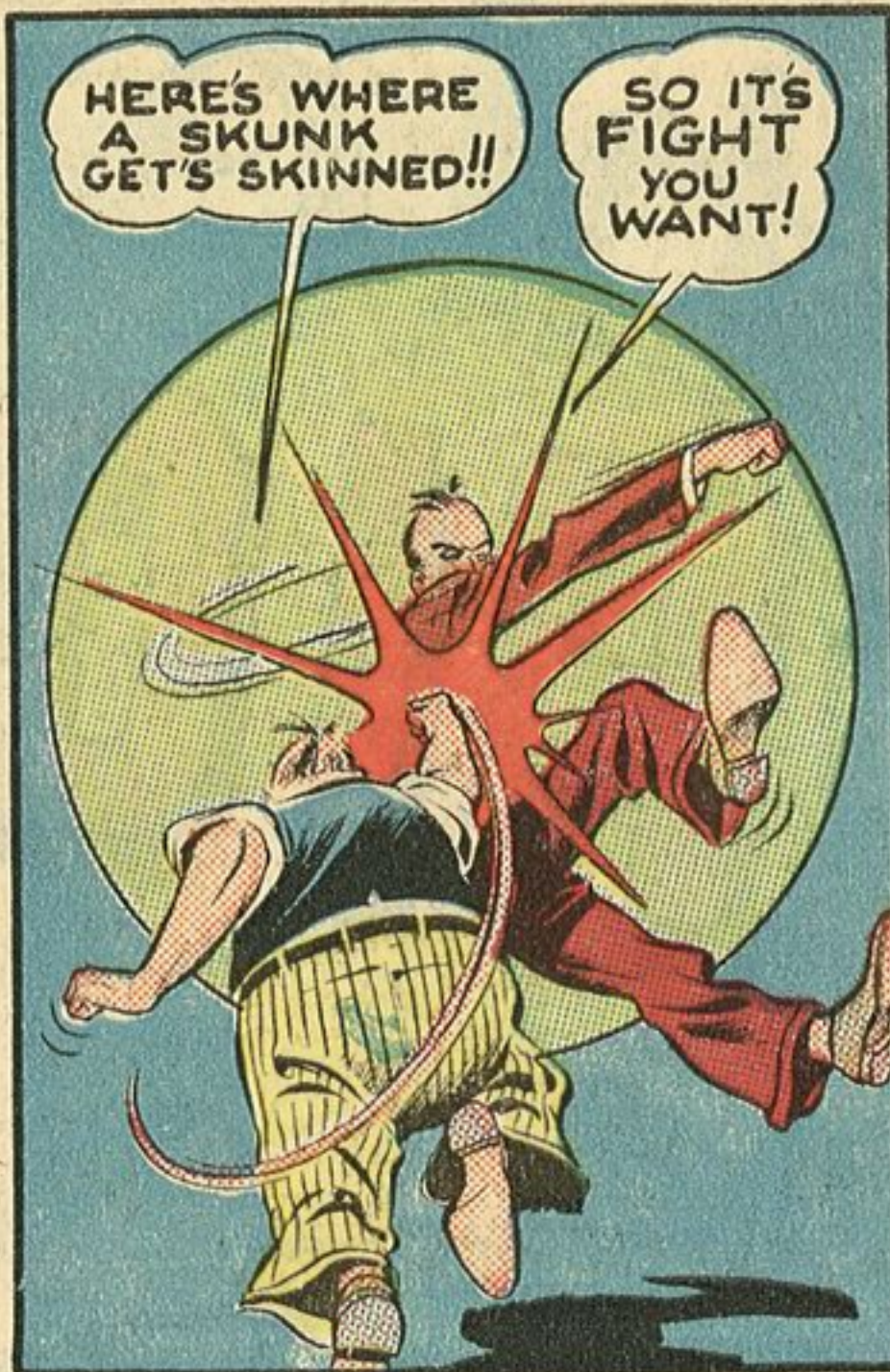
BUT NOW I AINT SLEEPY ANYMORE! THAT PHONE CALL HAS MY CURIOSITY UP!



THAT NIGHT AT THE HOME OF THOMAS HART!

WELL, HERE I AM! SO YOU FINALLY CAME TO YOUR SENSES!

YOU! BENTLY!! HAVE THE NERVE TO COME HERE?



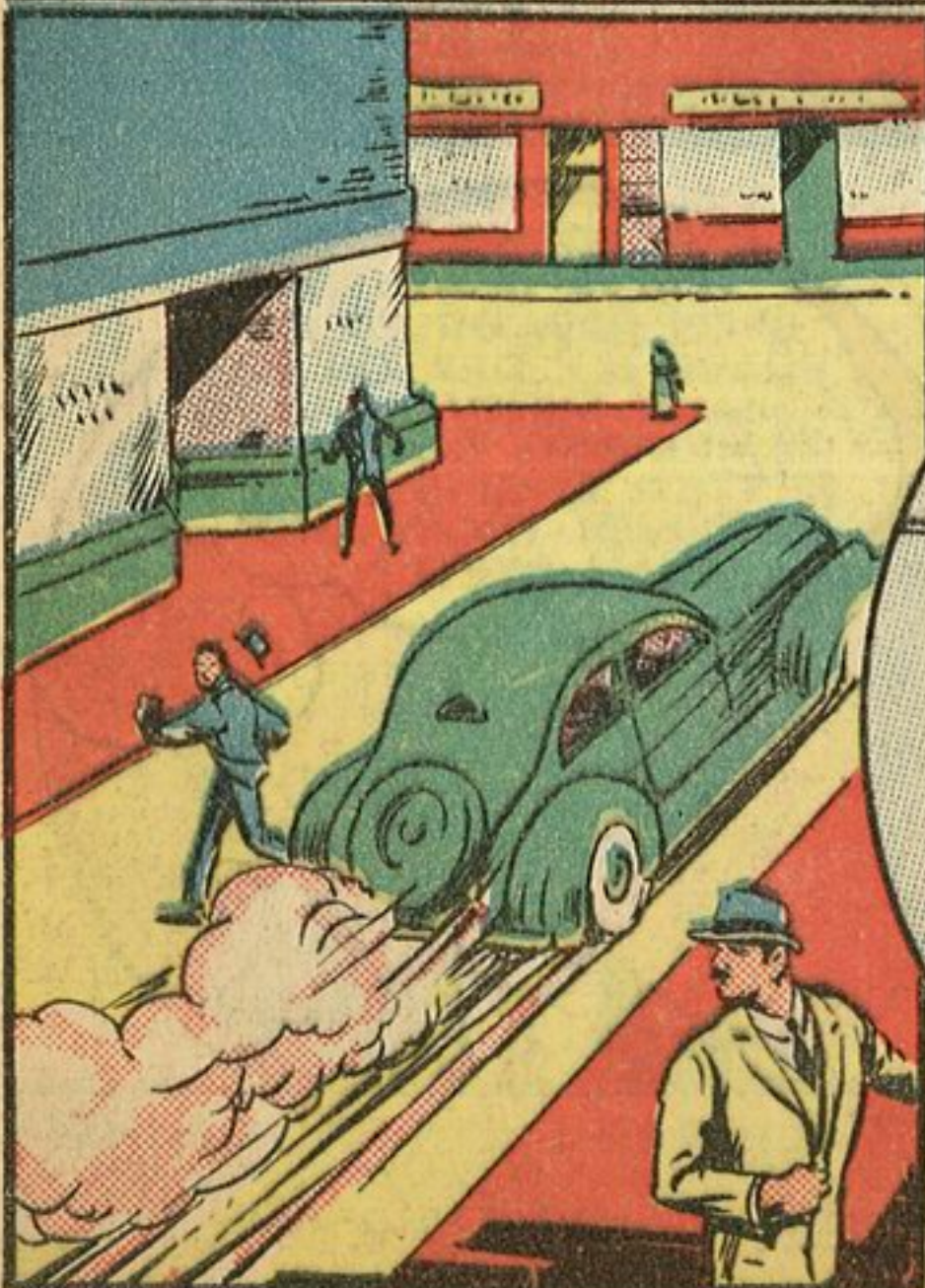
The Purple TRIO

BY
S.M. REGI

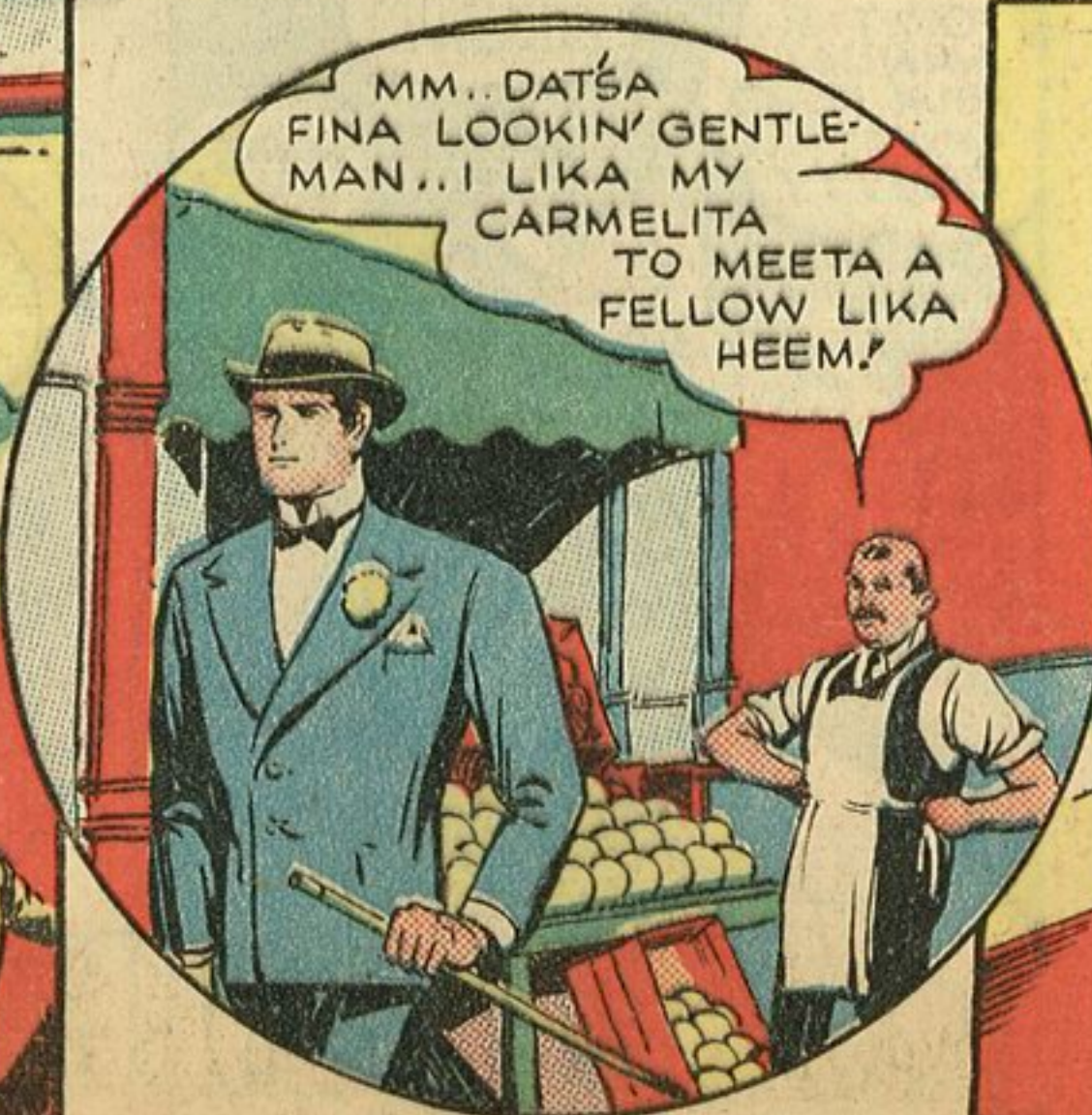


GANGLAND
VS. TINY, WARREN
AND ROCKY...
CROOKS AND
BULLETS FIND
THEIR MATCH IN
THE DAUNTLESS
MIDGET,
VENTRILOQUIST
AND
STRONG MAN.

PEDESTRIANS HOP LIKE SCARED
RABBITS AS A SPEEDING CAR
WHIZZES ALONG AT 70 M.P.H...

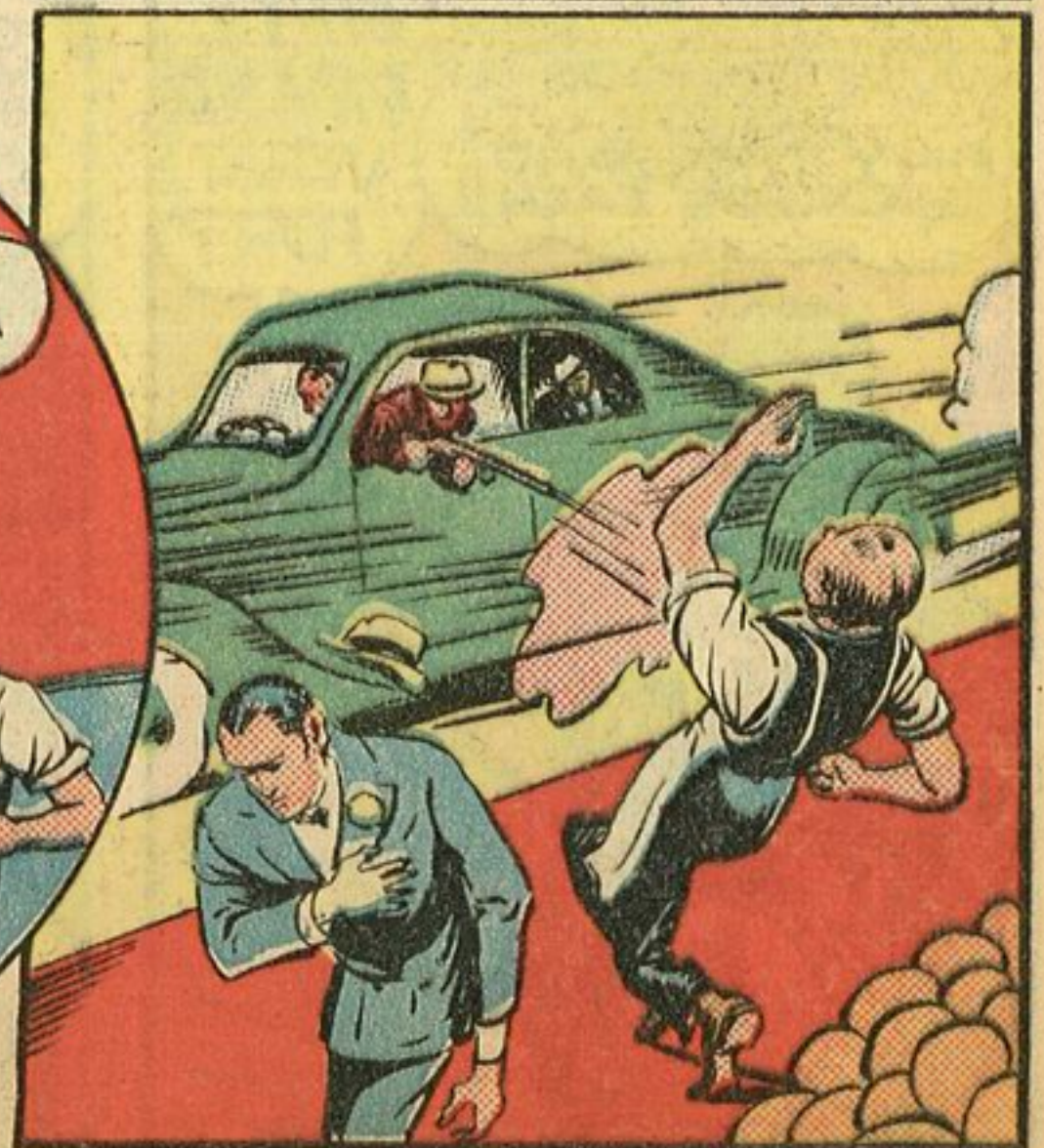


WE FIND WARREN WALKING
THROUGH THE DOWNTOWN
MARKET DISTRICT.



MM.. DATSA
FINA LOOKIN' GENTLE-
MAN.. I LIKA MY
CARMELITA
TO MEETA A
FELLOW LIKA
HEEM!

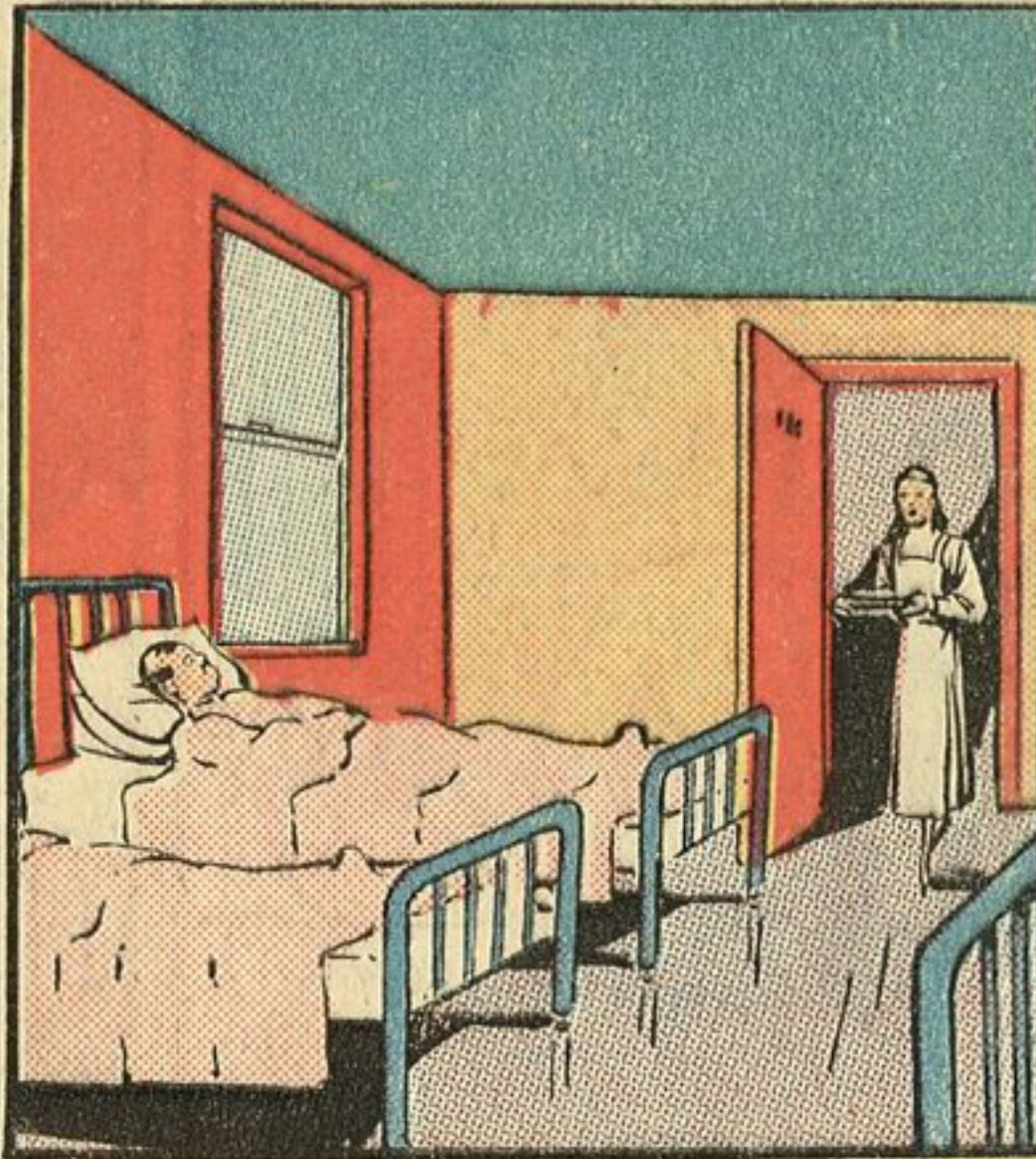
BUT TONY'S DREAMS ARE RUDELY
SHATTERED BY THE SUDDEN BURST
OF MACHINE GUN FIRE.



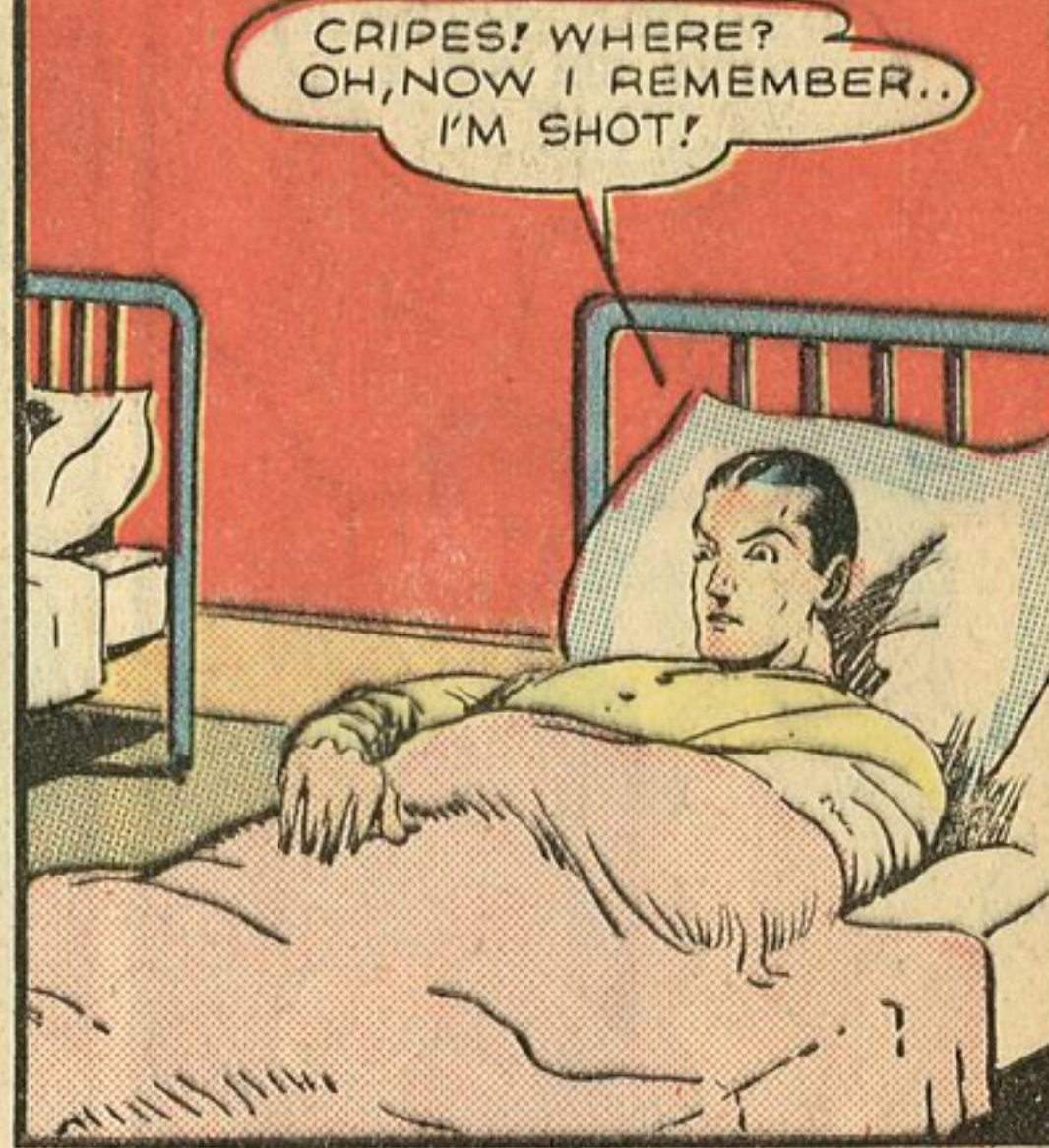
AN HOUR LATER.. THE
SCENE SHIFTS.



TONY IS RESTING UNEASILY IN A
CLEAN WHITE HOSPITAL BED.....



AND NEXT TO HIM..



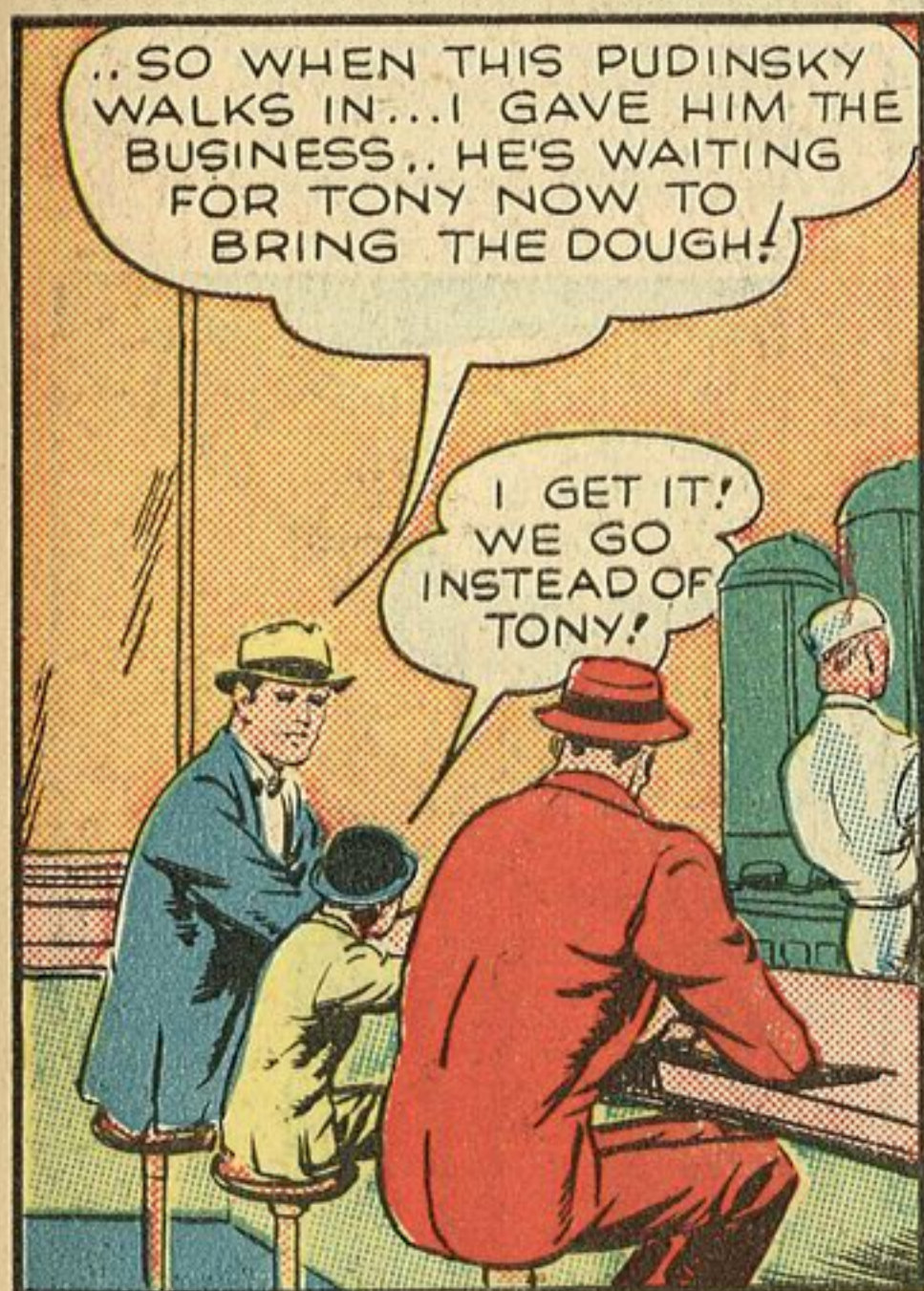
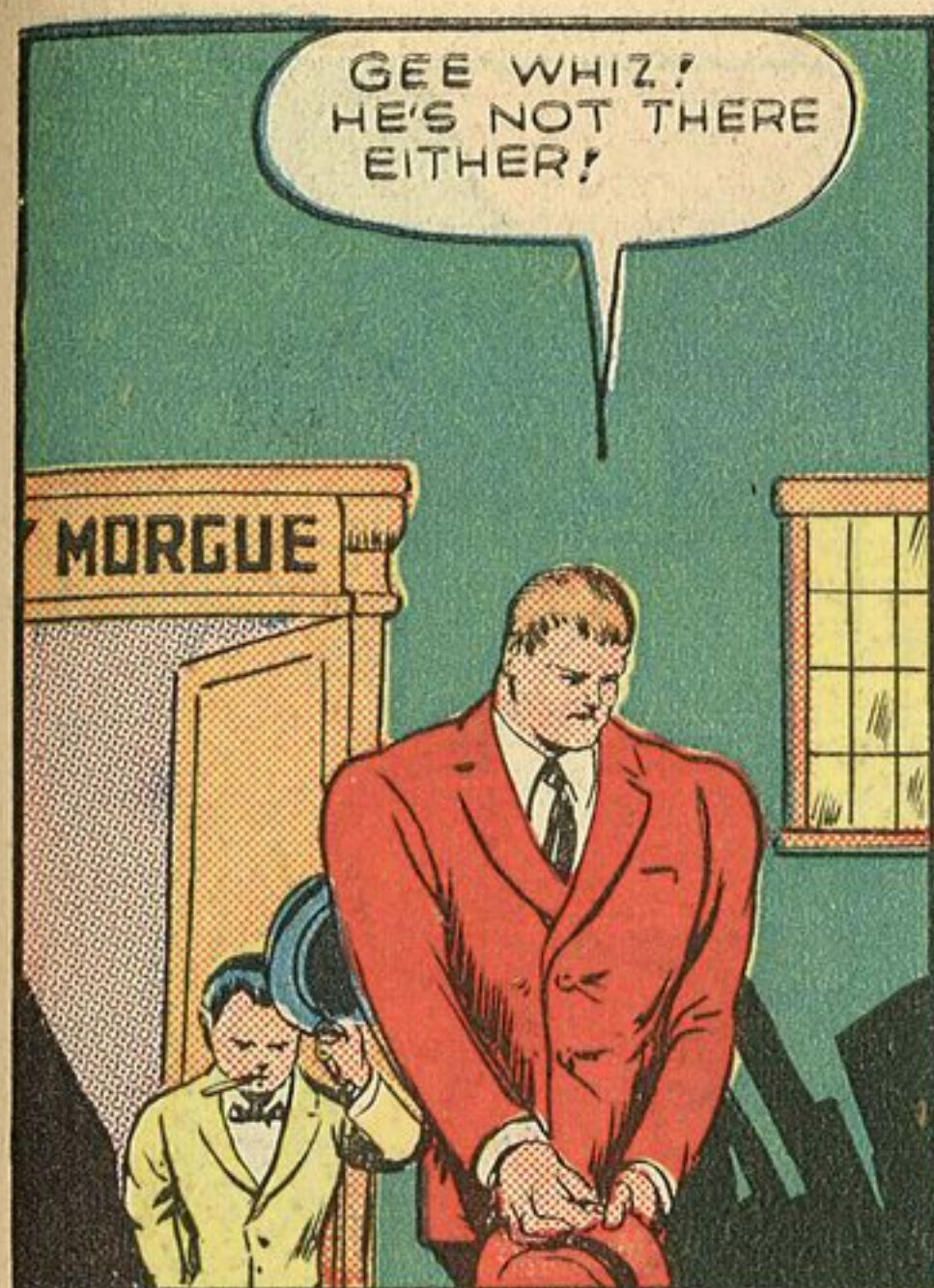
SUDDENLY TONY SCREAMS IN
DELIRIUM.

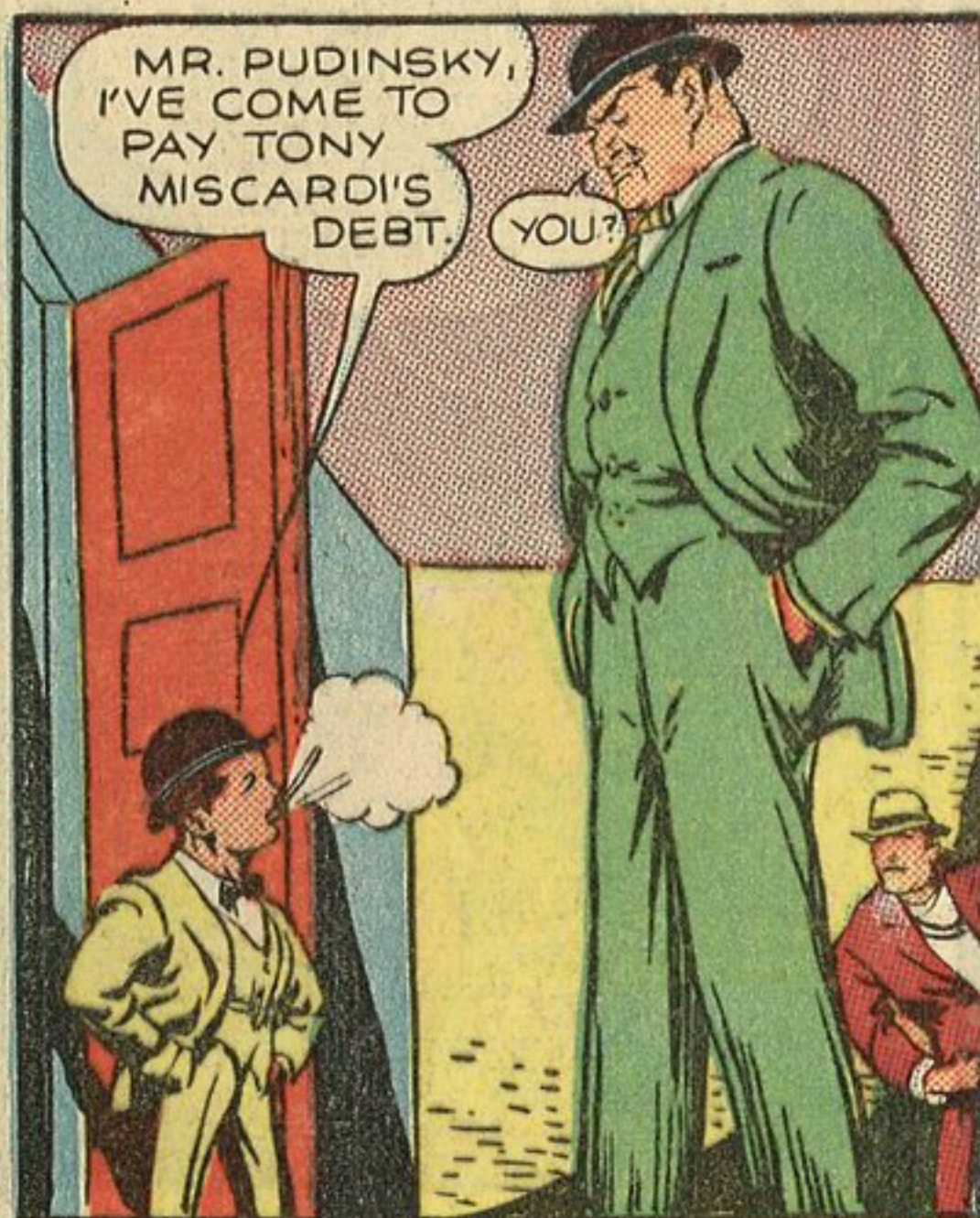


MEANWHILE..

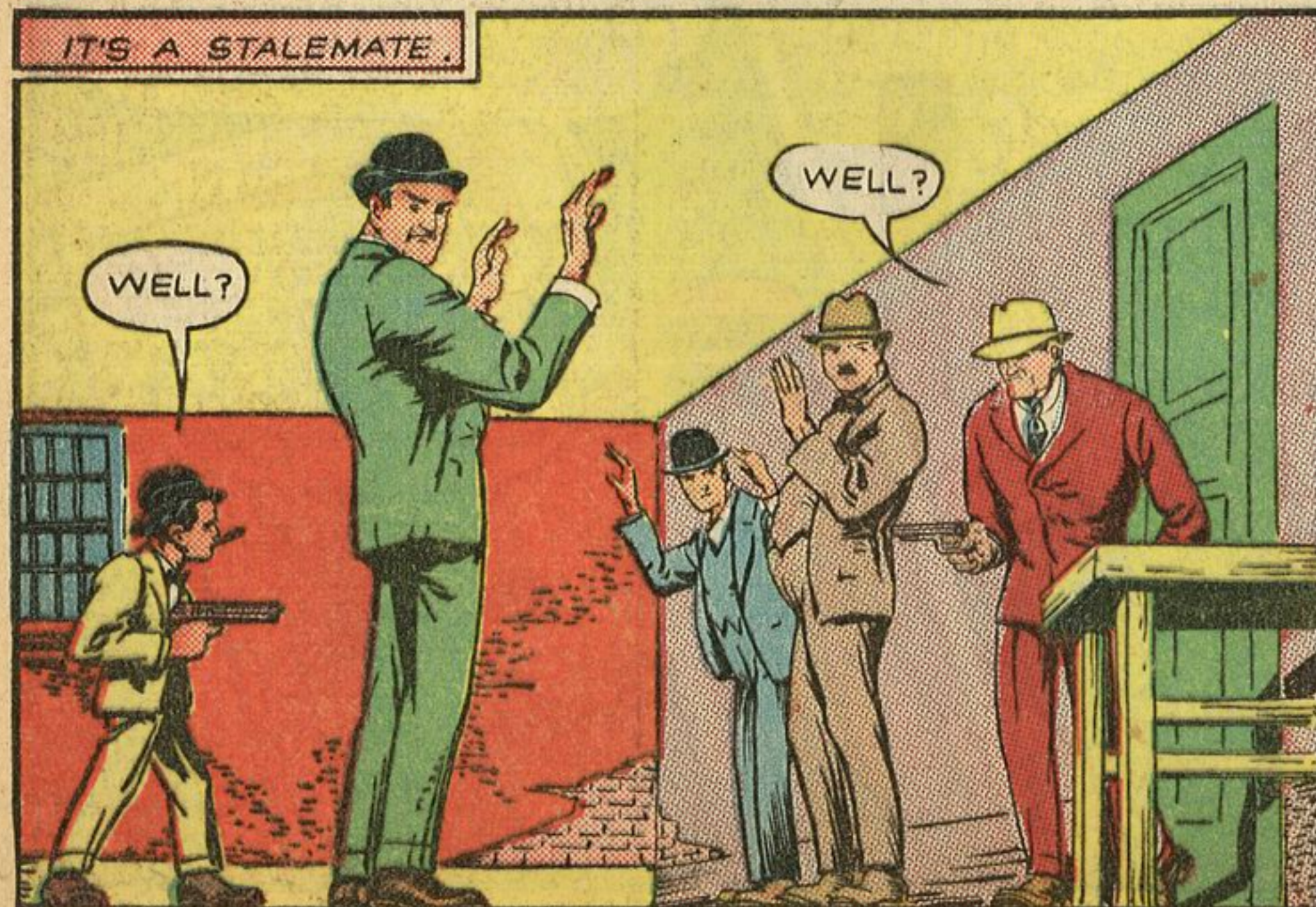






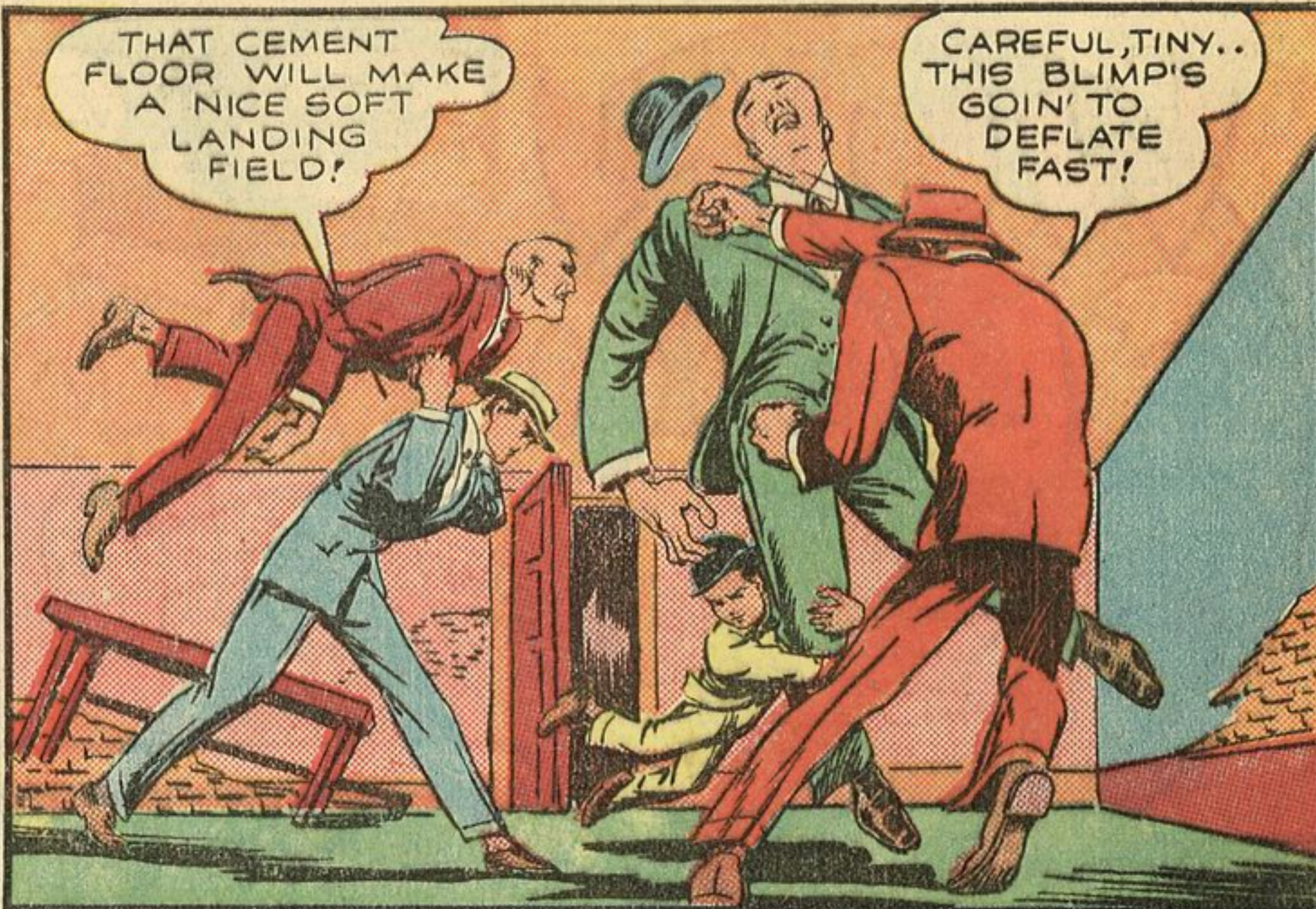


BUT THE CROOKS ARE TOO FAST. THEY WHIP THEIR OWN GUNS INTO THE STOREKEEPERS' BACKS.



UNTIL ROCKY AND WARREN COME IN FIGHTING.





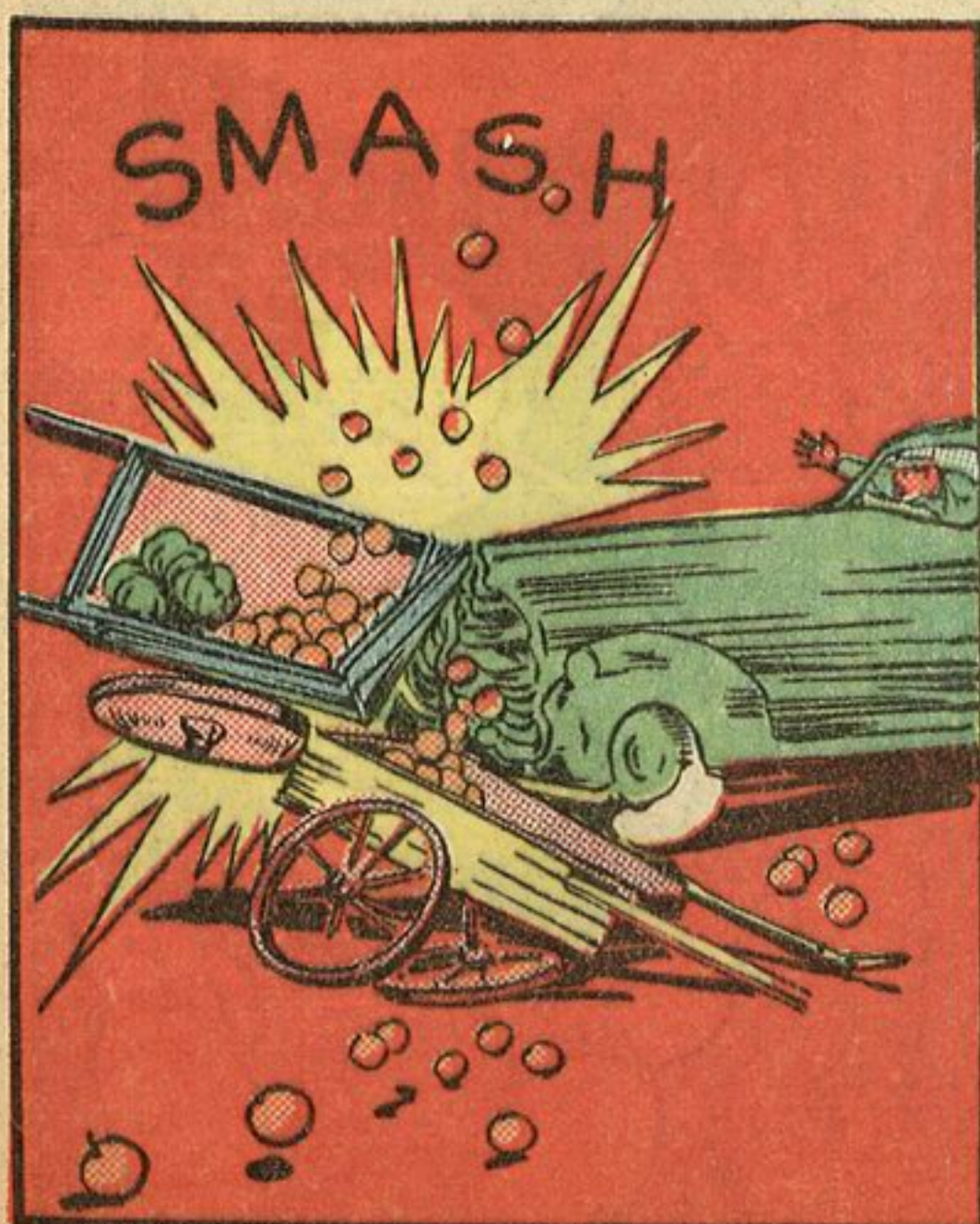
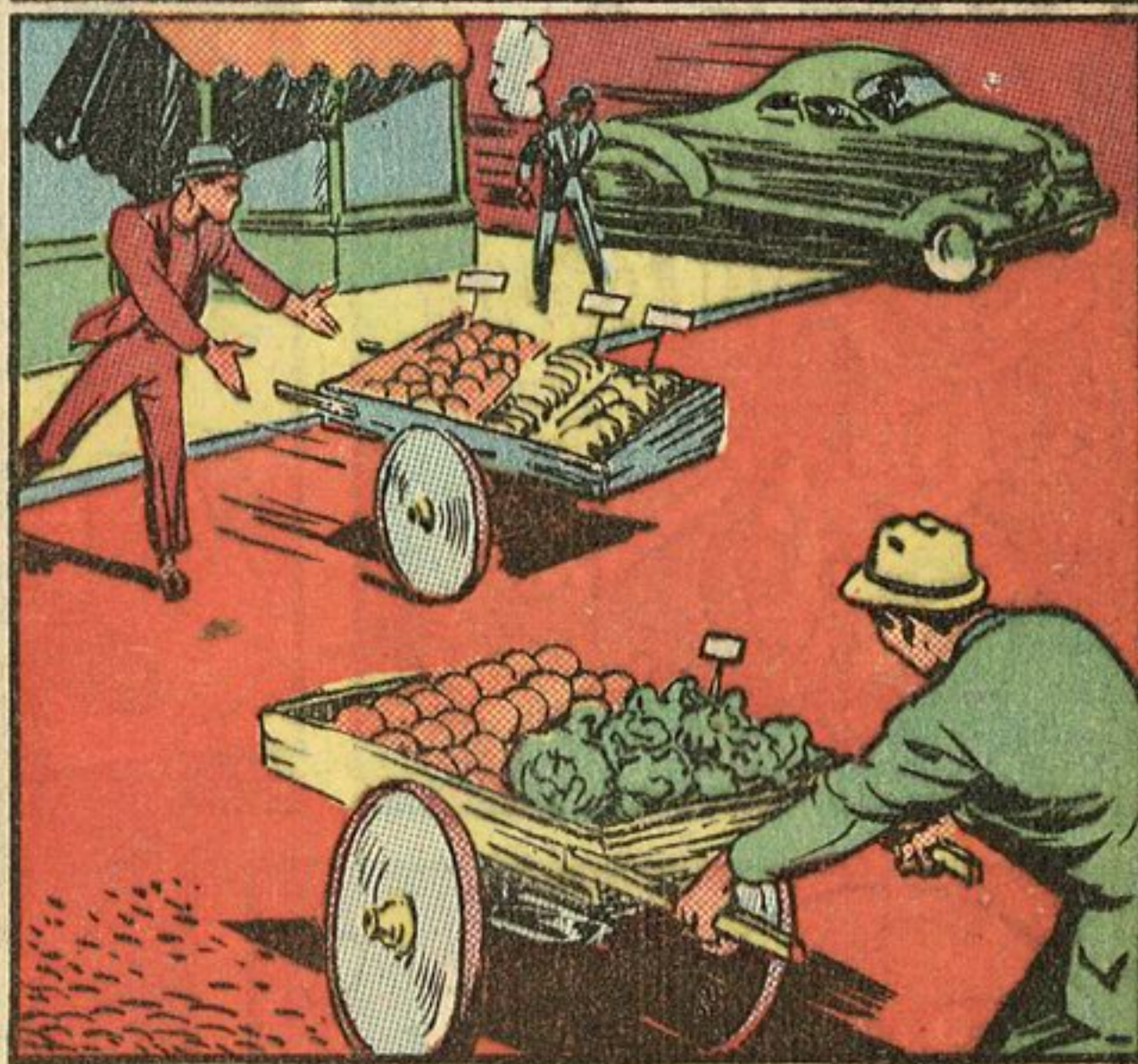
THE CROOKS MANAGE TO SLIP FROM THE TRIO'S FURIOUS ATTACK



WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

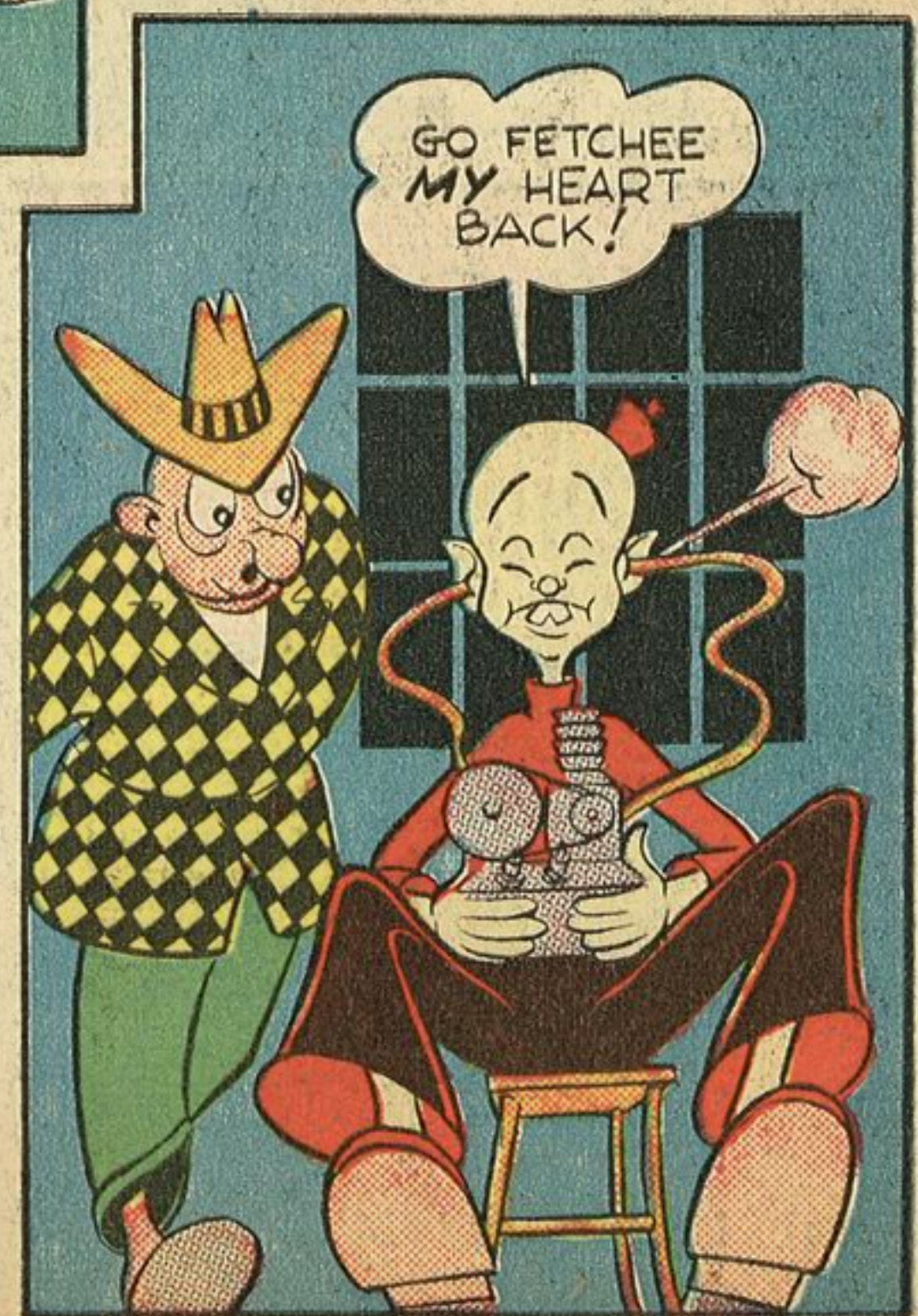
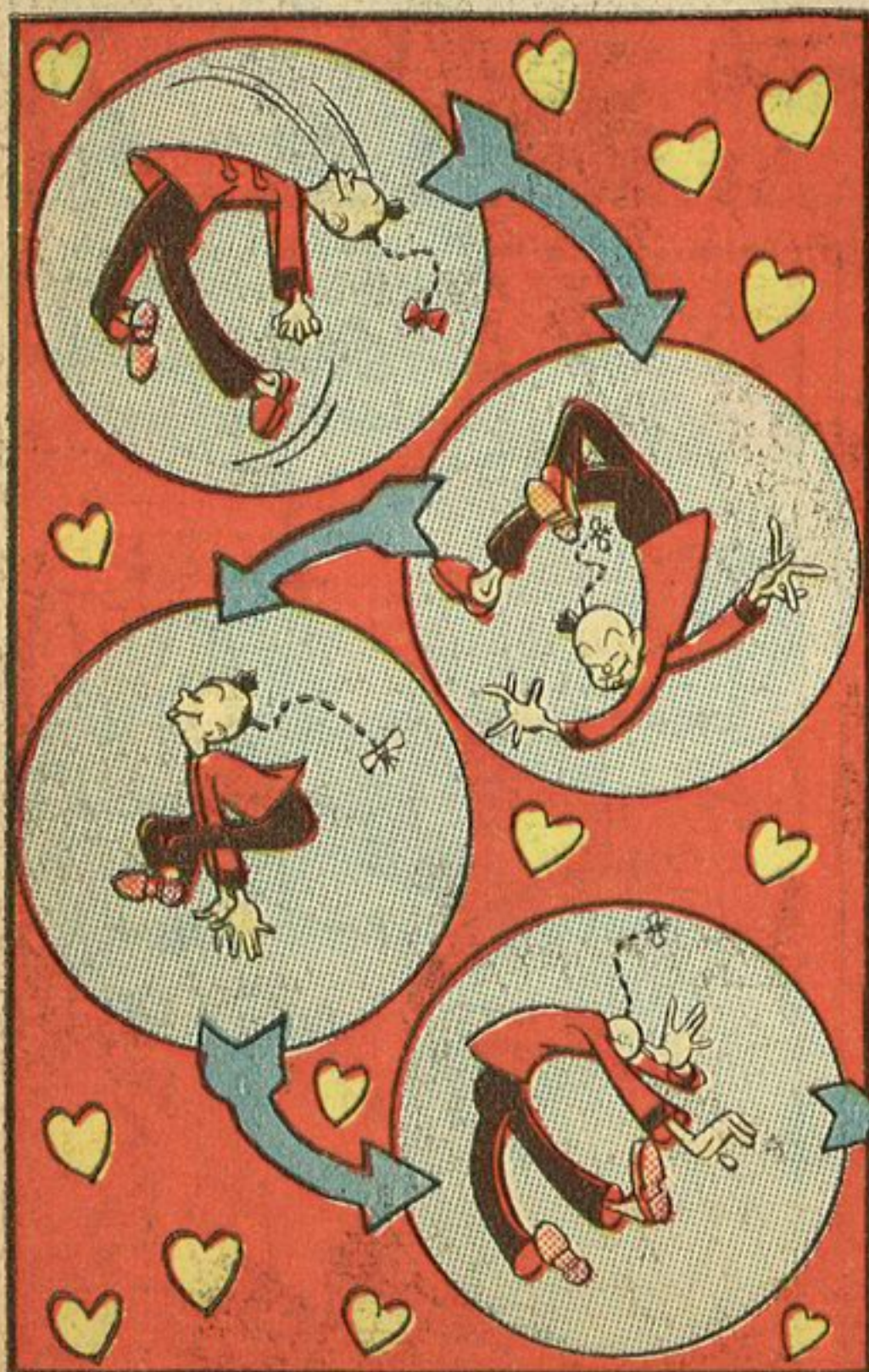
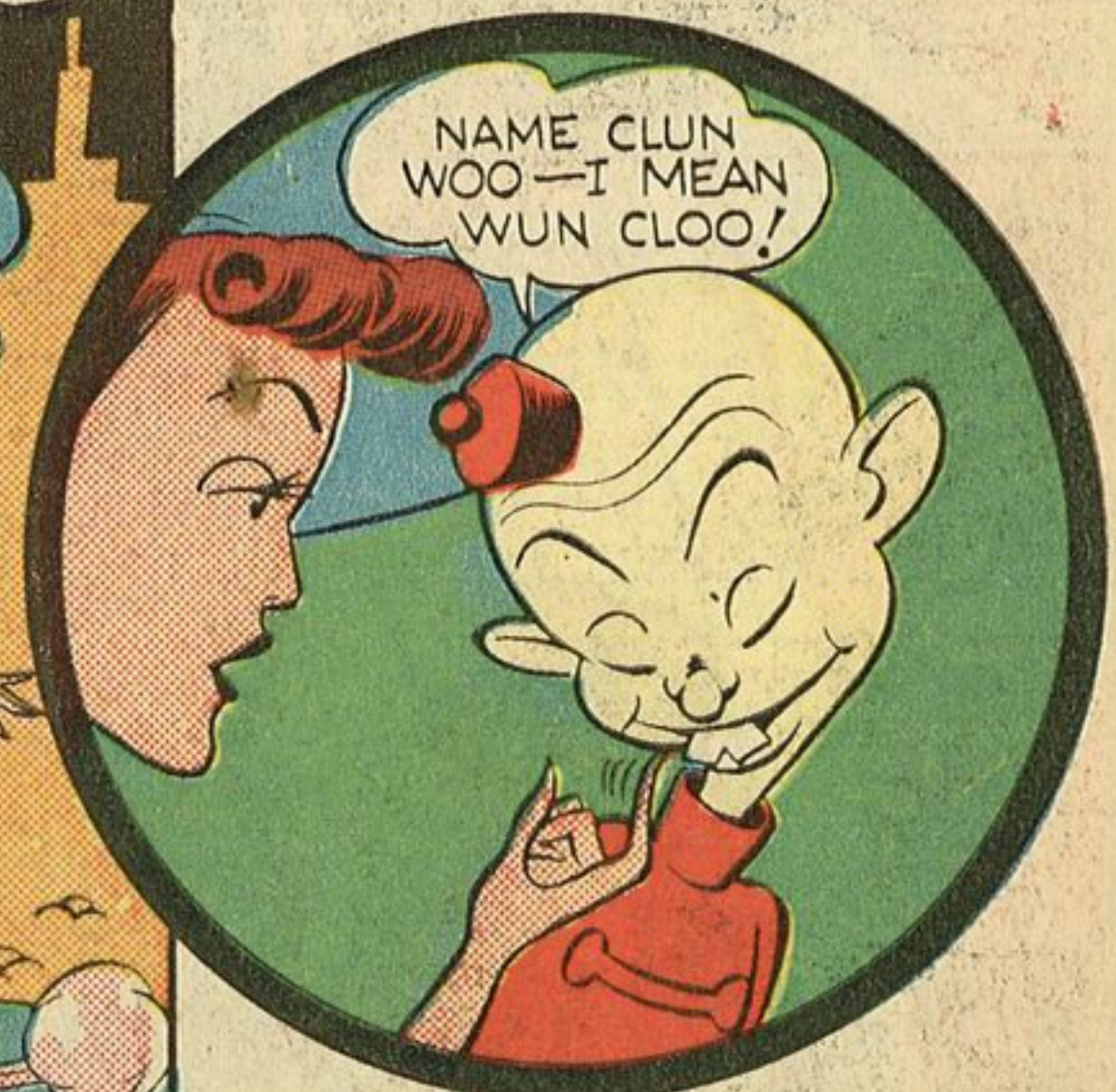
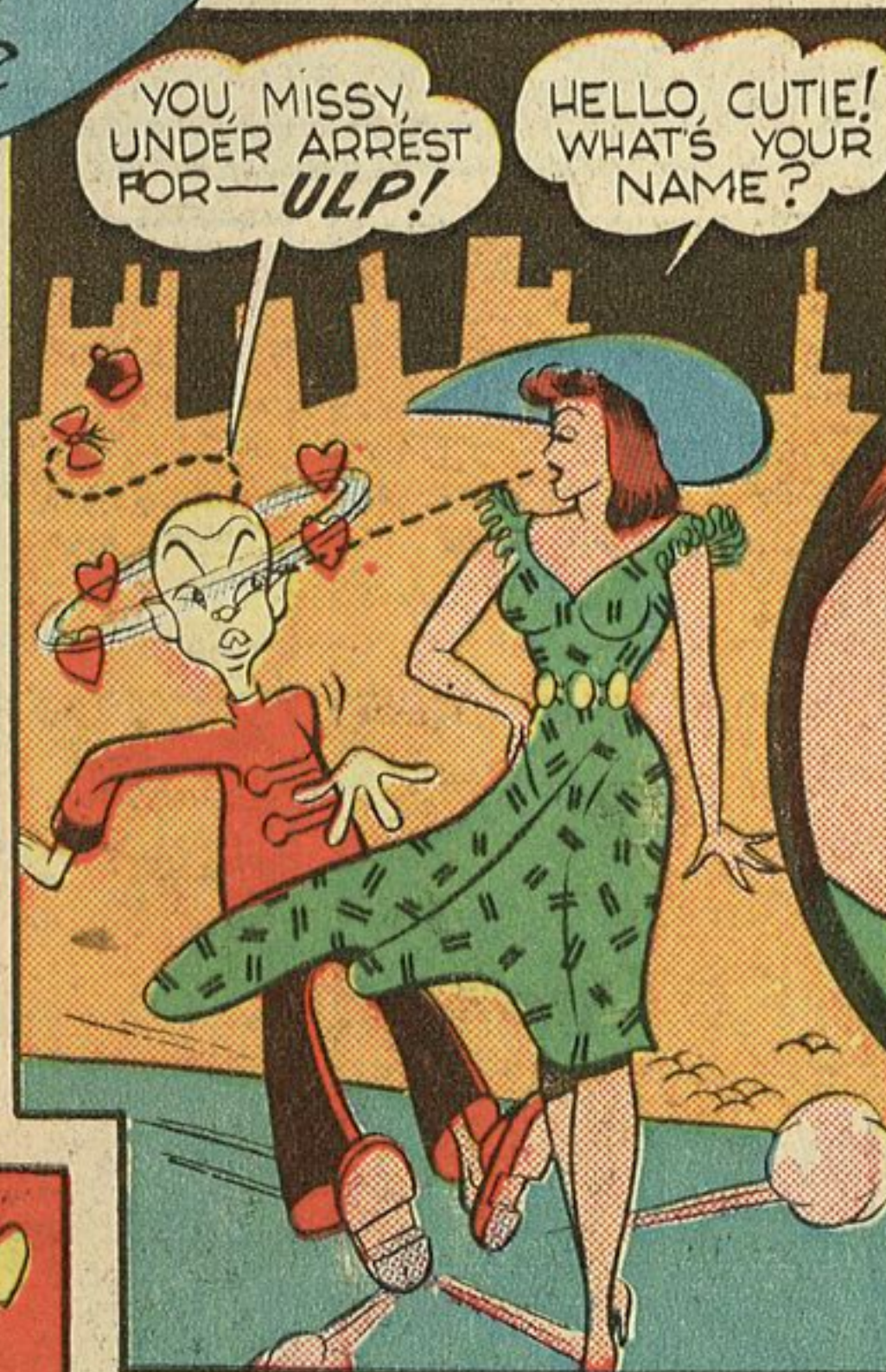
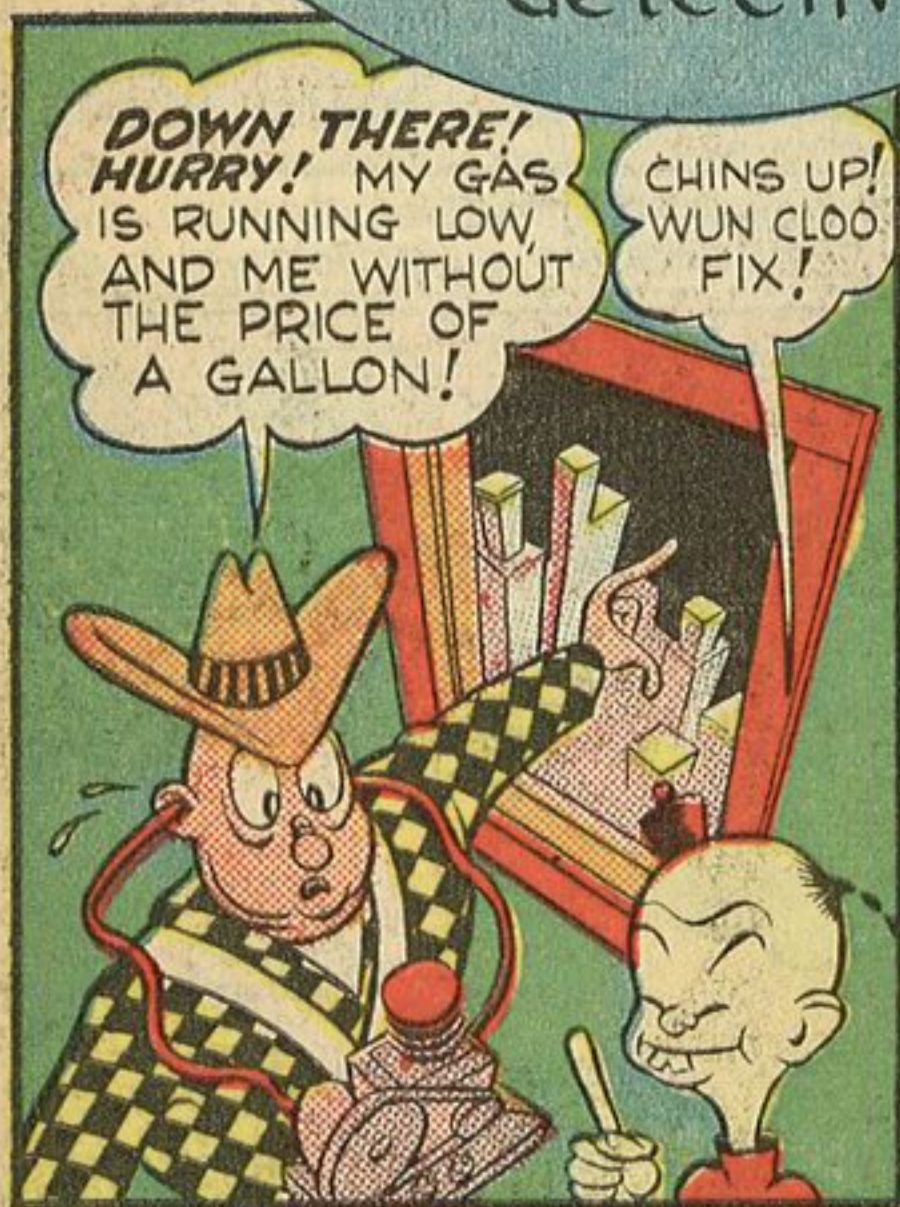
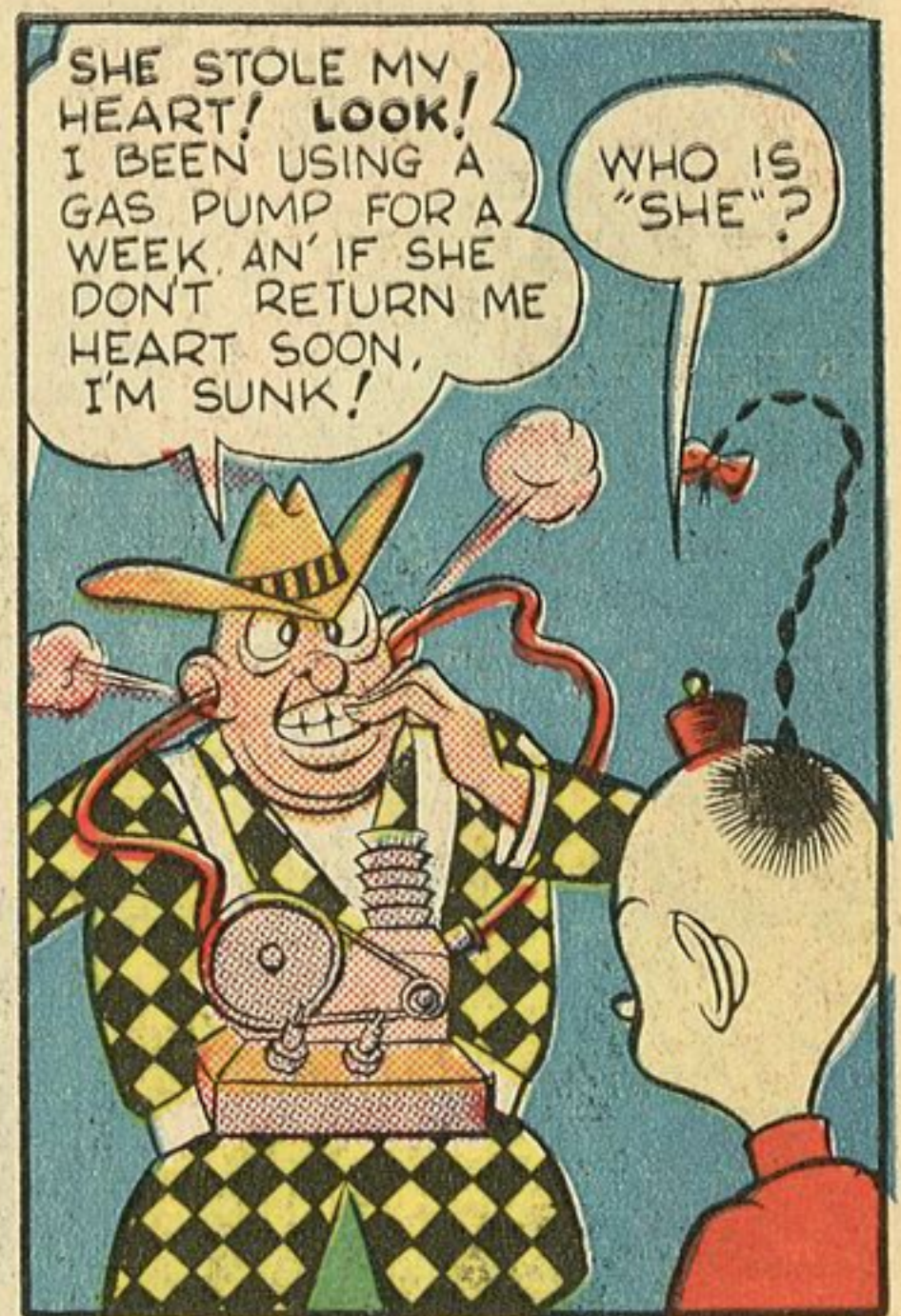


PUSHCART VENDORS WHO'VE HAD ENOUGH OF PUDINSKY'S TYRANNY, BLOCK THE CAR.



WUN CLOO

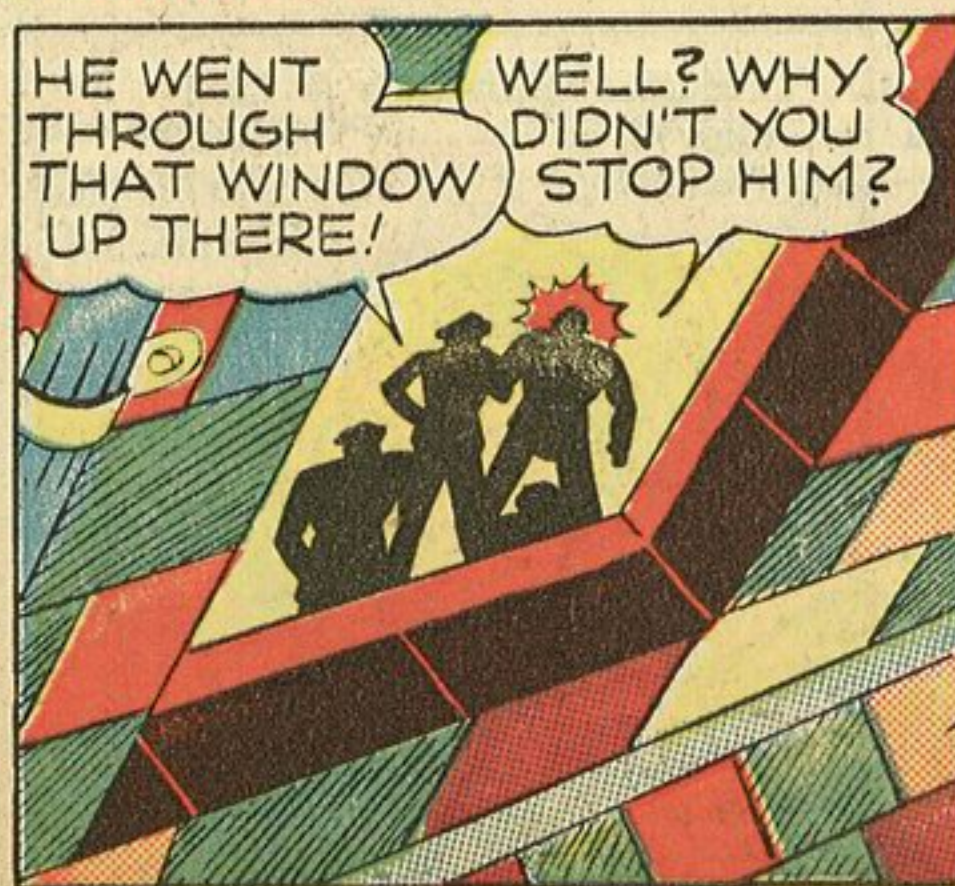
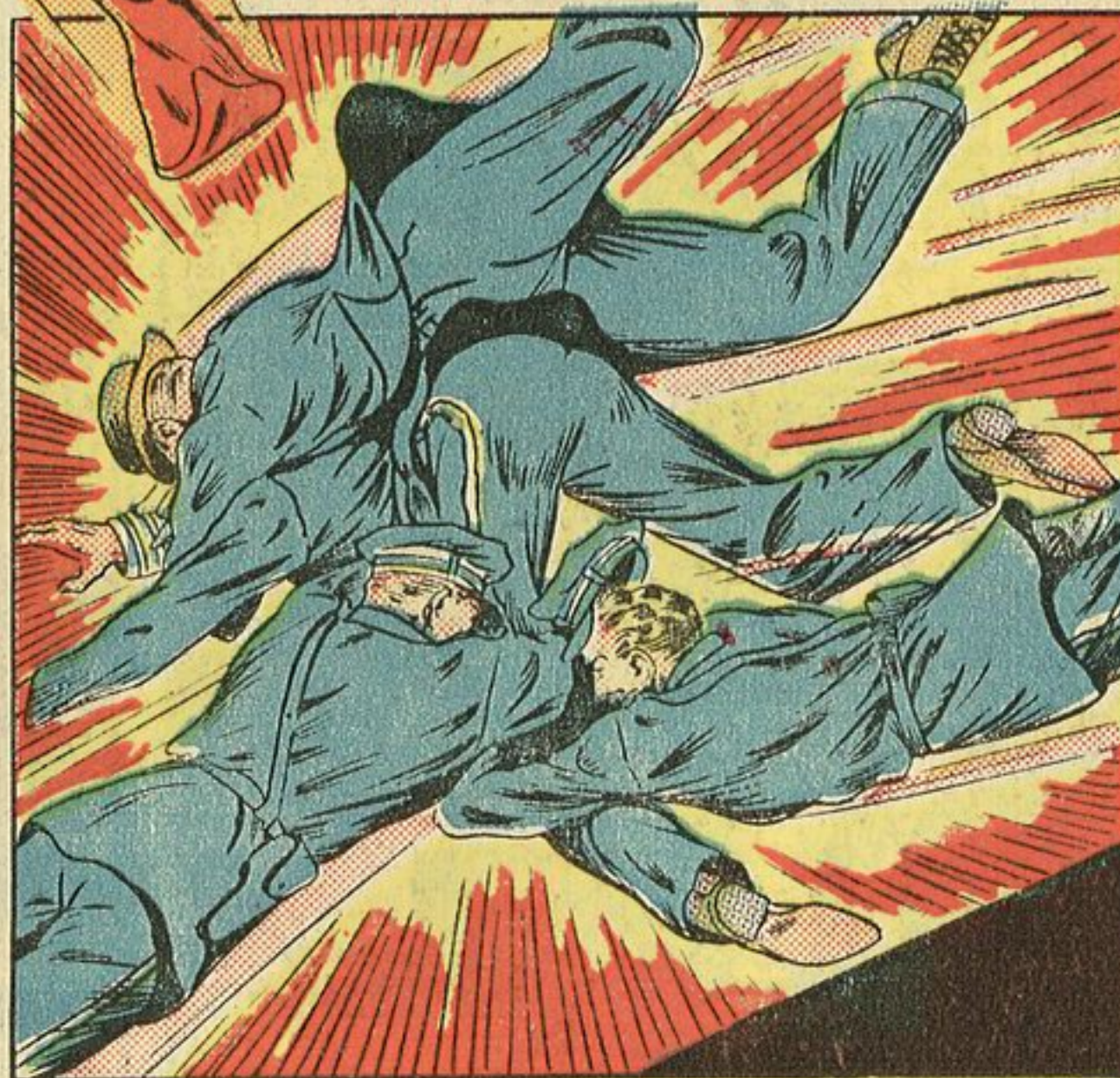
The defective detective



Follow Wun Cloo in the June issue of SMASH COMICS—on sale April 18th.

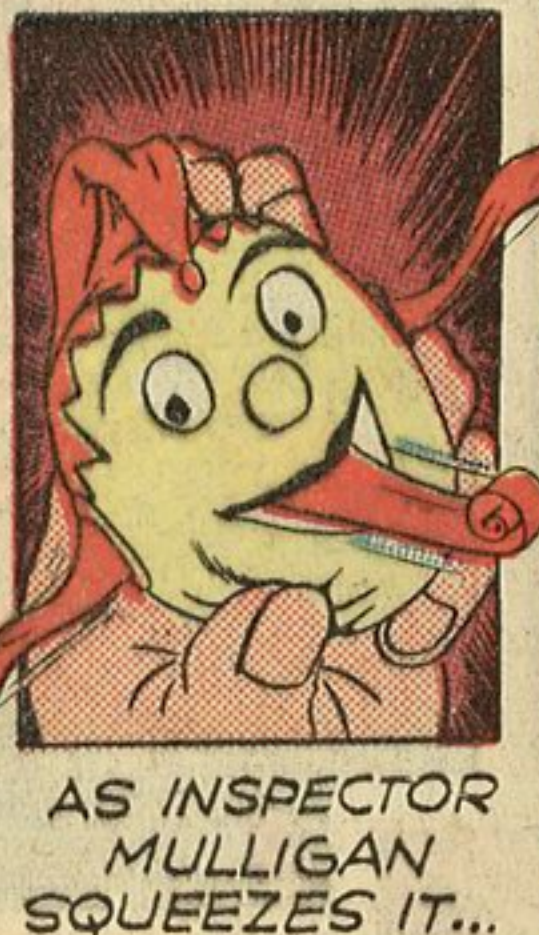


A TOUCH OF THE MEDIEVAL COMBINED WITH A SLASHING FIGURE OF THE PRESENT DAY CAUSES THE UNJUST AND ALL LAWBREAKERS TO QUAKE AT THE SOUND OF HIS HIGH-PITCHED LAUGH AND TINKLE OF HIS BELLS. **THE JESTER** IS REALLY CHUCK LANE, ROOKIE COP, AND DIRECT DESCENDANT OF A REAL EUROPEAN COURT JESTER.. WITH HIS ANCESTOR'S PICTURESQUE GARB, THE POLICE NOW PURSUE HIM..





WHEN THE BALL IS PICKED UP...



LATER.. ON PARK AVENUE..



AT THE SERVANTS' ENTRANCE OF THE BIG HOME..



THEY'RE THE FIFTH WARD BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION! SHE'S ALL SET TO GIVE THEM ALL HER MONEY AFTER THE SONG AND DANCE THEY'VE HANDED HER!

GO UPSTAIRS AND RUN THEM OUT! I CAN'T DO THAT, WE'VE NO EVIDENCE!

BUT LATER WAIT...

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, COPPER? OH-OH... LOOIE THE MOUSE!

I WOULDN'T GIVE MY MONEY TO THESE MEN, MRS. VAN CORNISH... THEY'RE CROOKS! YOUNG MAN! LEAVE, BEFORE I HAVE YOU THROWN OUT!

ER... AH, MIKE... LOOIE... TAKE THIS OFFICER INTO THE OTHER ROOM AND SHOW HIM WHAT WE INTEND TO DO WITH MRS. VAN CORNISH'S DONATION!

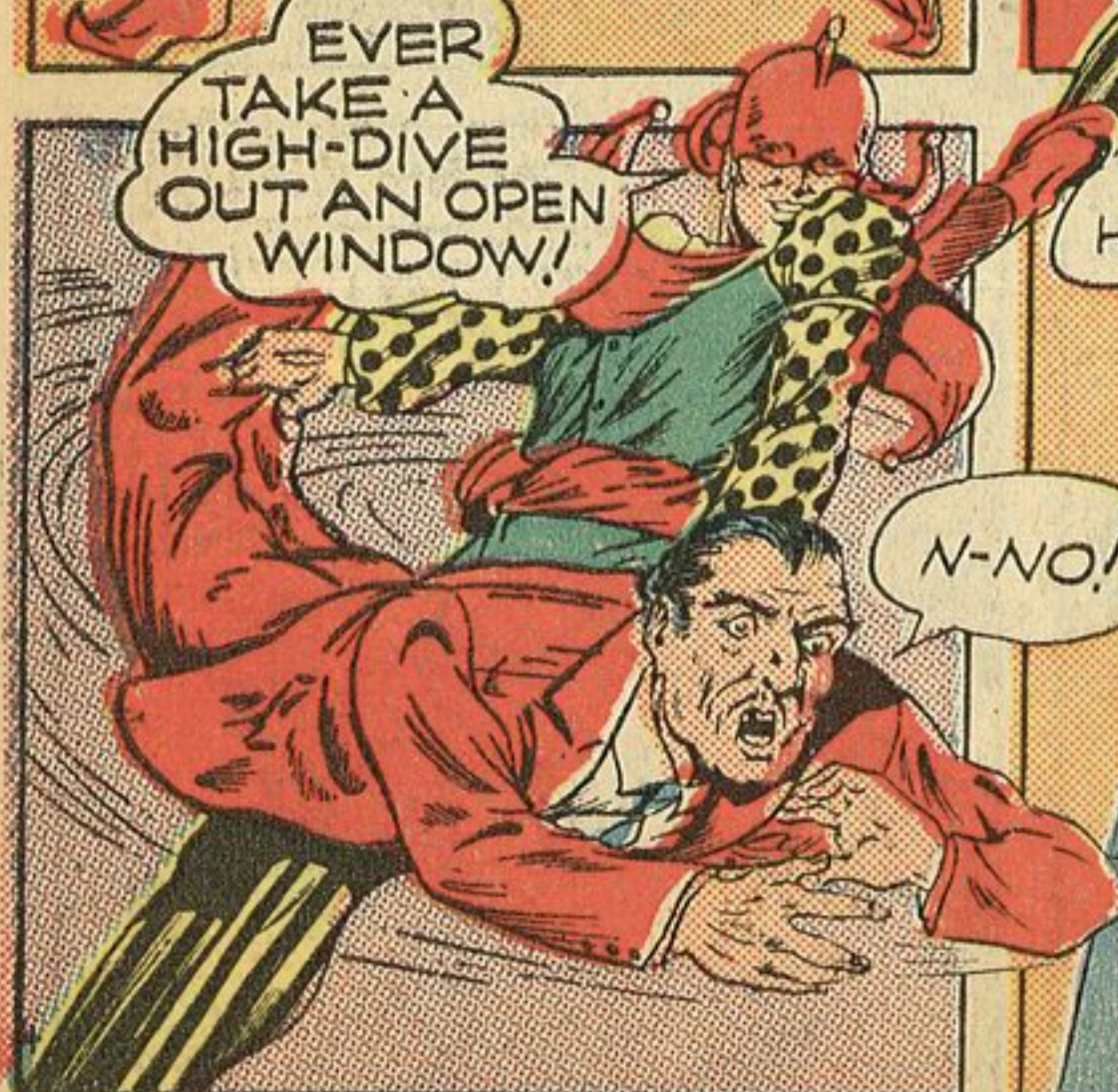
THEY'VE GOT HIM!

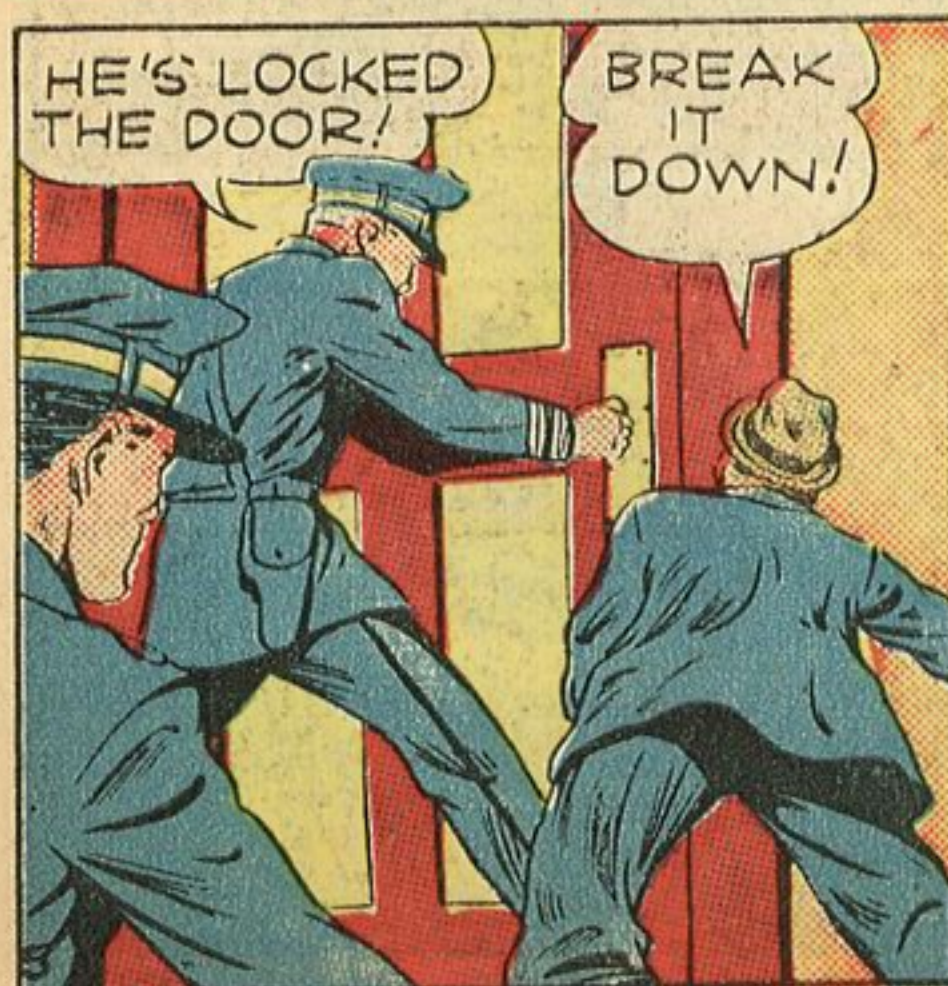
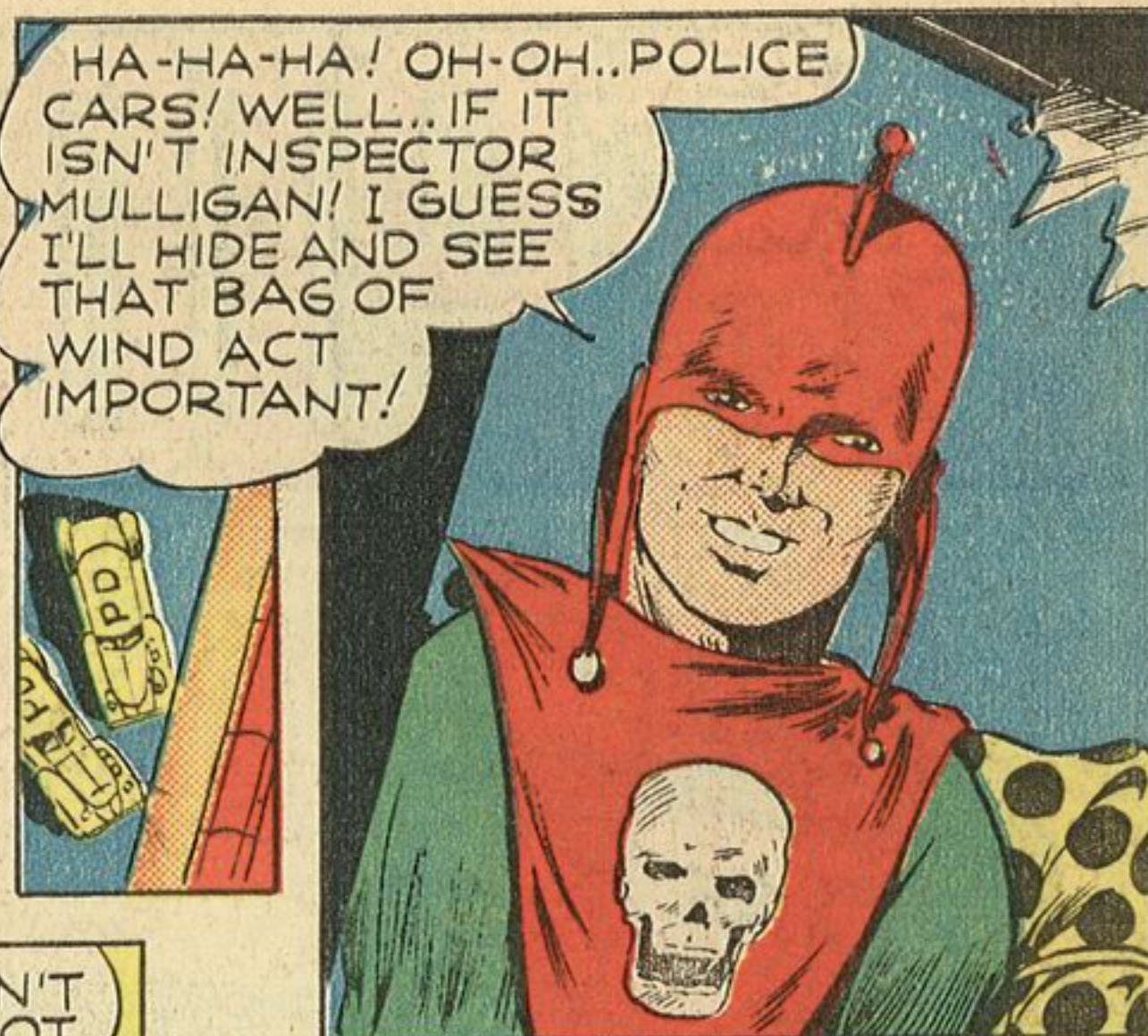
AN' HERE'S TH' PLAN FOR OUR NEW PARK! THIS COP'S A SET-UP! THIS'S PHONEY!

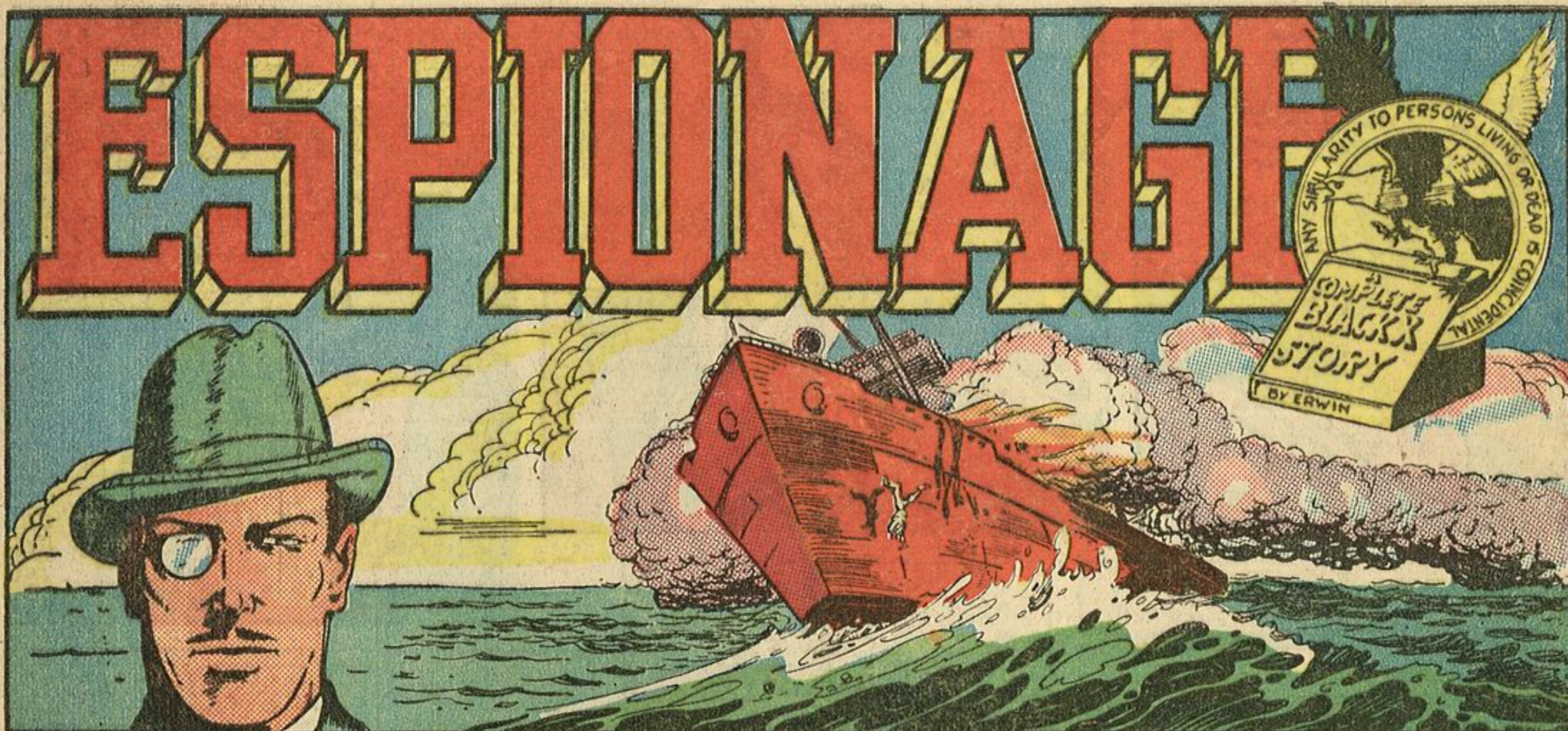
LOOIE... LET'S SEE HOW TH' BOSS IS GETTIN' ON... WE'LL PICK THIS GUY UP LATER AN' DUMP 'IM IN TH' RIVER! HMM!

THERE'S MY CHECK FOR A MILLION DOLLARS, AND MY WILL IS SIGNED, MAKING THE FIFTH WARD ASSOCIATION MY HEIRS!

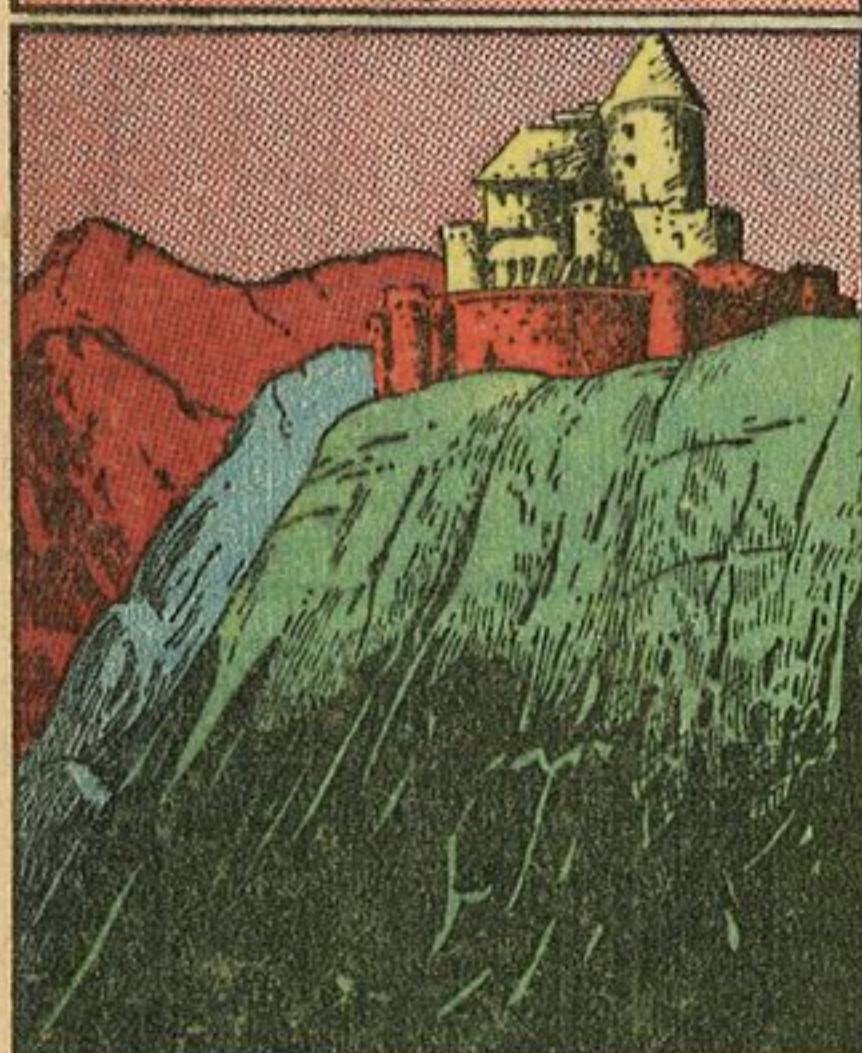
MRS. VAN CORNISH, YOU HAVE A HEART OF GOLD! PSST... C'MON... BEFORE THAT COP WAKES UP!



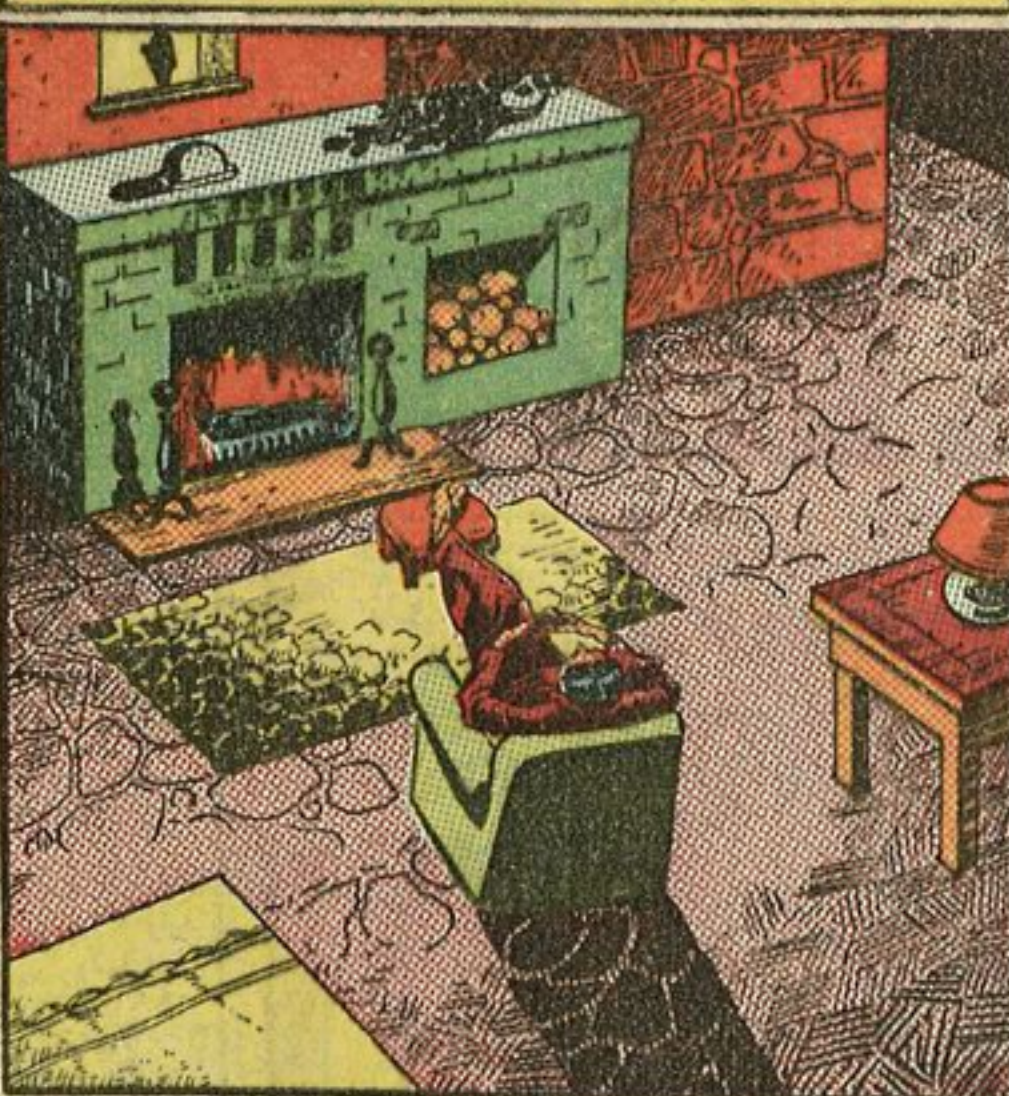




THE GLOOMY CHATEAU-FORTRESS OF BERGSGARTEN, ATOP A LONELY ALPINE PEAK, APPEARS DESERTED...



BUT INSIDE, A BLAZING FIRE LIGHTS THE CRUEL FACE OF A FIGURE MUSING IN ITS WARMTH. . .



HAW! BECAUSE MY ALLY FAILS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, THE WORLD THINKS I AM BEATEN, TOO.. SAVED ME THE TROUBLE OF GETTING RID OF THOSE SPAGHETTI-EATERS! HEH! HEH!



I WILL SHOW THOSE FOOL DEMOCRACIES WHO IS MASTER NOW! IN MY RADIO ADDRESS, I'LL FRIGHTEN THEM INTO SURRENDER! ONE MINUTE TO START..

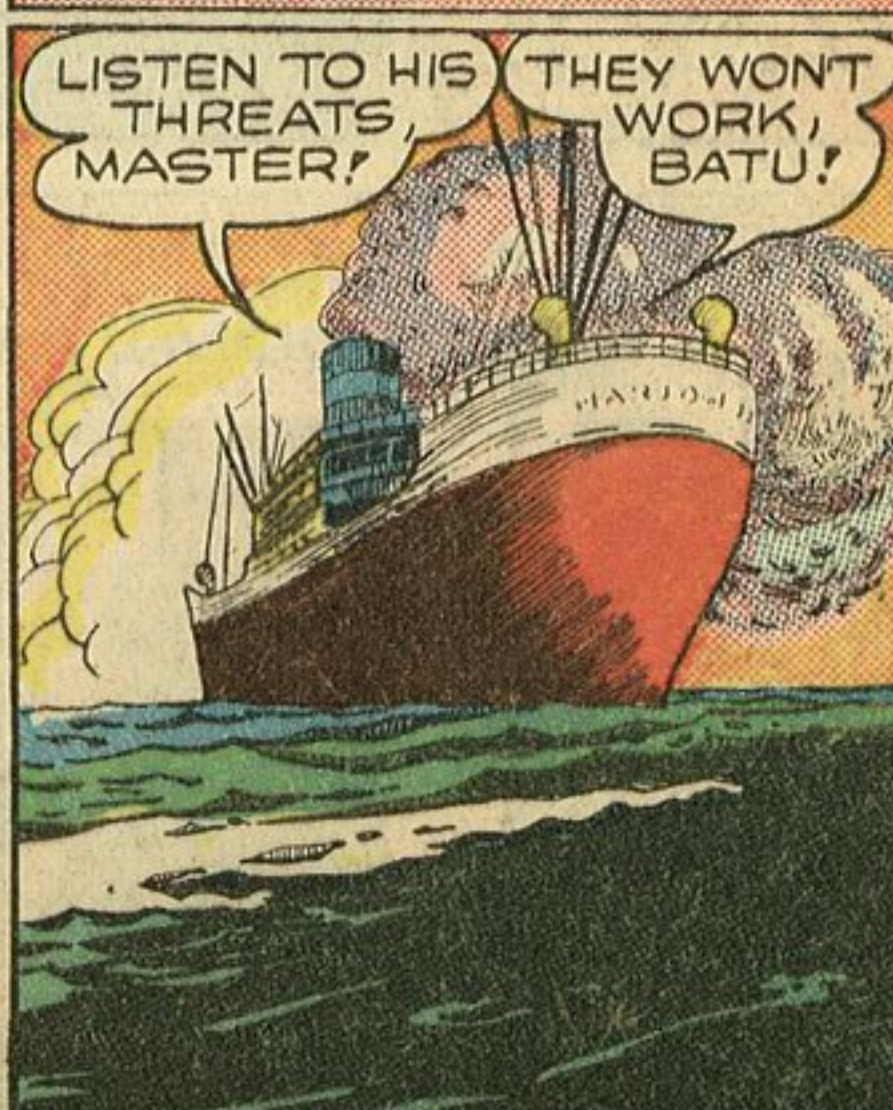


THE RADIOS OF THE WORLD TUNE IN ROLF GRUBER..

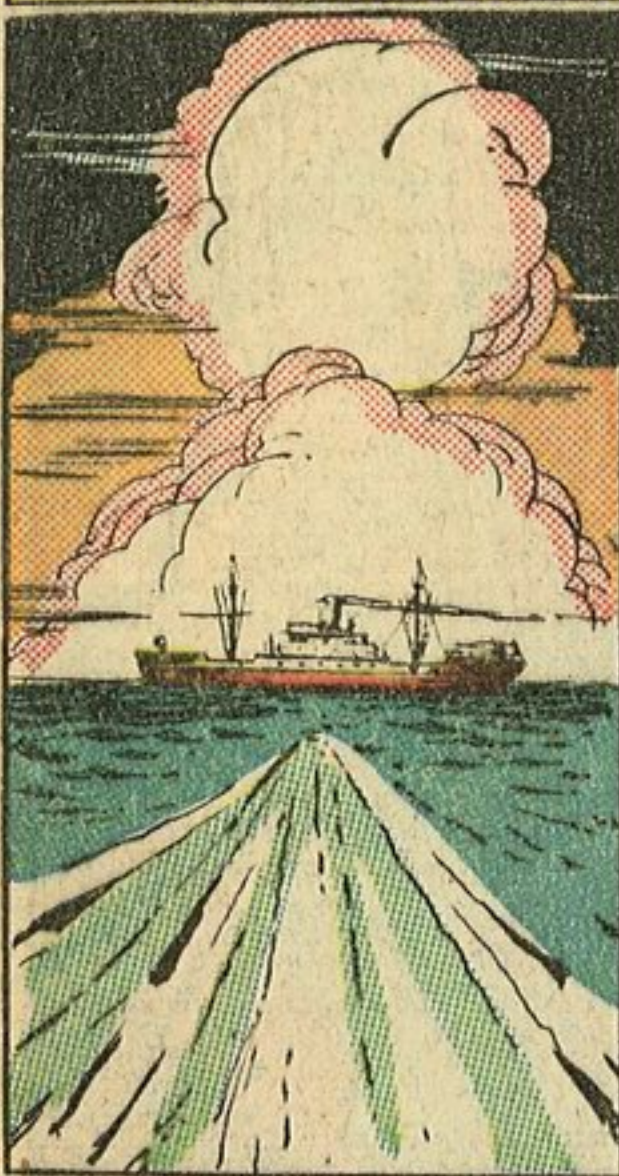
I WILL BUILD THE MIGHTIEST EMPIRE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN! DEMOCRACIES, BEWARE.. I HAVE A NEW SECRET ALLY TO AID ME!



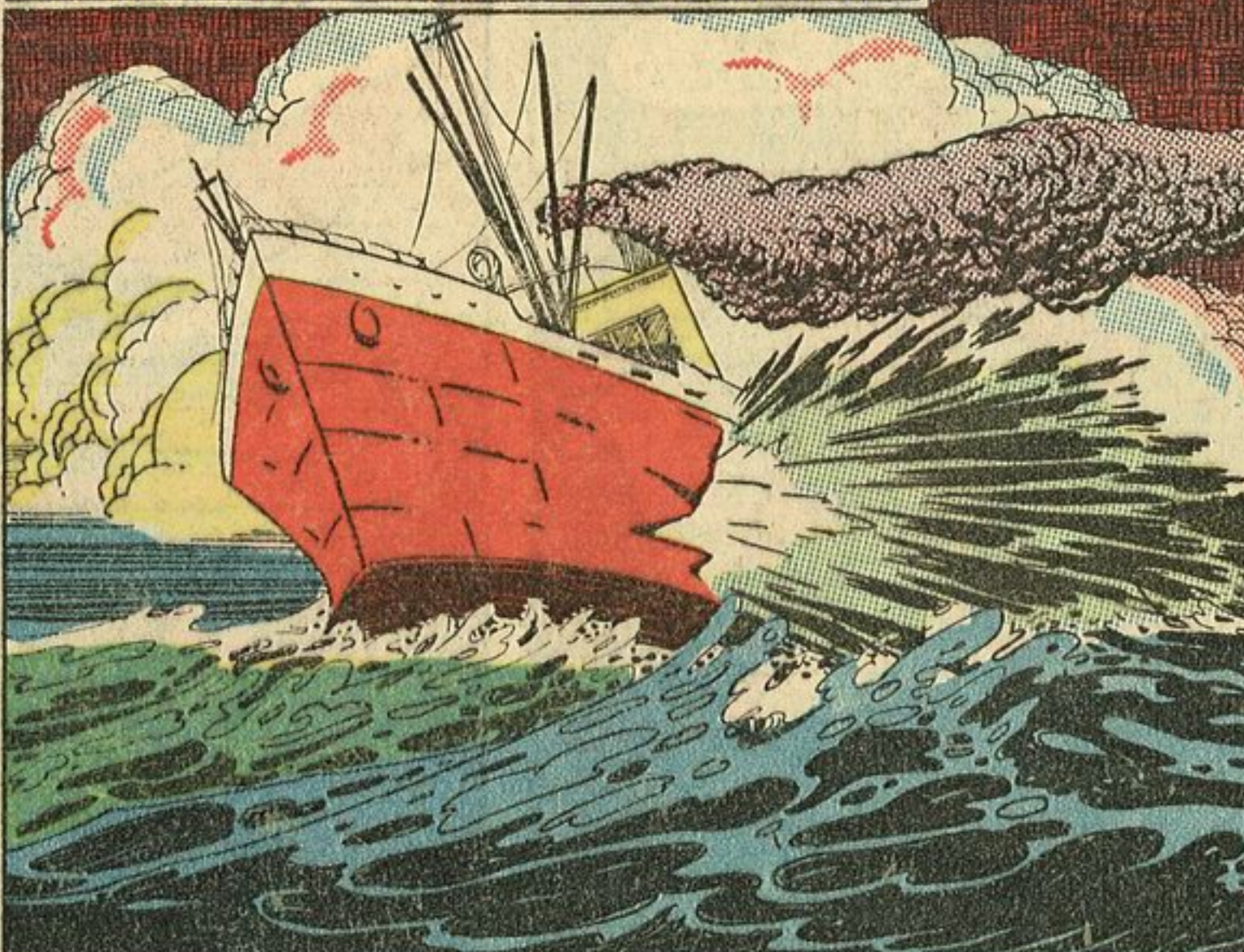
ABOARD A LINER PLYING THE TRADE ROUTES ALONG THE COAST OF INDIA, BLACK X HEARS THE FANATICAL SPEECH.



SUDDENLY THE SEA IS PARTED BY A DARTING STREAK..



A SECOND LATER THE GLISTENING HULL ERUPTS IN A GAPING WOUND..THE PULSATING ENGINES MOAN AND THEN DIE SHARPLY..



TORPEDO, MASTER!
YES.. WE'LL HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT, BATU!



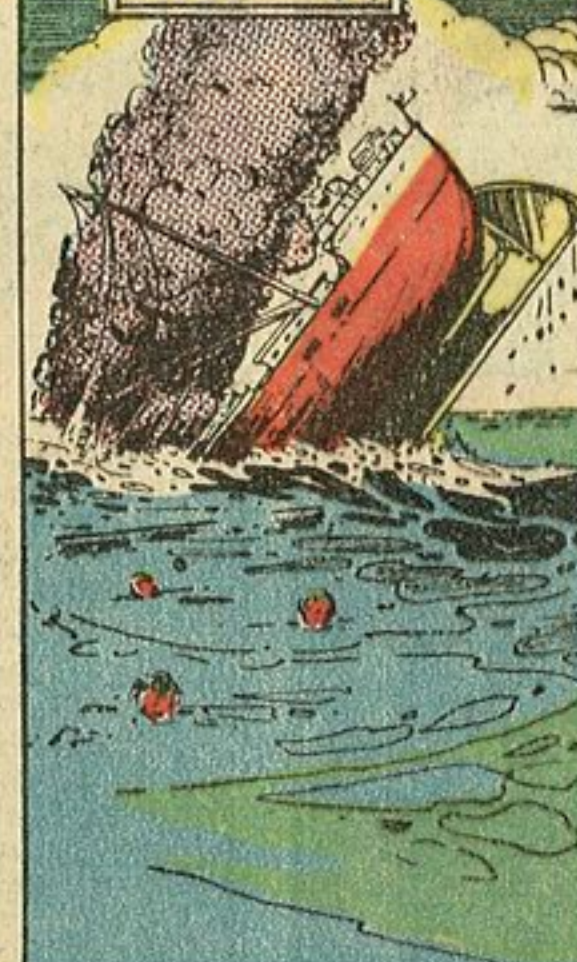
ANOTHER BLAST SHAKES THE STRICKEN SHIP..BLACK X IS HURLED THROUGH THE AIR..



THE SWAMPED STERN SINKS QUICKLY BE-NEATH HEAVY WAVES.



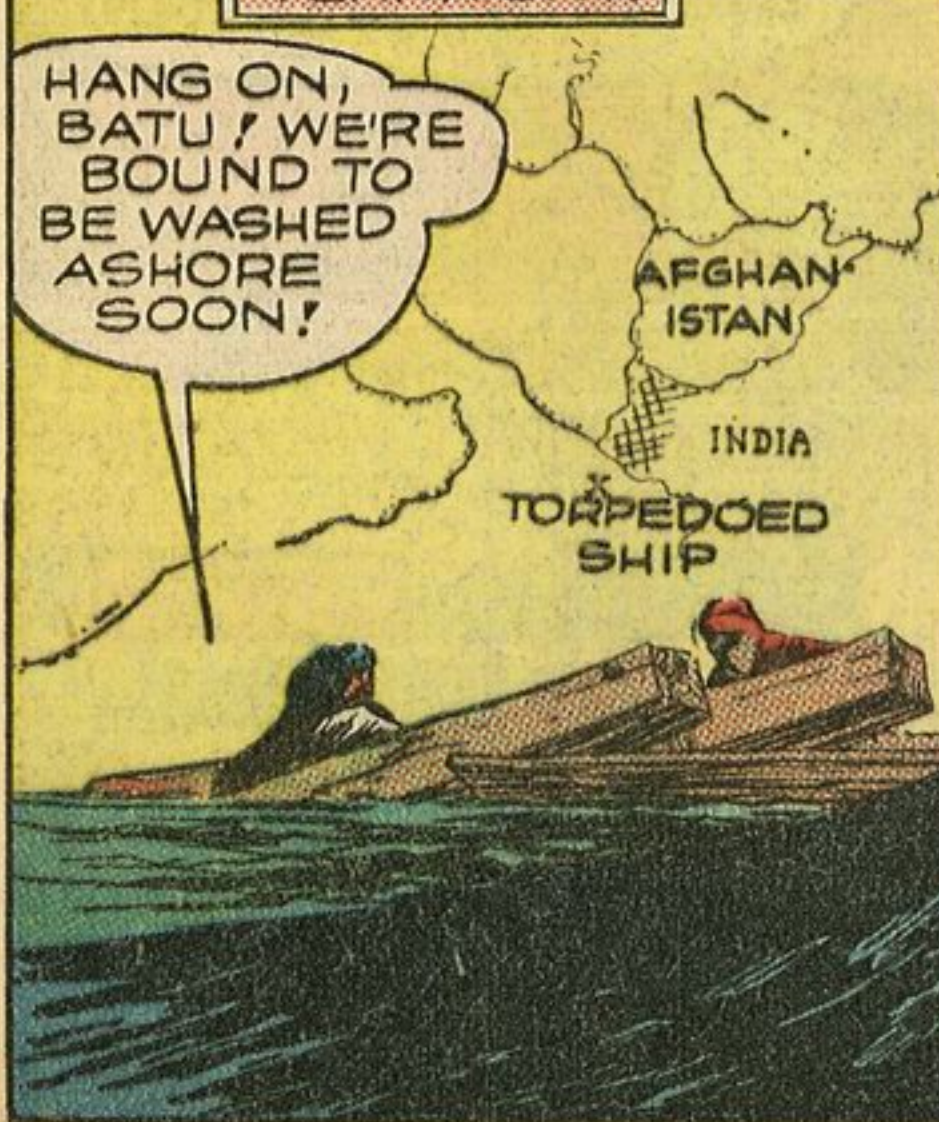
WITH A GASP THE SHIP GOES DOWN, THE TERRIFIC SUC-TION DRAWING HAPLESS VICTIMS WITH IT.



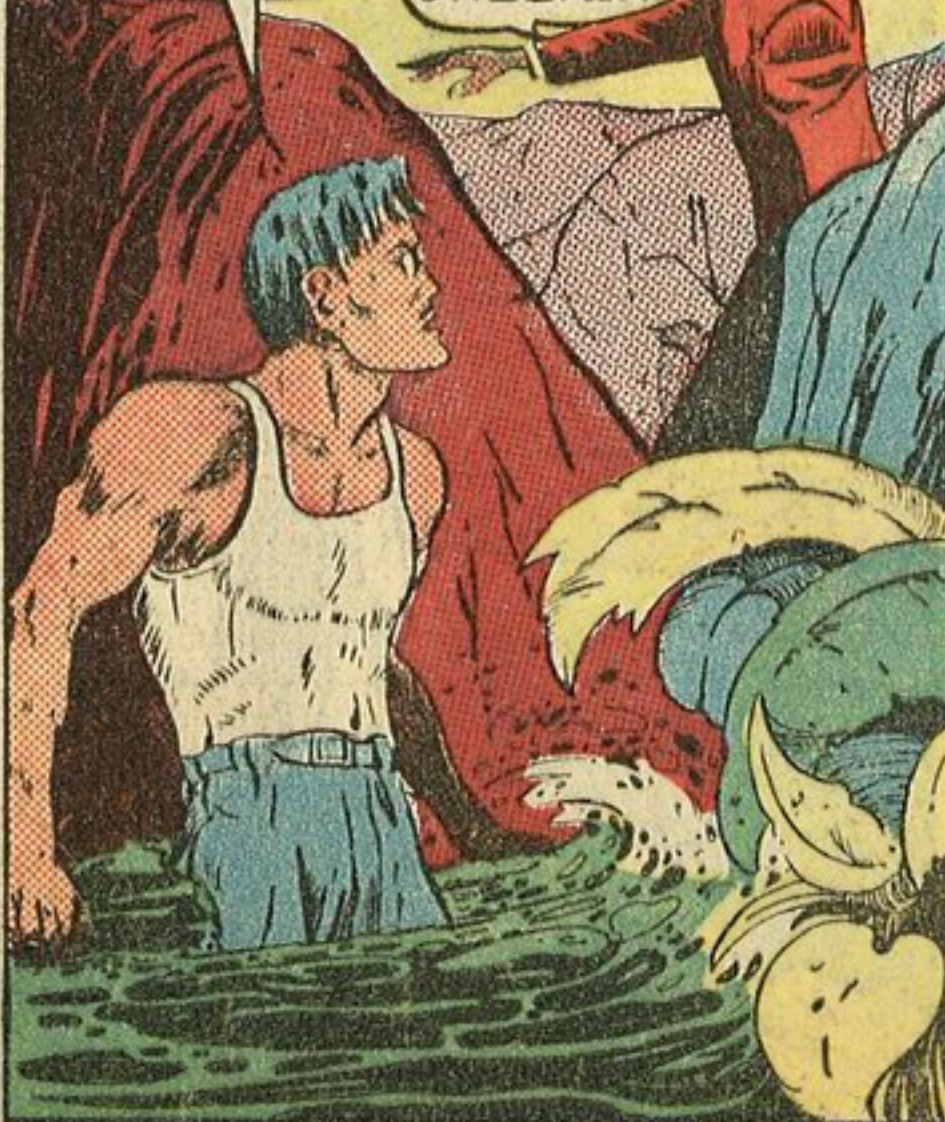
BATU! BATU! OH..THERE YOU ARE!



BETWEEN THE TORPEDO SCENE AND AFGHANISTAN LIES A NARROW STRIP OF INDIAN TERRITORY.

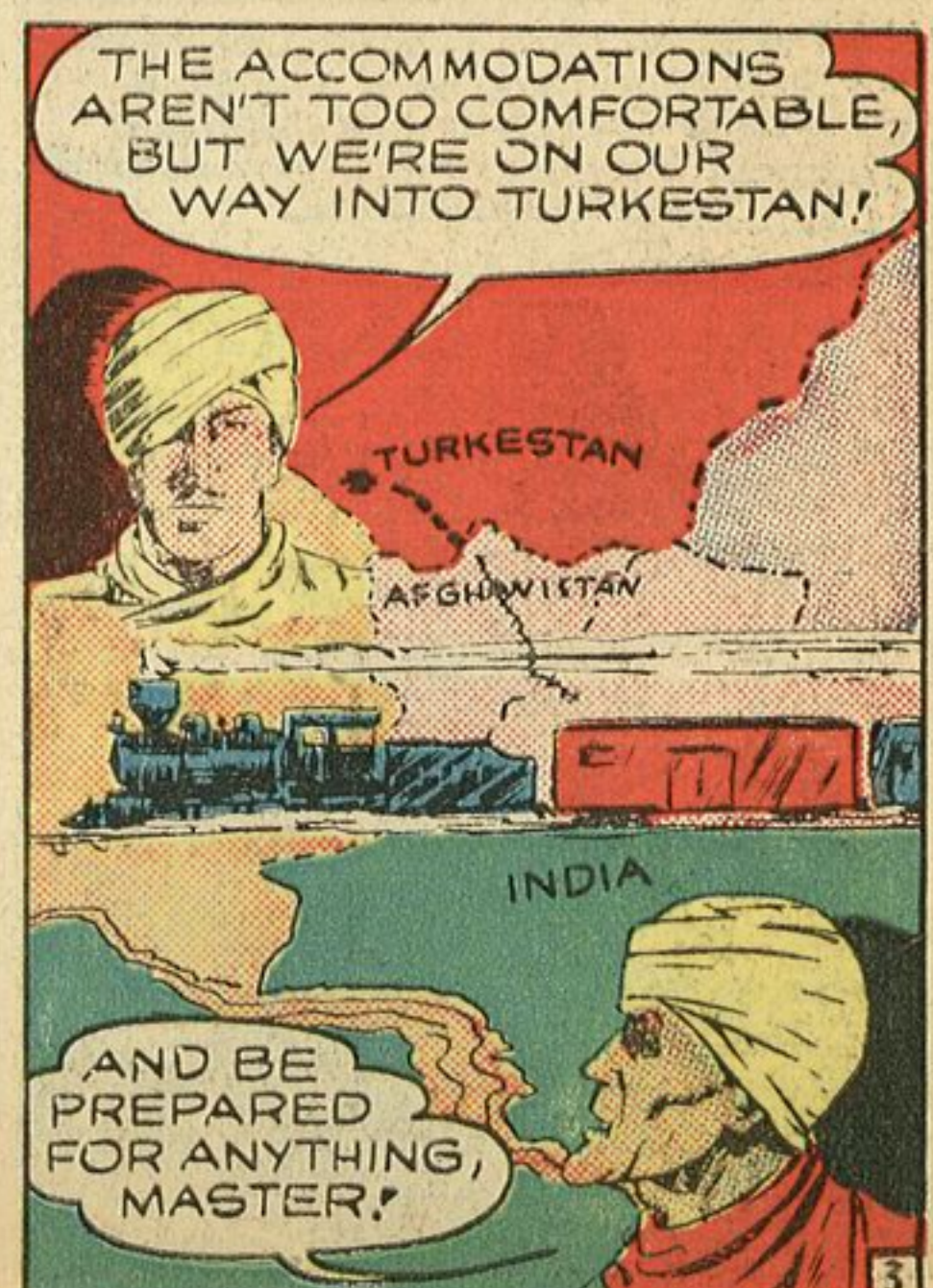


WE ARE THE SOLE SURVIVORS. WE MUST SEEK SHELTER

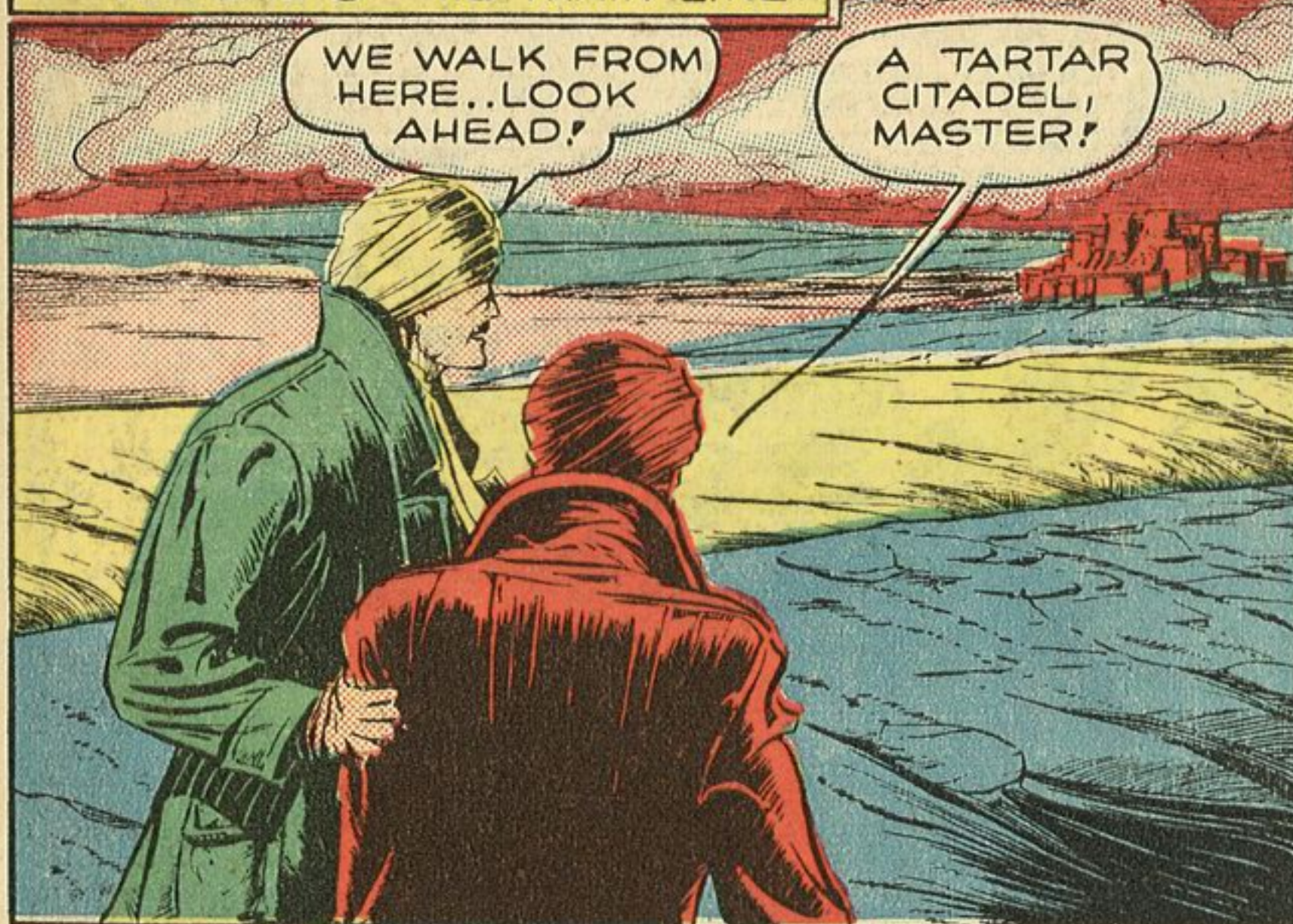


AFTER A DAY OF TRUDGING THEY STOP SHORT AT THE AFGHANISTAN FRONTIER.





OVER MILES OF BARE KIRGHIZ STEPPES, THEY RIDE TO THE END OF THE TRAIN LINE.



WE'RE GOING IN. IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE, WE HAVE T.N.T. STICKS!



WHEN THE MOON SETS, WE GO.. READY, MASTER?



THAT NIGHT, AS CLOUDS HIDE A WANDERING MOON...



NO..I SPOKE TOO SOON.. BACK AGAINST THE WALL, BATU!



THEIR EXPLORATION LEADS THEM TO A DIM ROOM.



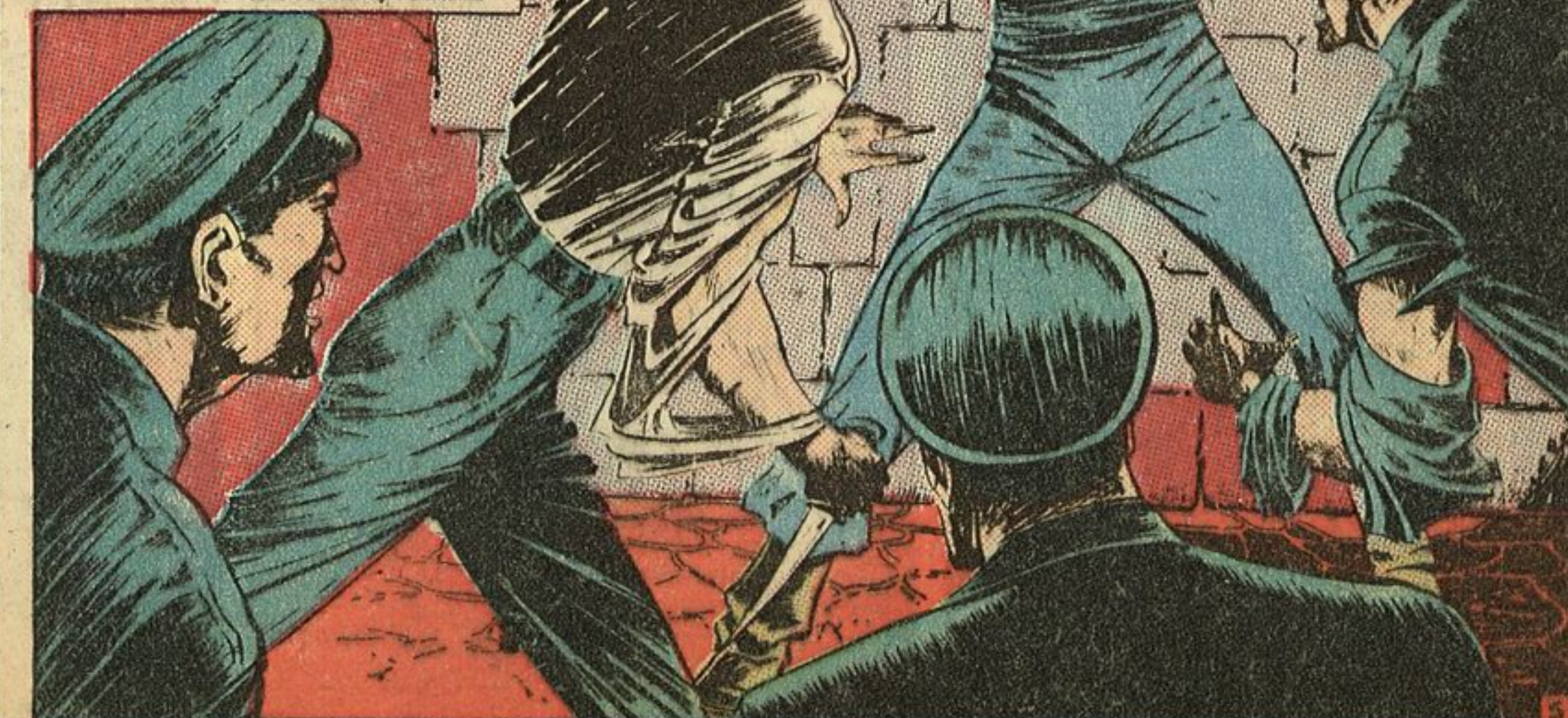
AFTER ASKING INNUMERABLE QUESTIONS THE MEN ARE SATISFIED THAT BLACK X TELLS THE TRUTH.



BUT SUDDENLY A GUARD SPRINGS TO THE SCENE.



THE BATTLE RAGES FURIOUSLY AS BLACK X COVERS BATU'S RETREAT TO THE FIREPLACE.....



MEANWHILE, BATU HURLS THE DYNAMITE-LADEN COATS IN THE FIRE.

IT IS DONE, MASTER! HURRY!

RIGHT, BATU... OVER THE PARAPETS... QUICK! BEFORE THE PLACE GOES UP!

GREEDILY THE FLAMES LAP AT THE DAMP COATS... AND THE T.N.T. CACHE.

THIS CLEARS THE WAY!

BATU GRABS TWO DISCARDED COATS. TOGETHER, THEY LEAP FROM THE THREATENED CITADEL'S WALLS.

BEFORE THEY ARE A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY, A TERRIFIC DETONATION HURLS THEM OFF THEIR FEET.

WHEW! THE CITADEL IS A COMPLETE WRECK!

GOOD, BATU! WE WON'T FREEZE, ANYWAY!

SO ARE THEIR PLANS!

SOME TIME LATER... BLACK X ADDRESS-ES THE OFFICERS AT SUEZ, AS A SURVIVOR OF A TORPEDOED SHIP.

I SAY, THE BLAST WAS TERRIFIC!... LIKE A SEA DEVIL RISING FROM THE DEEP!

"SEA DEVIL". THE PASS-WORD! I MUST GIVE THE SUBS ORDERS TO ATTACK THE CANAL!

BUT WHEN THE U-BOATS ARRIVE, BLACK X HAS THE BRITISH GUNS WAITING FOR THEM.

A FAVORITE RESTAURANT BACK IN WASHINGTON... BLACK X'S SUPERIOR EAGERLY SCANS THE NEWS.

HMM... INTERESTING... "BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER A TRAITOR... PLANNED TO BOMB SUEZ CANAL!" I'LL BET BLACK X HAD A HAND IN THIS!



The **SCARLET SEAL**

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

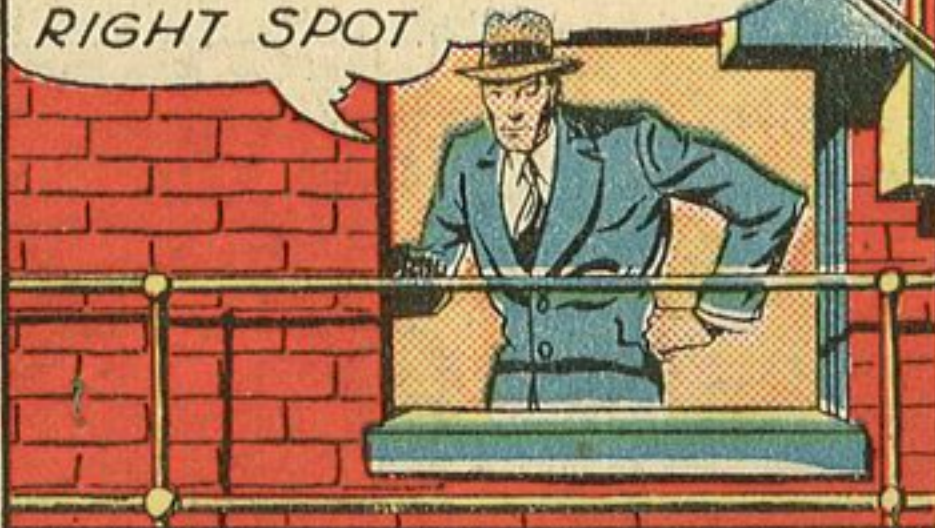
BARRY MOORE, A
LIEUTENANT OF
POLICE, IS ALSO
THAT BATTLER
AGAINST CRIME, THE
SCARLET SEAL
HIS FATHER, CAPT
MOORE, HAS BEEN
ORDERED TO GET THE
SCARLET SEAL OR
LOSE HIS JOB.

BARRY, THIS **CHARITY SHOW**
OF THE POLICE AND MY
**LAST DAY TO GET THE
SCARLET SEAL**, BOTH FALL
ON THE **13TH-A FINE**
CHANCE **I'VE GOT!**

OH, CHEER
UP, DAD!



I THINK I CAN USE MY
ACT IN THE SHOW TO
SAVE DAD'S JOB YES, THIS
FIRE-ESCAPE'S IN THE
RIGHT SPOT



10 MINUTES LATER

ON THE ROOF OF THE
POLICE STATION

THE LEE **THEATRE** WHERE I'LL
BE PLAYING, IS **RIGHT NEXT
DOOR-AND THE ROOF'S ON
A LEVEL**, WITH THE
STATIONS.

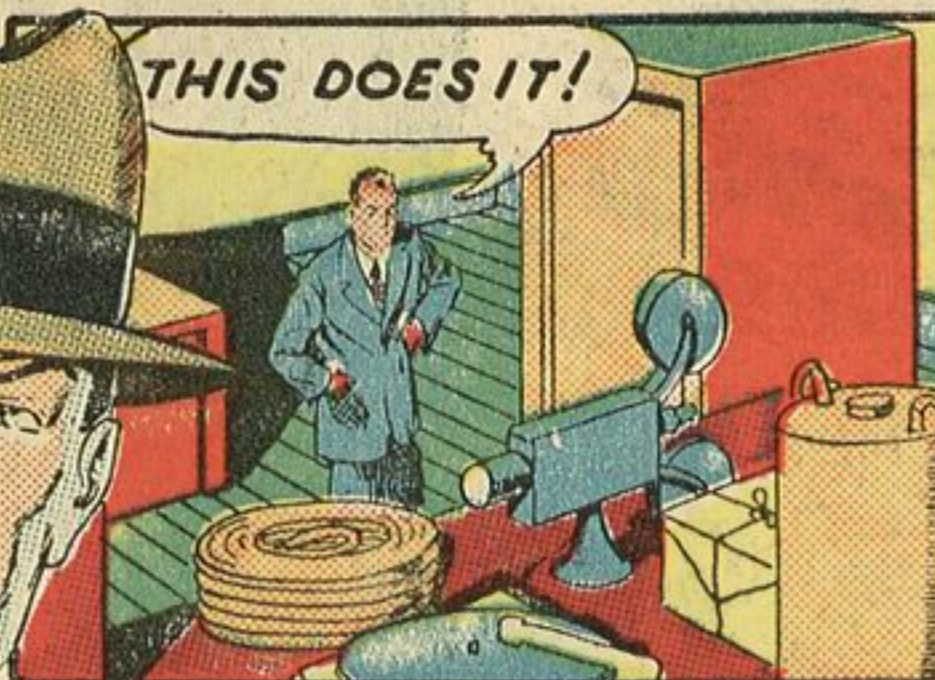


LET'S SEE. I'LL NEED A
TRICK ESCAPE BOOTH,
CHEMICAL SMOKE PRO-
JECTOR, PHONOGRAPH,
MOVIE PROJECTOR, SOME
RUBBER CABLE, AND FIRE-
WORKS..I'LL GET
BUSY.



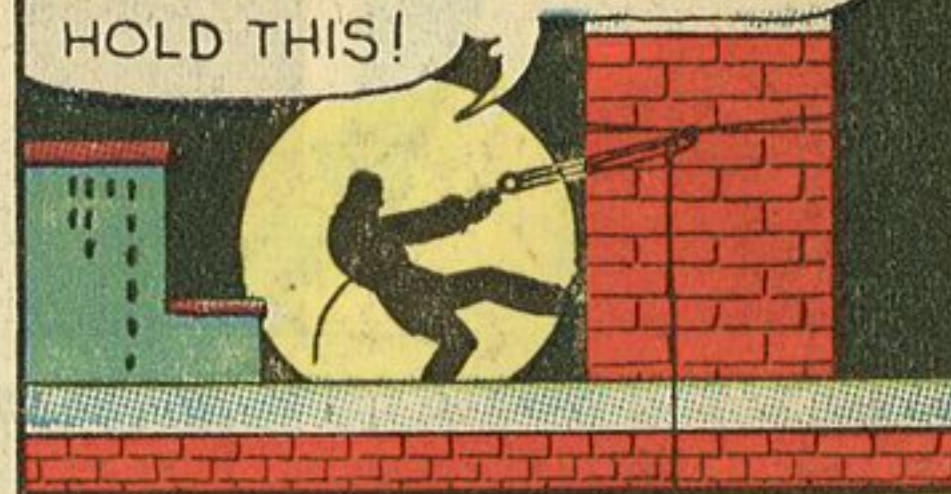
THE DAY BEFORE THE
SHOW, BARRY'S APPARATUS
IS READY

THIS DOES IT!



THAT NIGHT, ON THE
ROOF OF THE STATION

THAT HOOK OUTSIDE THE
COMMISSIONER'S WINDOW
IS STRONG ENOUGH TO
HOLD THIS!



NEXT NIGHT BEFORE THE
SHOW GOES ON, HE CALLS
THE COMMISSIONER, USING
HIS FATHER'S VOICE—

COMMISSIONER, THIS IS
CAPTAIN MOORE, I'LL
BRING THE **SCARLET SEAL**
TO YOUR OFFICE AT **9 P.M.!**
BE THERE!



—THEN HE CALLS HIS FATHER
IMITATING THE COMM-
ISSIONER'S VOICE

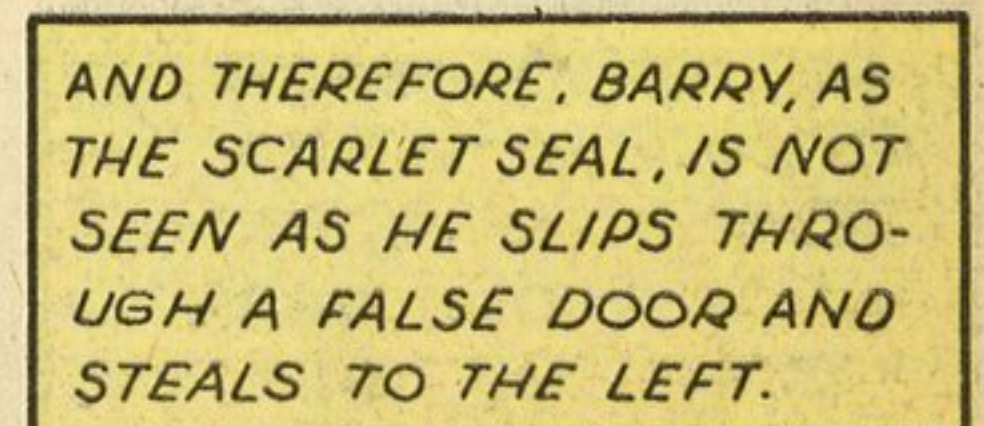
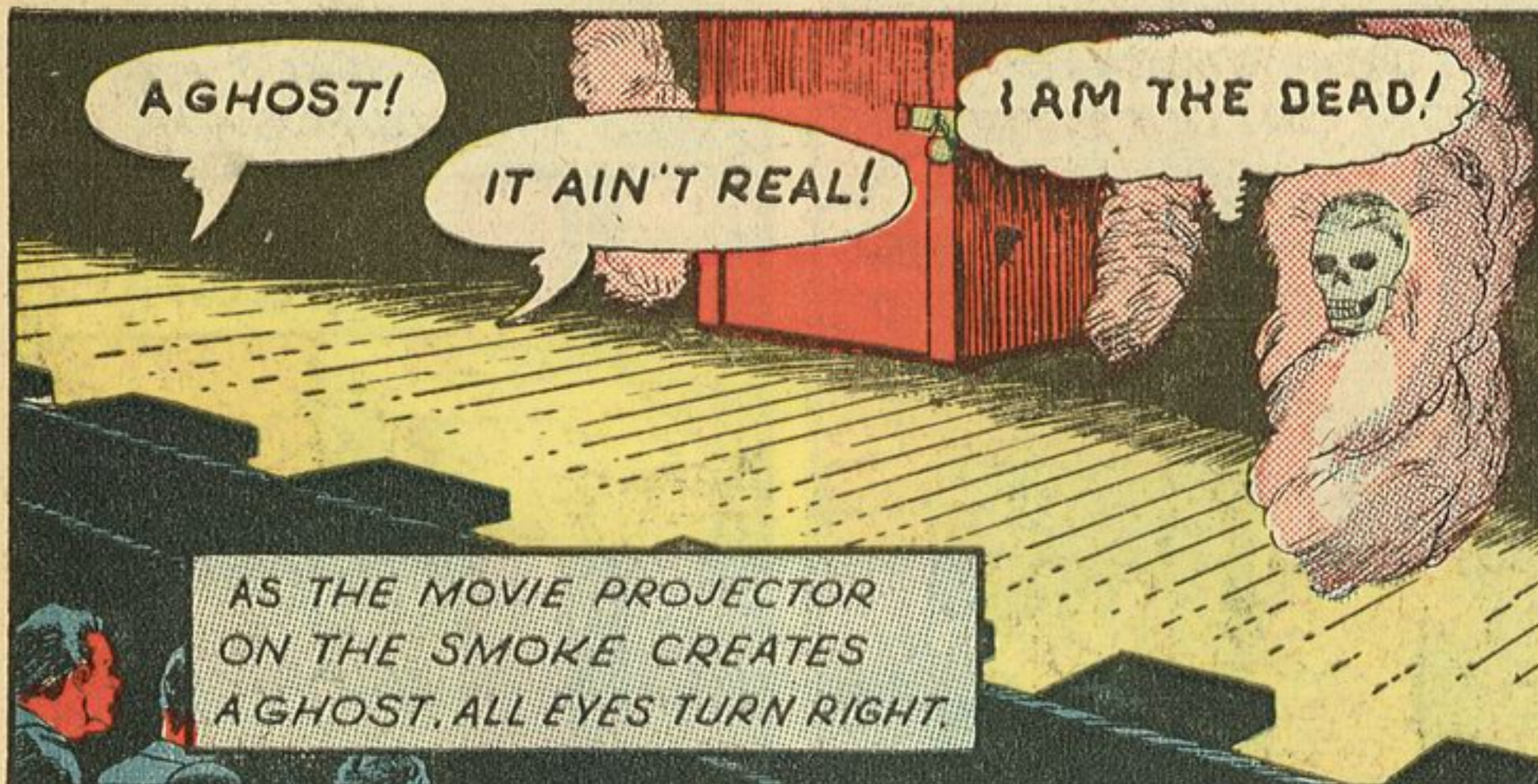
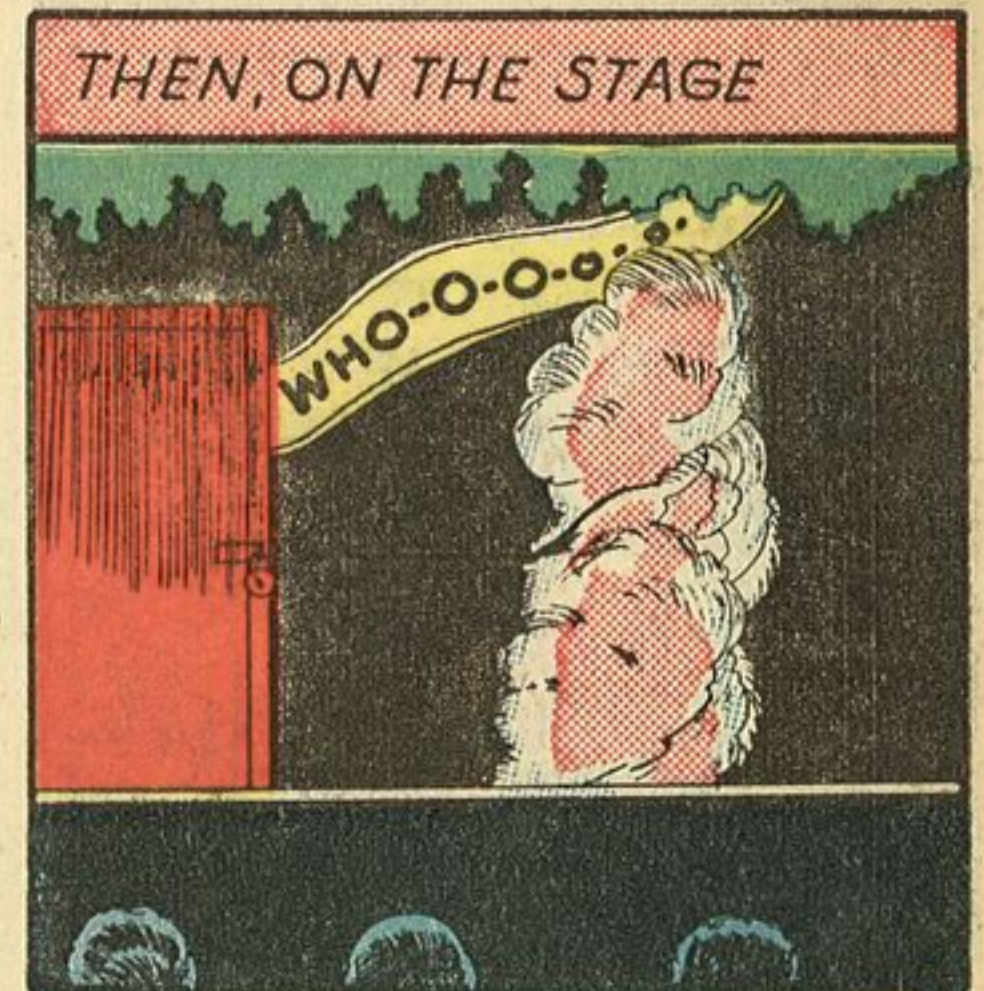
CAPTAIN MOORE, THIS IS
THE **COMMISSIONER**
BE IN MY OFFICE AT
9:30 P.M. SHARP!



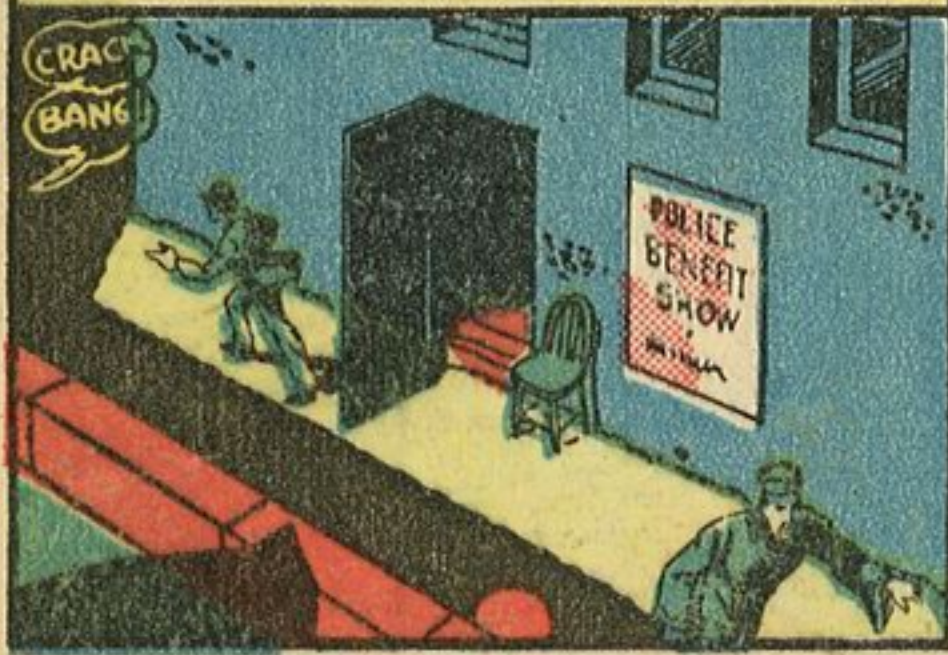
8:45, ON THE STAGE OF
THE LEE THEATRE

I'LL CONCLUDE MY SHOW
WITH SOME SPIRITUALIST
ILLUSIONS I WANT
VOLUNTEERS FROM THE
AUDIENCE!





AS THE DOORMAN STARES TOWARD THE NOISE, BARRY SLIPS THROUGH THE STAGE DOOR, AND DOWN THE ALLEY—



UP THE POLICE STATION'S FIRE ESCAPE —

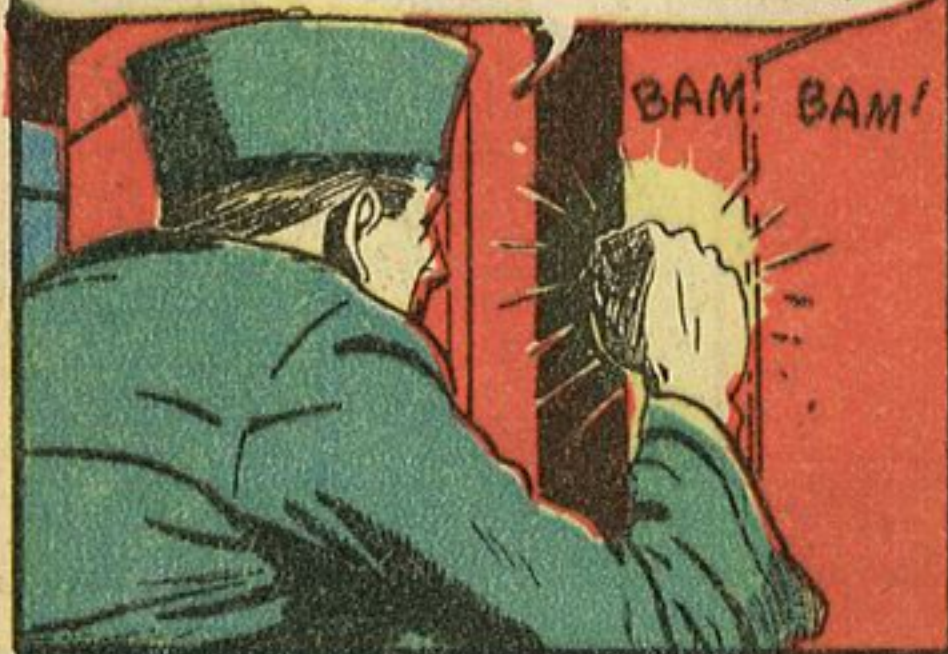


—AND INTO THE BUILDING.

HERE'S THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE I GUESS HE'S WAITING.



THIS IS CAPTAIN MOORE, COMMISSIONER! **WATCH THE SCARLET SEAL** FOR ME, WILL YOU? **GET IN THERE!**



HONORABLE POLICE COMMISSIONER I **BELIEVE—**



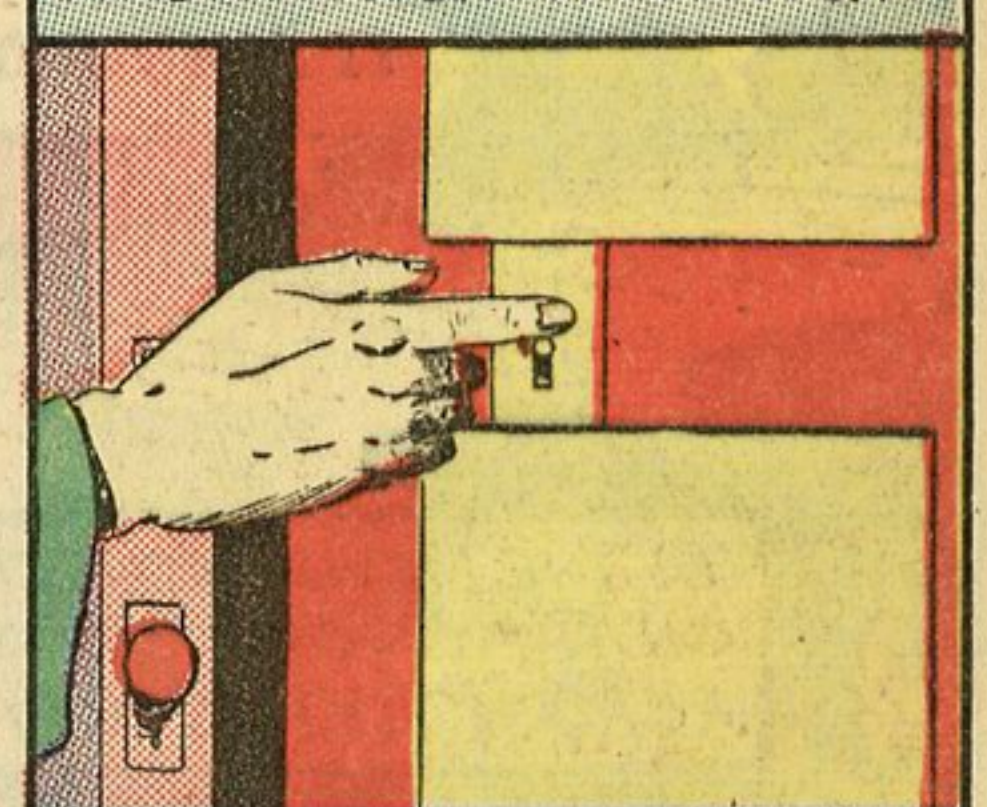
JUST **TRY** AND GET **OUT** OF THIS!



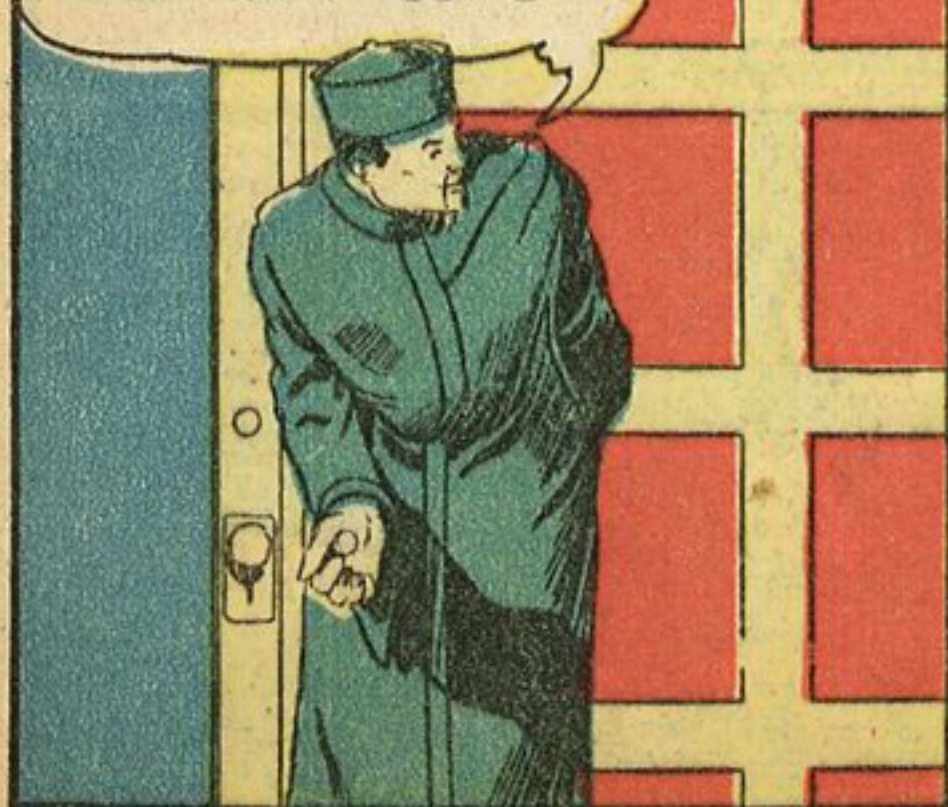
THE DOOR IS **LOCKED!** TRY TO **GET OUT.**



THE SCARLET SEAL'S HAND FINDS THE LIGHT SWITCH



IN **TEN SECONDS** THE SCARLET SEAL —

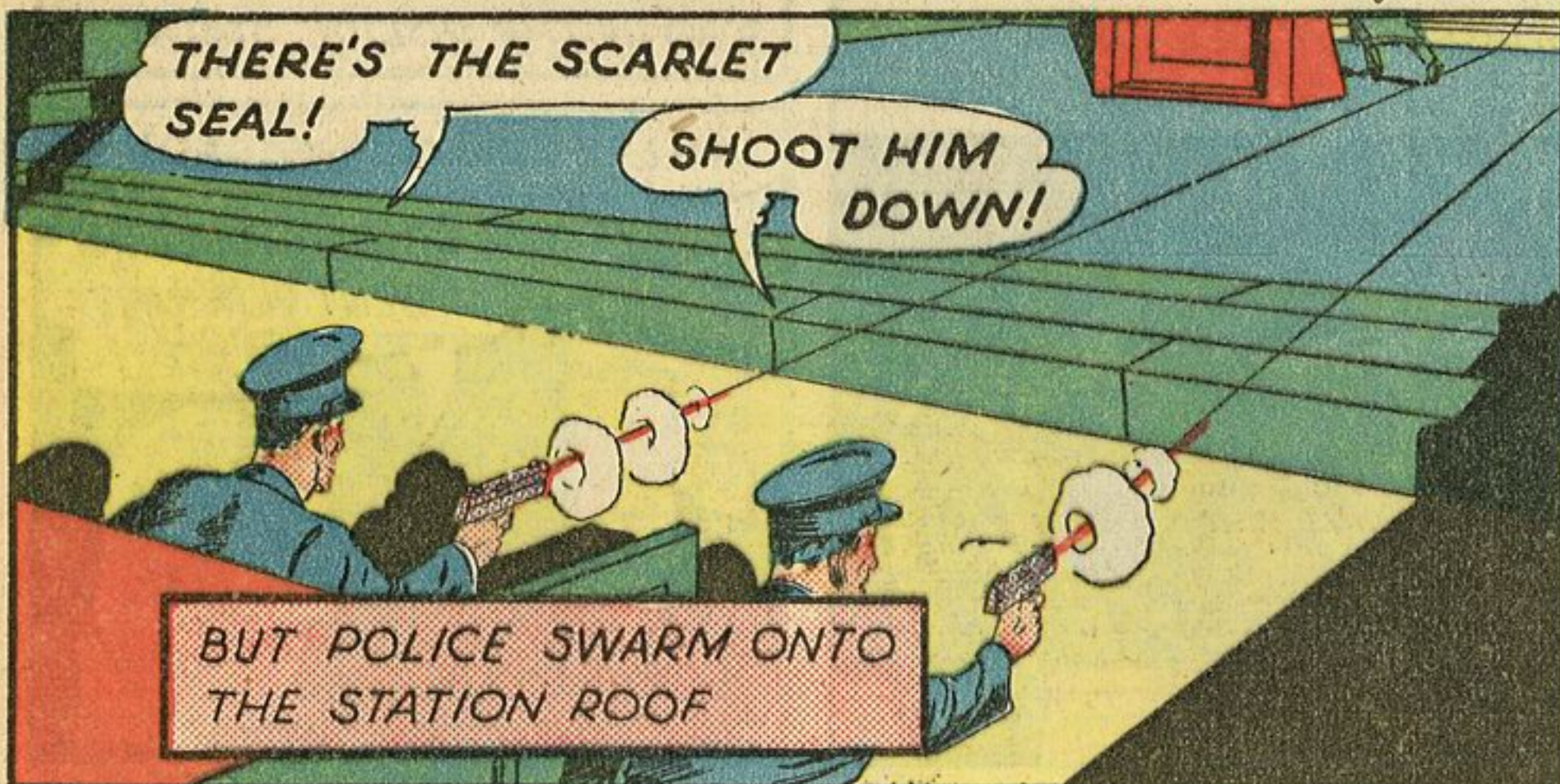


—**WILL BE —**

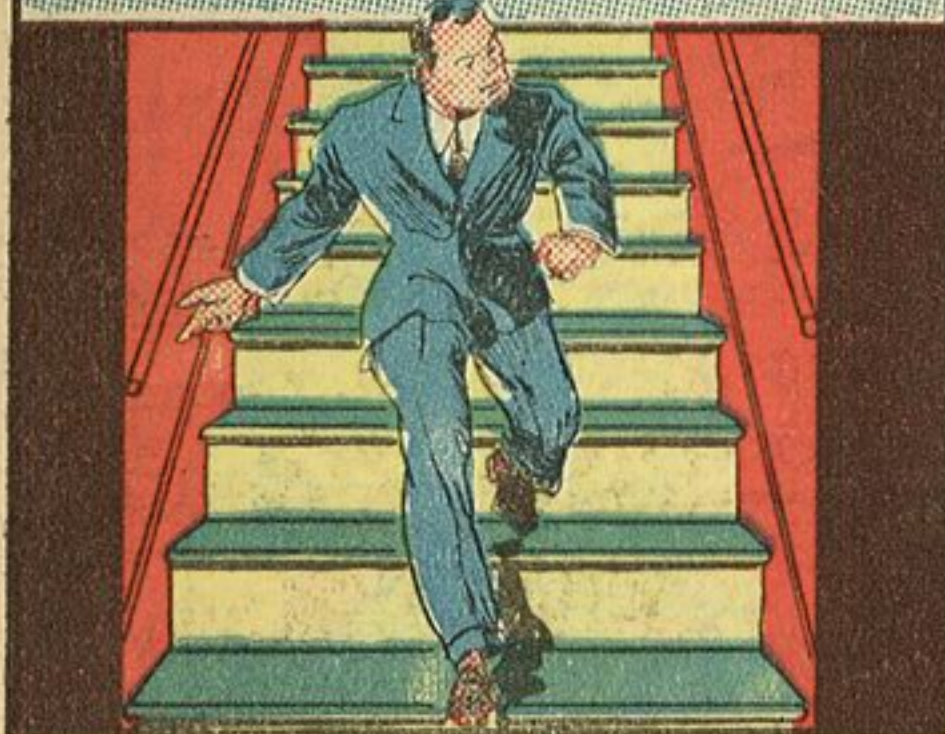


OUTSIDE THE WINDOW BARRY CUTS LOOSE THE TAUT RUBBER CABLE





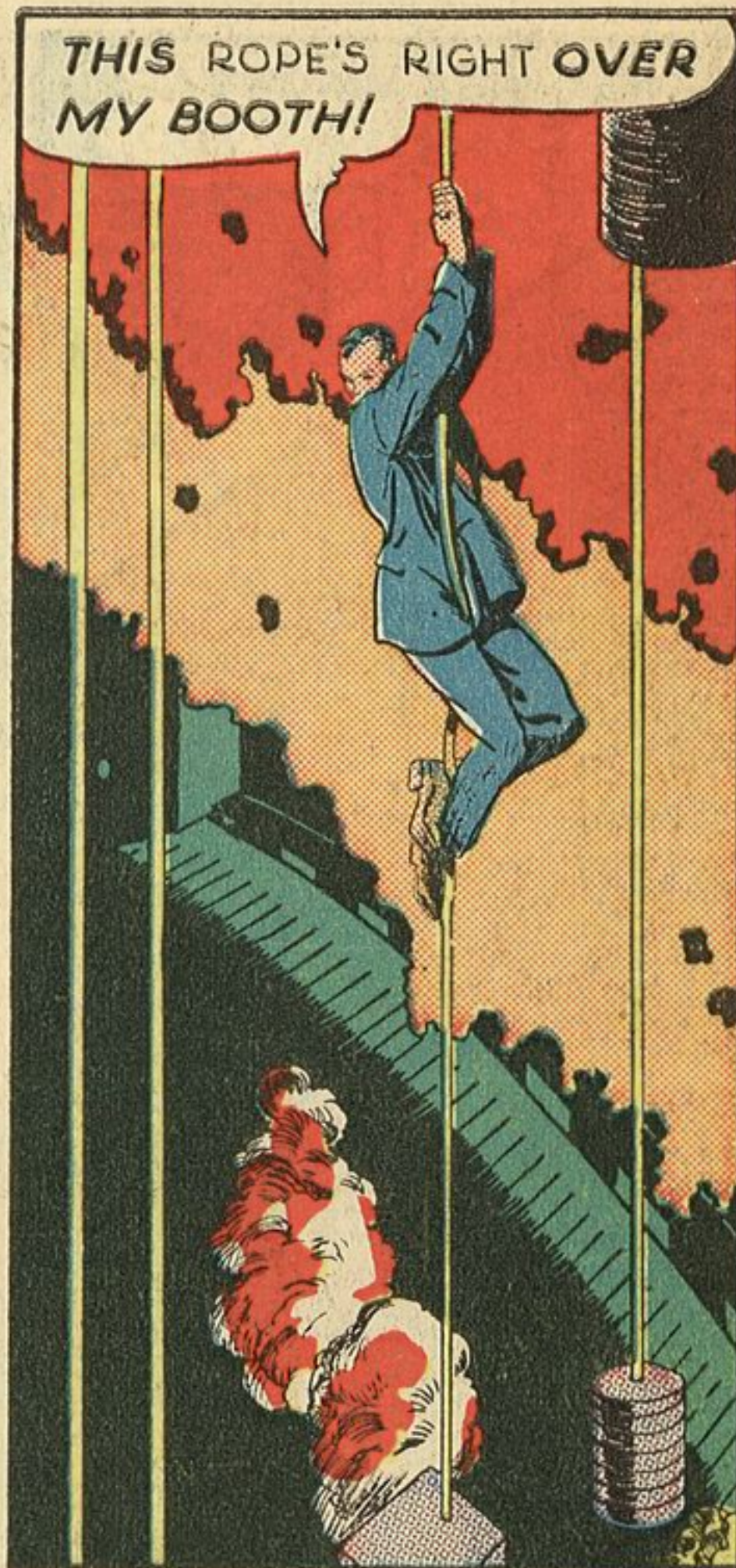
BARRY STREAKS DOWN THE STEPS TO THE THEATRE SCENERY LOFT



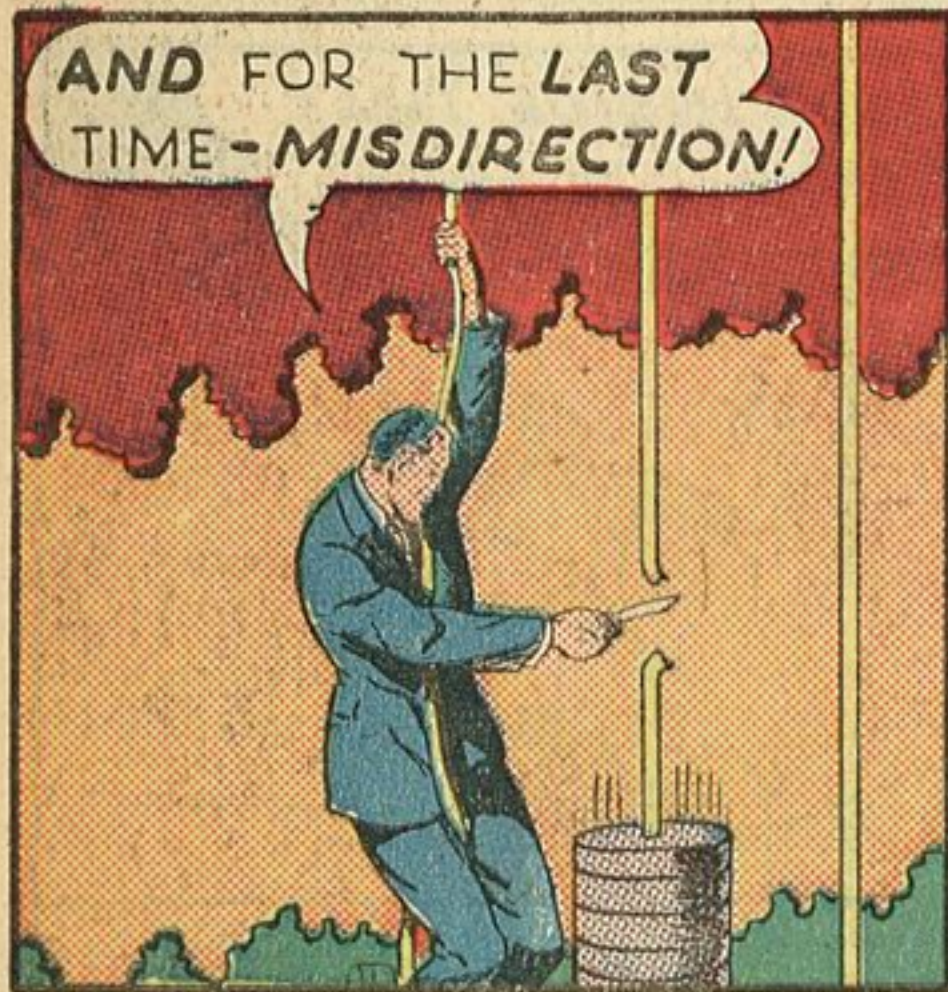
THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY DOWN!



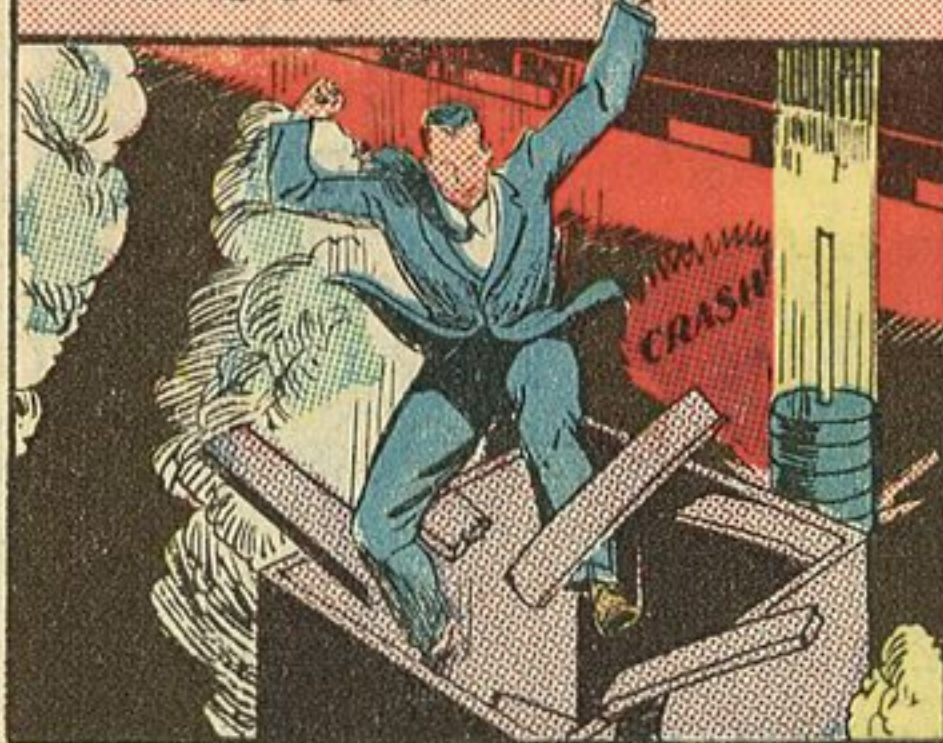
THIS ROPE'S RIGHT OVER MY BOOTH!



AND FOR THE LAST TIME - MISDIRECTION!



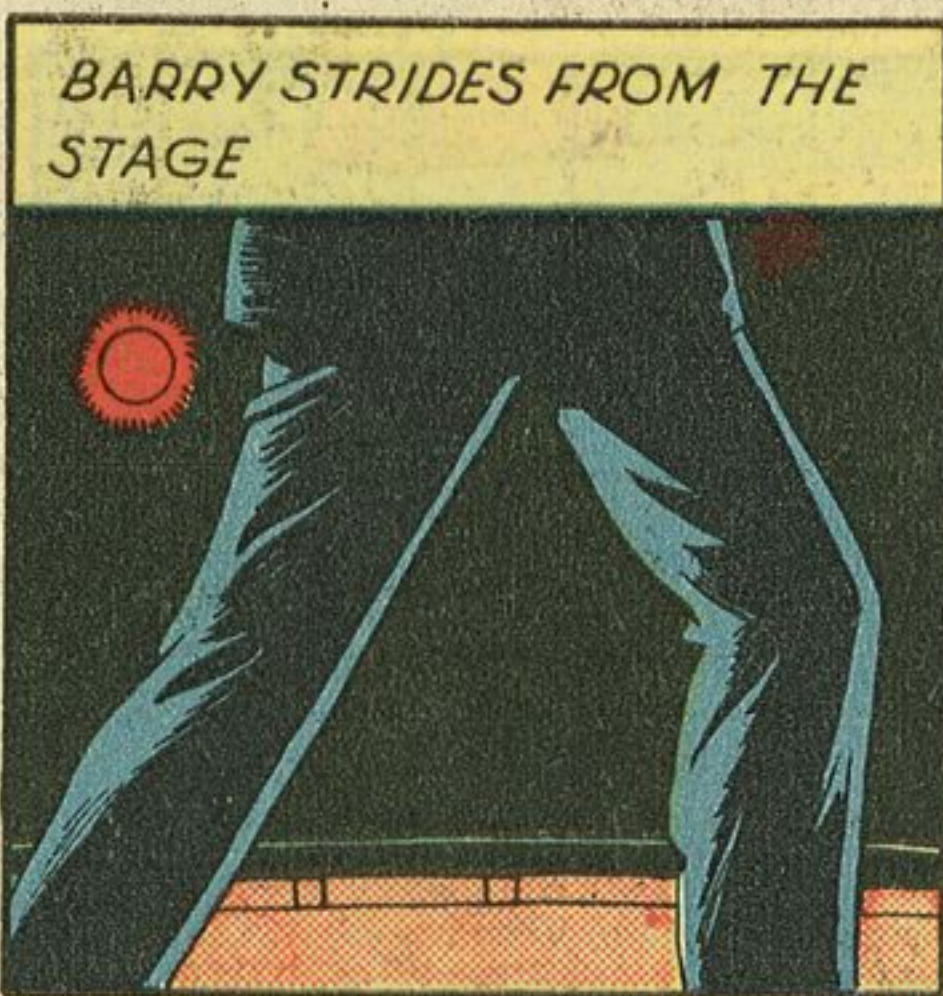
AS THE WEIGHT DROPS, BARRY CRASHES THROUGH THE BOOTH



AND THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ENDS THE ACT.



BARRY STRIDES FROM THE STAGE



9:30 IN THE POLICE STATION

WHERE YOU GOING, DAD!

THE COMMISSIONER SENT FOR ME, BARRY!



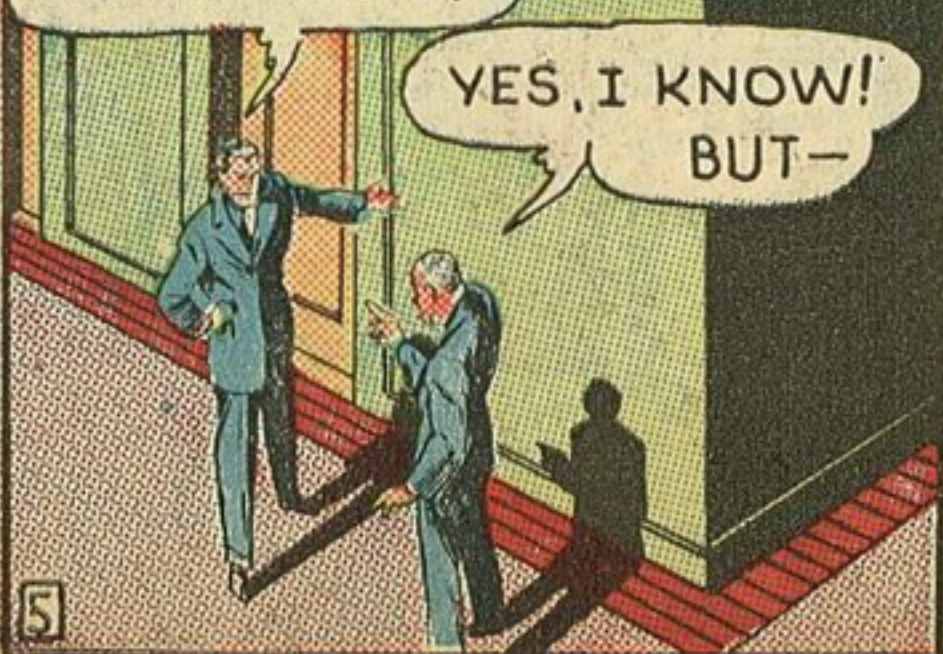
TEN MINUTES LATER...

BARRY, THE OLD MAN'S LOONEY, HE TELLS ME I BROUGHT IN THE SCARLET SEAL AND I DIDN'T! BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM WITH THE SEAL'S STAMP ON HIS FOREHEAD!



AS LONG AS IT KEEPS HIM OFF YOUR NECK, WHY WORRY, DAD? YOUR JOB'S SAFE!

YES, I KNOW! BUT—

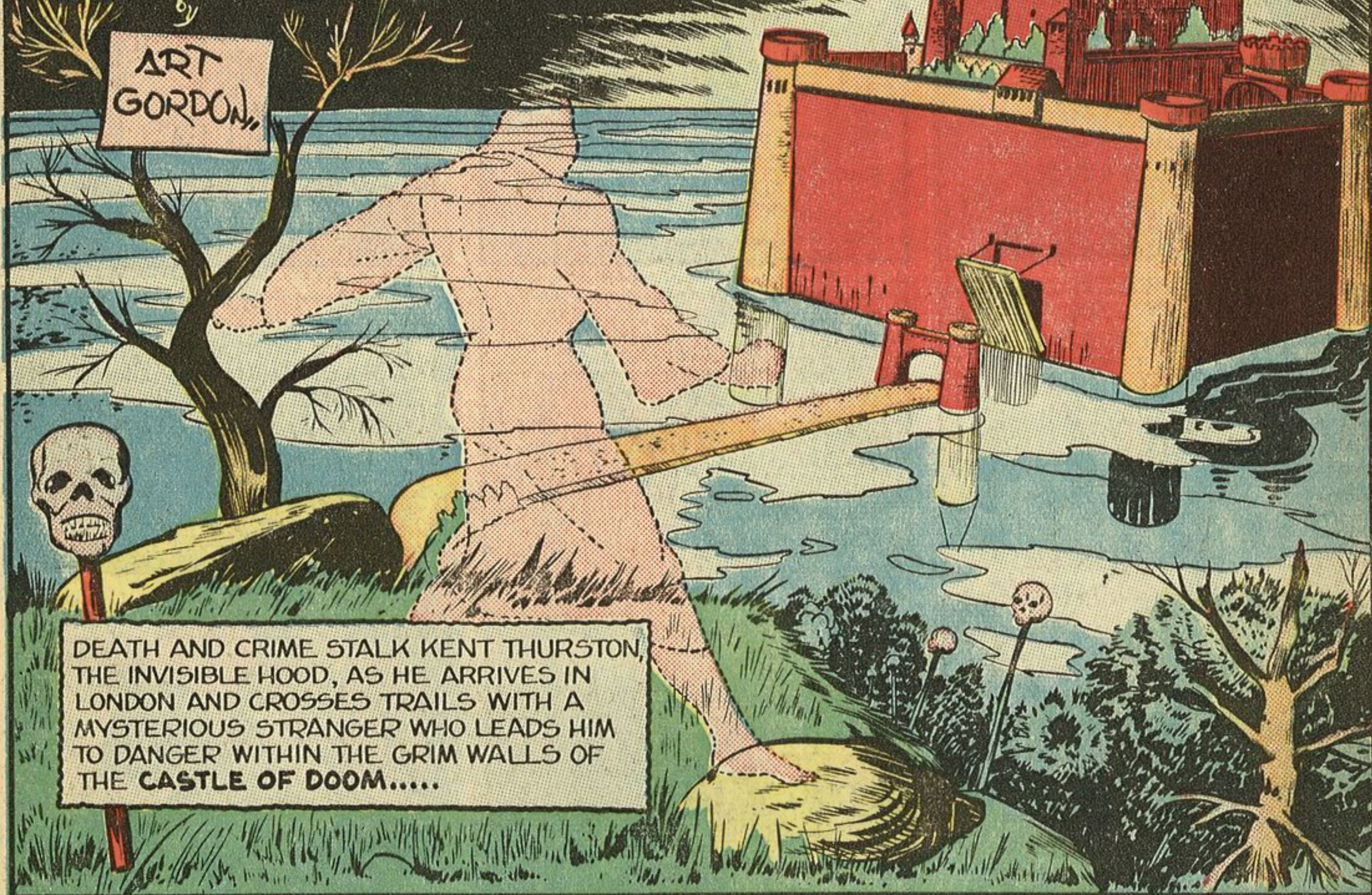


SAY, WHERE YOU BEEN FOR THE LAST HOUR?

ON THE STAGE.. IN FRONT OF 1500 PEOPLE!



INVISIBLE JUSTICE



A THICK FOG HAS CLOSED ITS GRIP ON LONDON.... THROUGH IT A FIGURE SLOWLY PLODS ALONG...



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING ANOTHER FIGURE LEAPS OUT OF THE GLOOM....



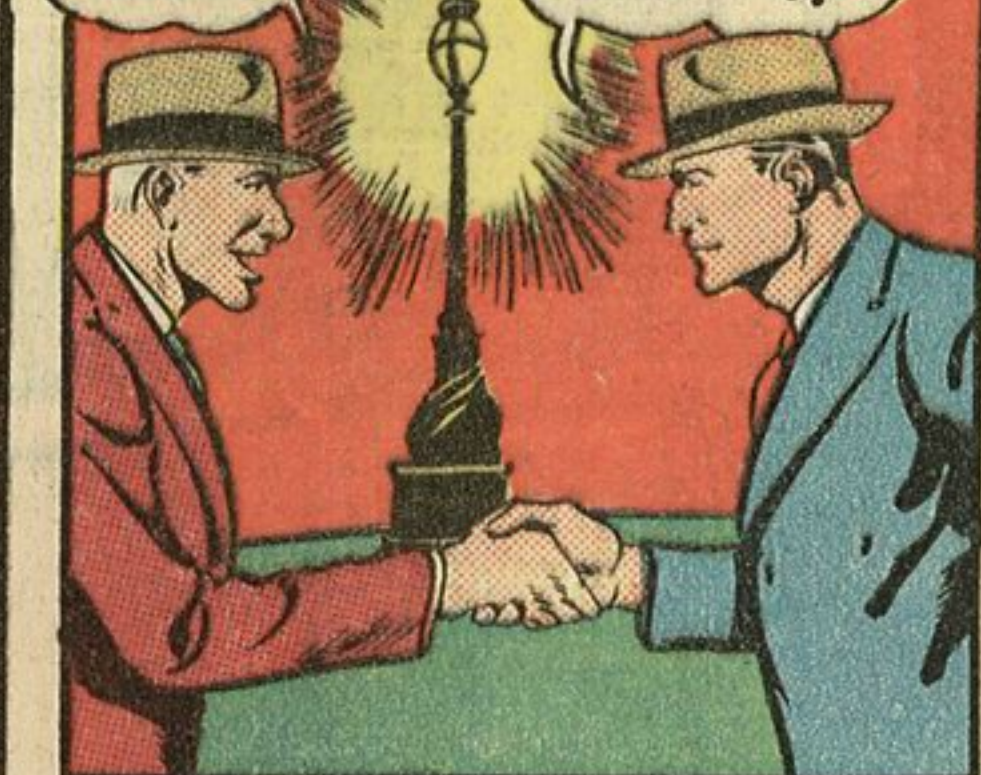
A FIERCE STRUGGLE TAKES PLACE IN THE SHADOWS.....



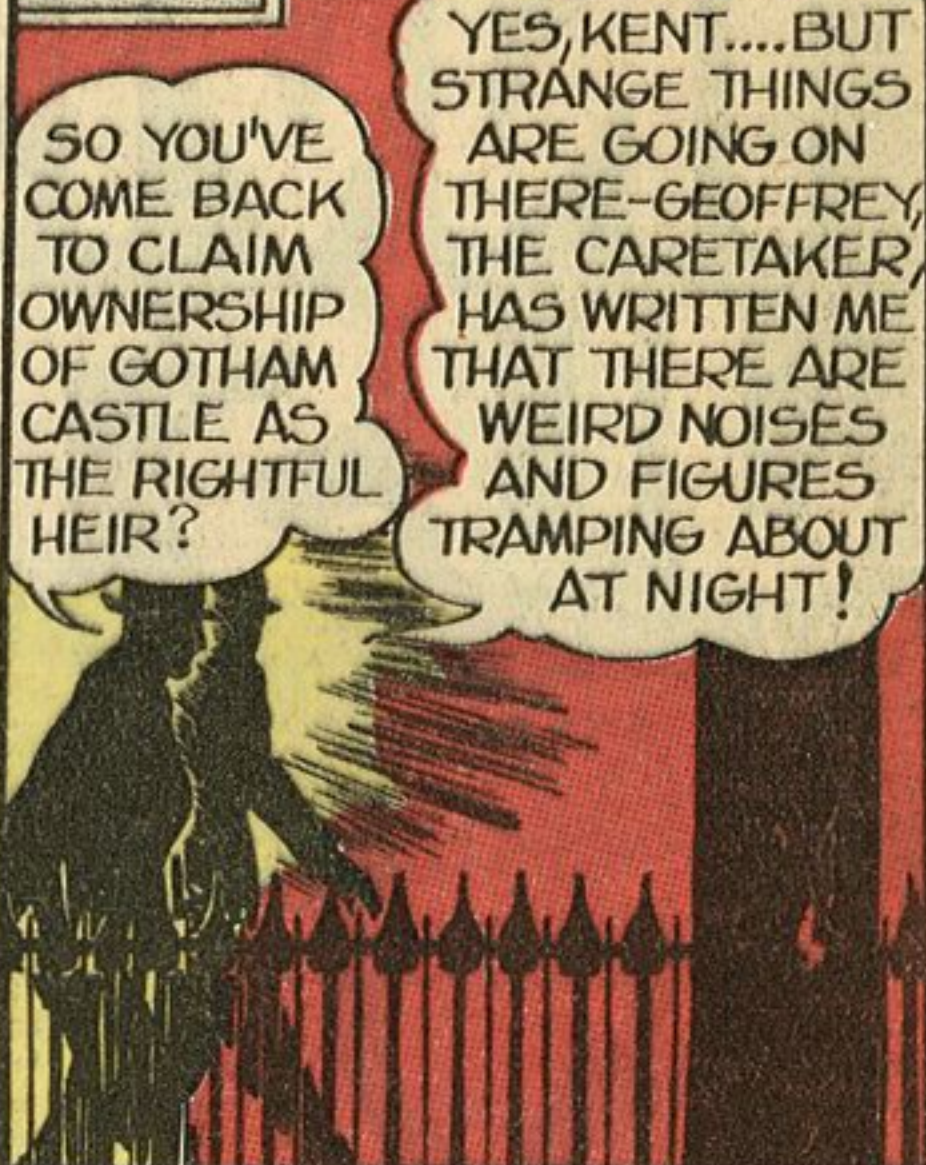
AT THIS MOMENT A THIRD FIGURE APPEARS ON THE SCENE.....



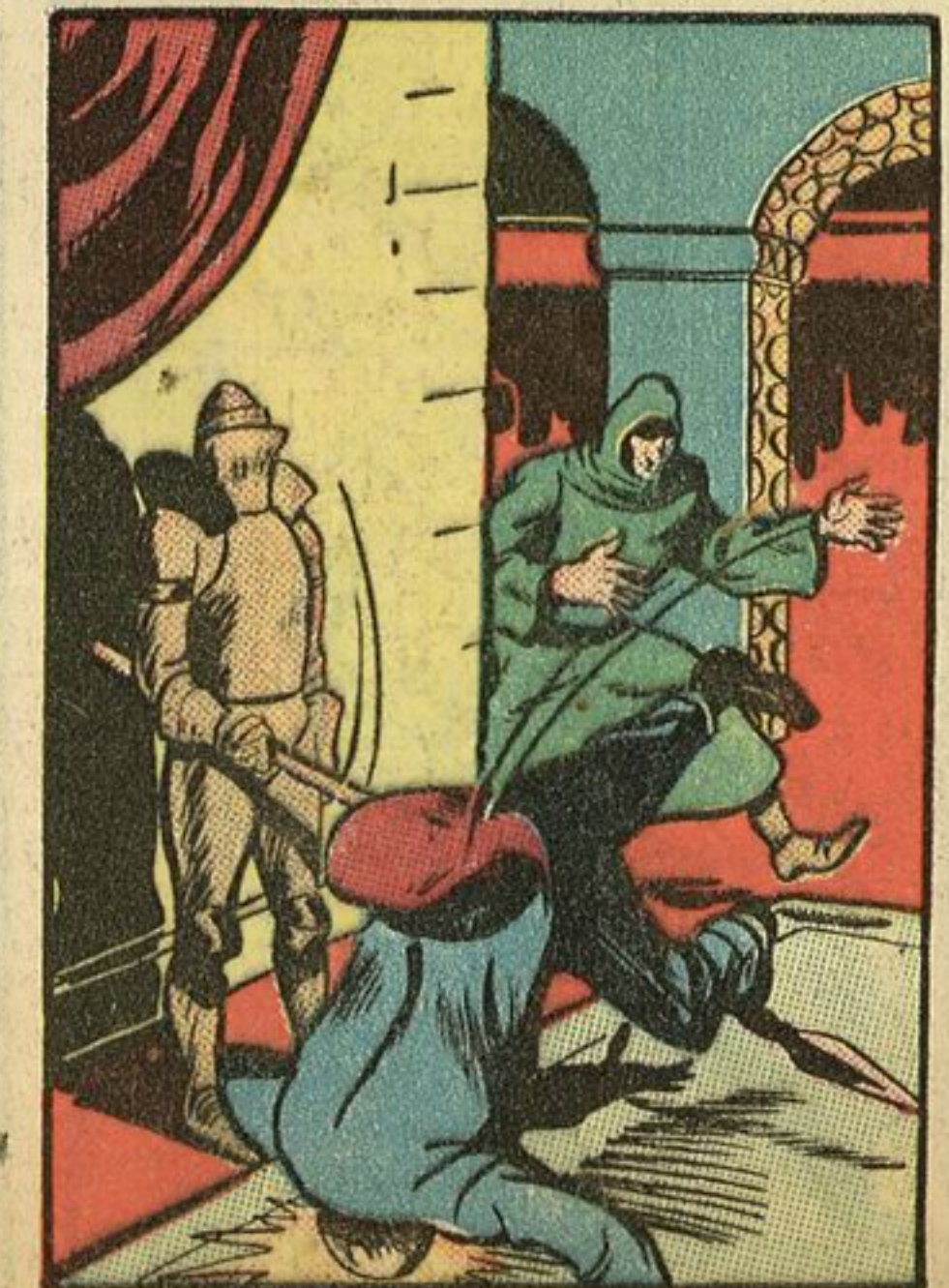
THANKS, OLD MAN- YOU SAVED MY LIFE....I'M GRATEFUL! I'M JAMES GOTHAM, JUST ARRIVED FROM INDIA!!



AS THEY WALK, GOTHAM TELLS HIS STORY...



SUDDENLY A CRY IS HEARD....

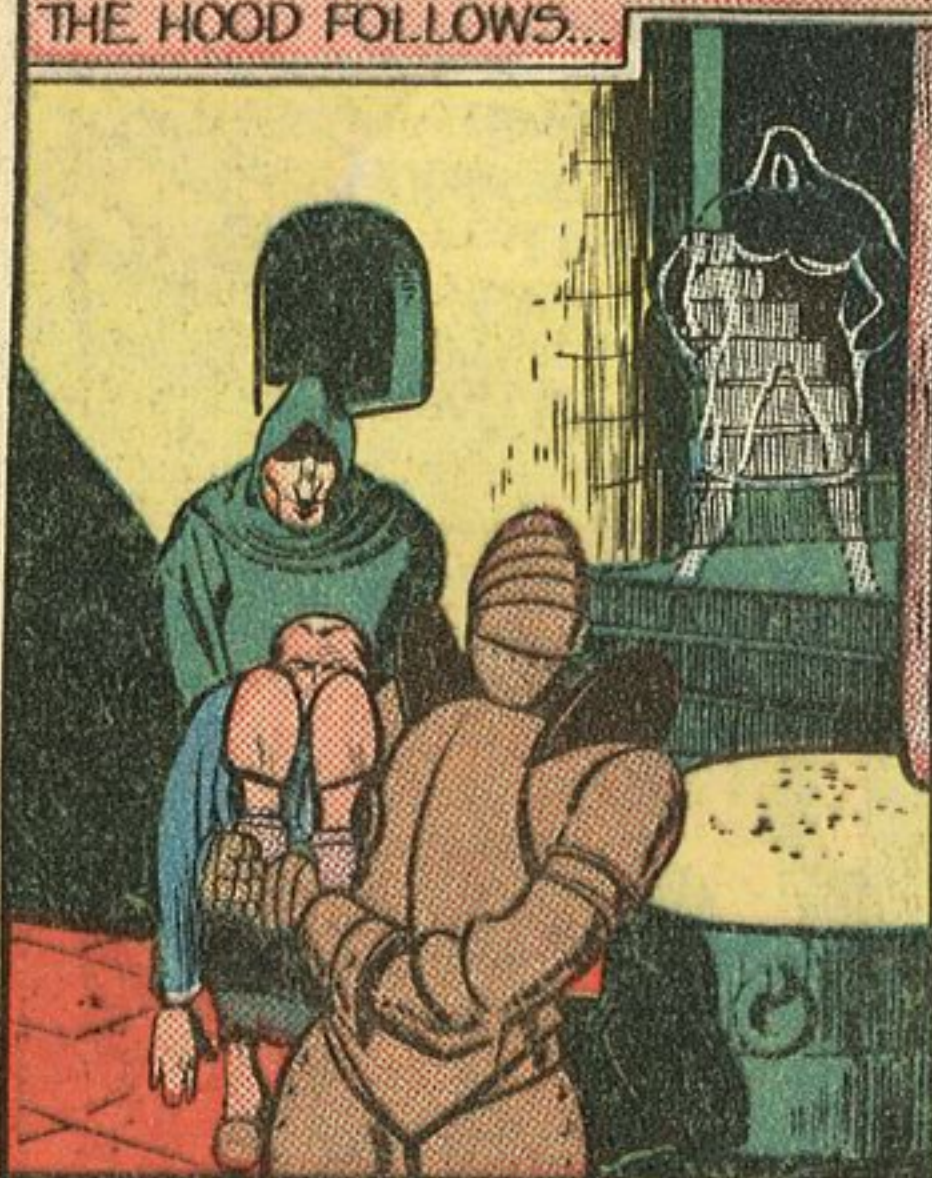


SEEING GOTHAM FALL KENT DONS HIS HOOD WHICH IS COVERED WITH A CHEMICAL THAT MAKES HIM INVISIBLE....



NOW TO SEE WHERE THEY TAKE HIM!

AS THE TWO "GHOSTS" CARRY GOTHAM DOWN A LONG PASSAGE, THE HOOD FOLLOWS...



THEY ENTER THE CASTLE'S OLD TORTURE CHAMBER...



BAXTER SLADE-MY STEP-BROTHER-BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN AMERICA!

I LEFT WHEN I HEARD YOU WERE GOING TO CLAIM TITLE, MY DEAR JAMES-I WAS ON THE SAME SHIP AS THAT FOOL AMERICAN WHO THWARTED MY PLAN TO GET RID OF YOU THE FIRST DAY YOU LANDED....BUT MY MEN WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM-NOW, GIVE ME THAT LETTER!

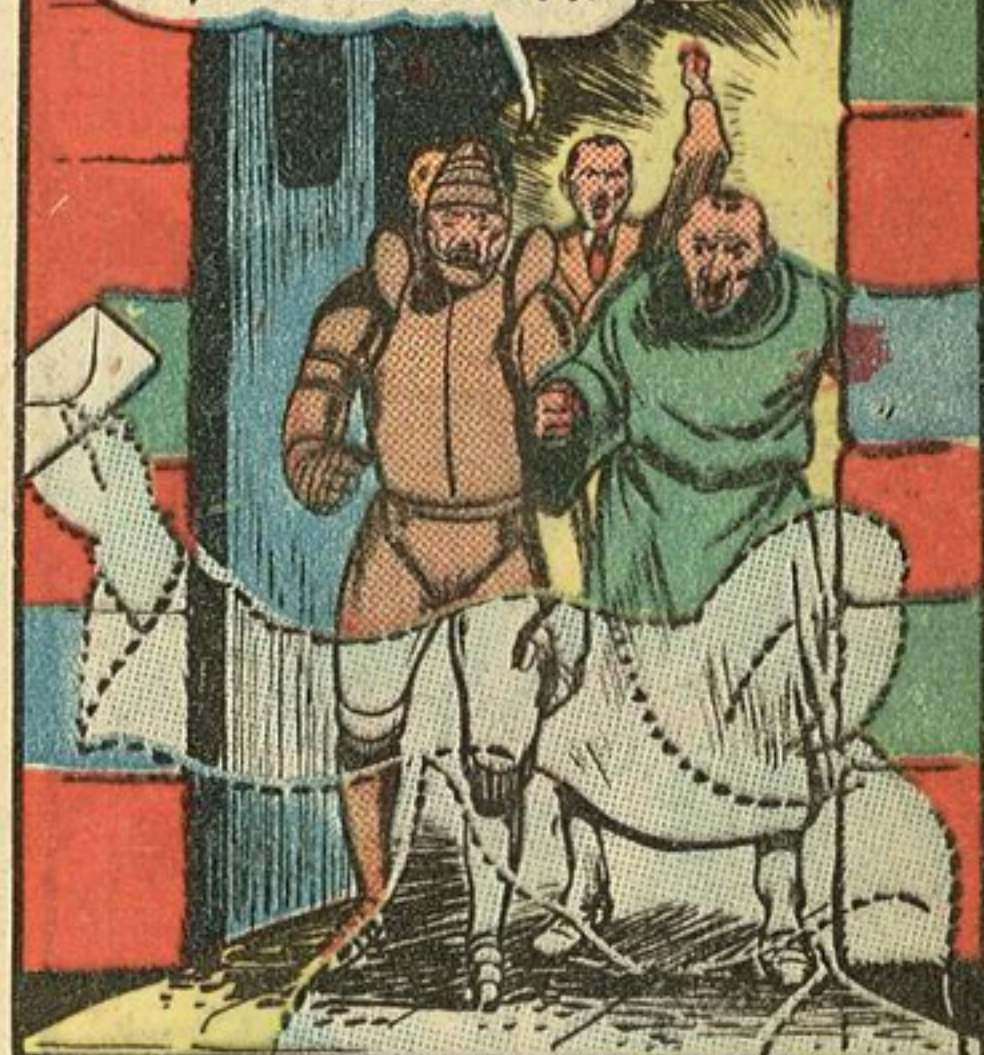


AS GOTHAM HANDS SLADE THE LETTER, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS



WHAT TH'-!! THE LETTER'S FLOATING AWAY!!

THERE IT GOES OUT INTO THE HALL... FOLLOW IT, YOU FOOLS-WITHOUT IT, WE'RE LOST!!



SO! THIS IS SOME FOOL HINDU MAGIC YOU LEARNED IN INDIA, EH? WELL, I'VE GOT A TRICK OF MY OWN... QUICK, MIKE-PUT HIM ON THE TORTURE RACK!!



N-NO!! I KNOW NOTHING-

NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL MAKE THE LETTER COME BACK!



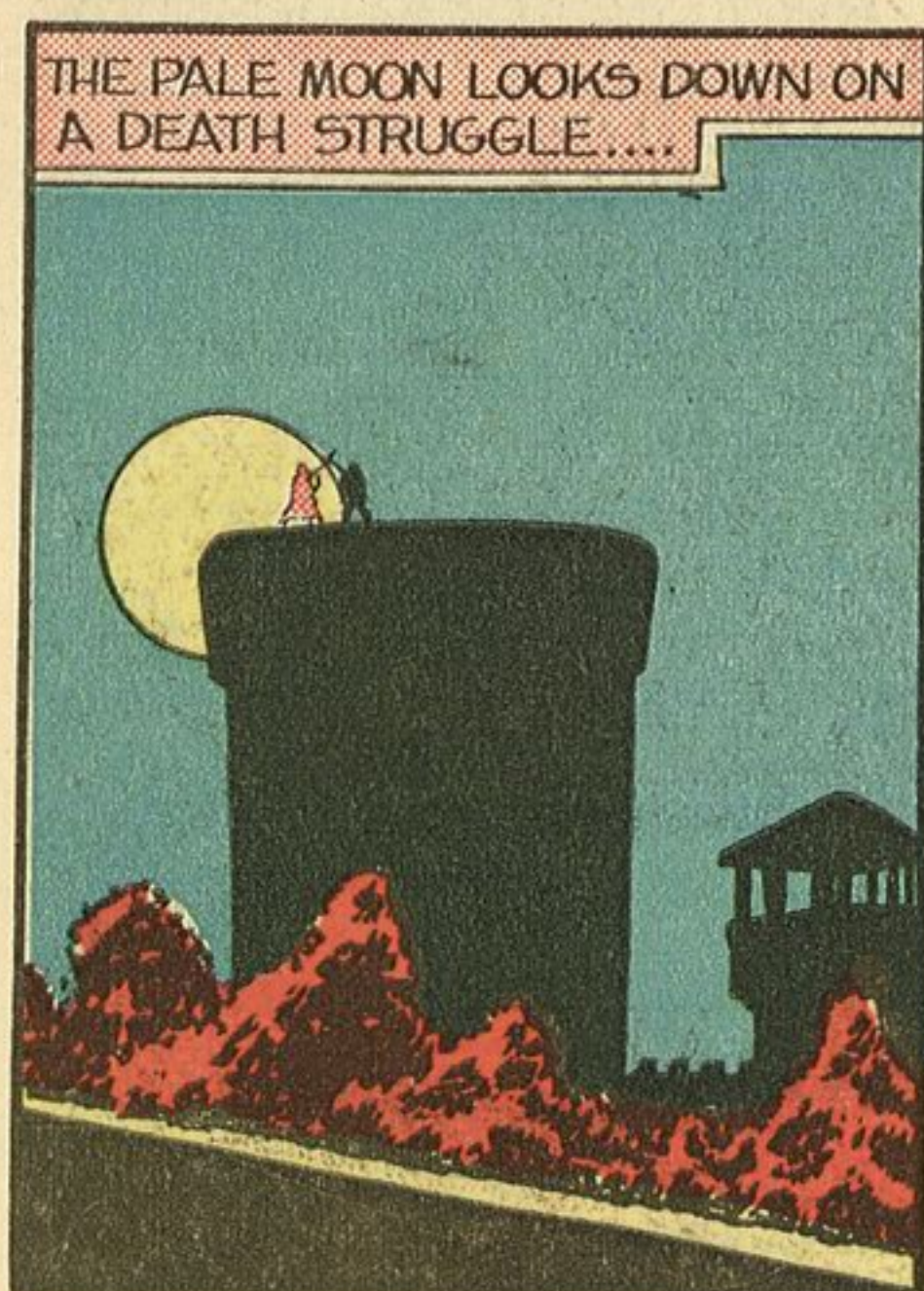
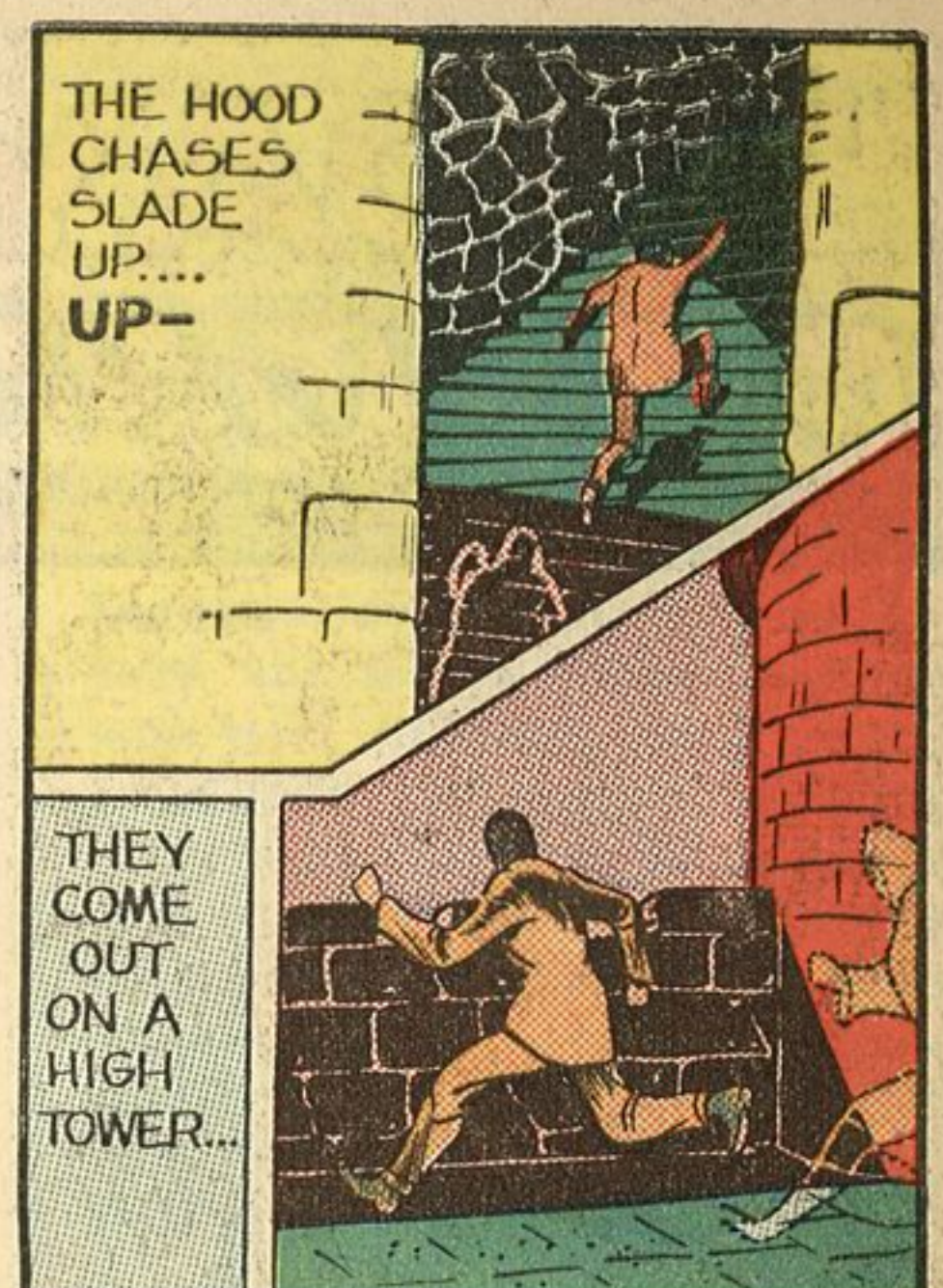
EEEEEE!!

AS SLADE'S MEN SEARCH FOR THE LETTER...



SO THAT'S IT! NOW TO LET THE LETTER FALL INTO SLADE'S HANDS...IN THE MEANTIME I MUST ACT FAST!







Chatham Island is several hundred miles across the blue Pacific from Dunedin, New Zealand. Today, that patch of serene water was bare of a single sail. The sky above was the color of a Nordic maiden's eyes—and as calm. But the pilot of the little black Stimson knew that without warning that sky could turn dark as ink, and that stretch of water change into a thing of fury.

The pilot, Jimmy Christian, kept his gaze to the west. He had been out several hours, and the sun was going down. Soon the dun cliffs of eastern New Zealand would be rising out of the sea.

Jimmy's mission was partly fulfilled. He had accepted this task in Dunedin. Had he been endowed with a bit more foresight, he might have thought twice ere he signed a contract with the Macmar Company. Old Mac Marigold was a two-fisted ex-skipper of trading ships. He had given up the sea for a life of comparative ease "on the beach." He was head of a large contracting company in Dunedin, and the "deals" he put over were famous all over the South Pacific.

"You get Pat Dooley's name on that line," old Mac had told Jimmy. "He runs Chatham Island all by hisself, an' he's a blasted old crook, that's what he is. So watch out!"

Jimmy had flown to Chatham a week previous. He had sought out old Pat Dooley immediately.

"The Government wants to put up a fueling station and landing field on the east Zealand coast," he told Pat. "They've selected a plot ten miles south of Dunedin. Now what I want..."

"What you want," growled Dooley, "mayn't be what you get. I know them blasted Gov'ment fellers."

Jimmy smiled. "This won't give you any trouble, Pat. I'm acting as agent only."

"Well, where do I come in?"

"Pat," Jimmy said, "you've got a form of clay here on Chatham that makes good base material for landing fields. That's what I want—about a ship load of that clay, and men enough to get it out of the ground."

Pat nodded. "Sounds fair enough, yunker. All right, when do you want the stuff?"

They drew up a contract and Jimmy took off for Dunedin soon afterward. The next day, Jimmy showed old Mac the contract.

"Well, that's that," he said. "Now to get the stuff over here."

Jimmy spent most of the next day inspecting the proposed site of the landing field. It was near a bad marsh and Jimmy didn't particularly like the looks of it. He spoke to Sir Harry Crandall, British representative for the islands.

"We got an awfully good deal on the land," Sir Harry replied. "Of course, old Mac thinks he rooked us. It was his land, you know. He owns twenty miles of that salt marsh south of town."

Jimmy nodded. Just why had old Mac palmed off this worthless land on the Government, when he had plenty of dry land a bit farther south? The question answered itself: because, being worthless, old Mac realized that he could sell it to nobody else.

Well, Jimmy reasoned with a chuckle, old Mac would find that he wasn't so smart when the show-down came!

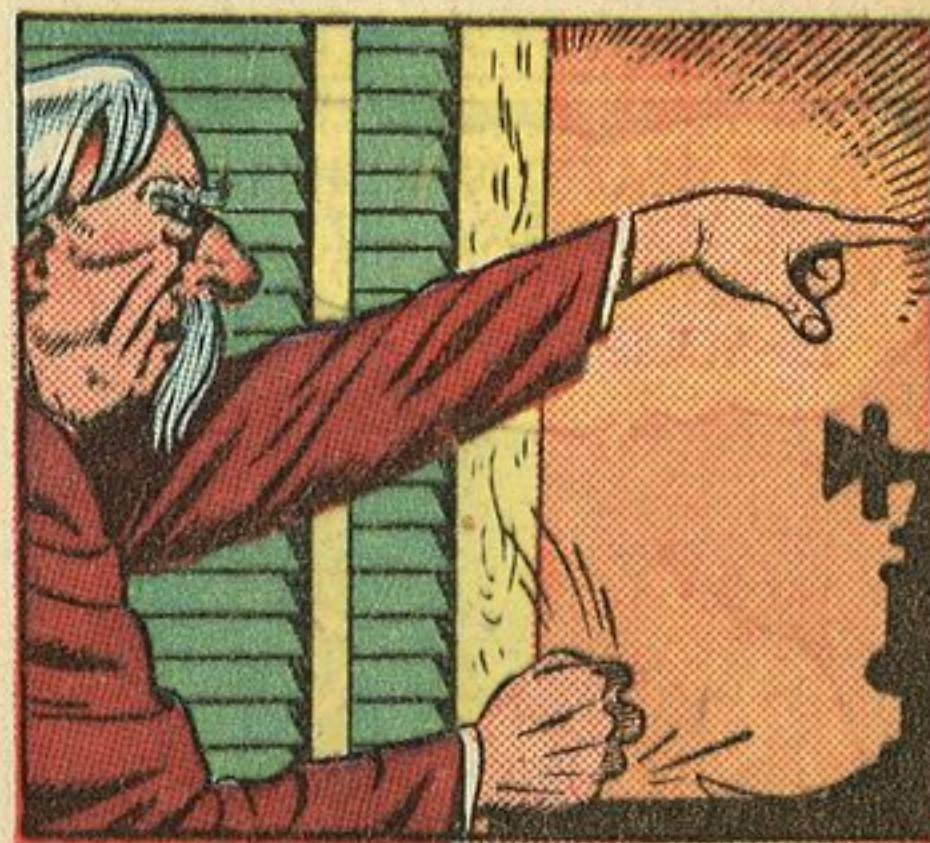
Two days later, he boarded one of Mac's freighters, bound for Chatham Island. The crew of Kanakas took the vessel out of the bay skilfully and soon they were in the open sea. The weather kept up good for a day,

then the barometer fell, the sky became inky, and a terrific gale blew down out of the north. Mountainous waves hurled over the decks of the old ship.

"A bad one," said old Mac, seated in his cabin. "Never saw it get so dark in the daytime."

In an hour the hurricane was screaming wrathfully and rain fell in torrents. The freighter stood almost on end every time she ploughed down into the trough of the huge waves. She would wallow, heel over, and shoot up the side of the next one. The plates groaned and buckled as if the boat would go to pieces.

Jimmy went up on deck. The wind tore at his oilskins like a live thing. This, he thought, was



a storm! Then, as abruptly as it had started, the blow stopped. It grew light again. The wind fell, and the rain slacked off to a shower.

"She's over," old Mac said. "We're 'way off our course—to the south of the island."

They lost several hours, which brought them to Chatham Bay a day late. Old Mac and Jimmy went to Pat Dooley's headquarters. The two old Irishmen wasted no courtesies in their greetings.

"Since when did you start dabblin' with honorable doin's—with your reputation?" said Dooley sarcastically.

"My reputation!" roared old Mac. "Mind yer own business, you pig-head! I merely sold the Gov'ment some land... Have you kept up your part of the contract?"

Dooley glared at Mac. "If you mean the clay, it's been ready to ship for two days. But before

you touch a handful, I want my money—gold!”

“I have it here,” Jimmy said. He produced the money and they prepared to depart.

“By the way,” he said to Pat, “have you plenty of that clay left?”

“Plenty!” chuckled Pat. “Half the island’s made o’ that stuff!”

“Good,” said Jimmy. “I may want more of it later.”

As they walked toward the pier, Jimmy thought, Yes, Pat would no doubt have sale for a considerable quantity of that whitish clay—later! He—Jimmy—had made a startling discovery about that clay, which he had not confided to anyone.

At noon the next day they were loaded and soon under way. Jimmy spent the first few hours in his cabin, reading a half dozen books he had brought along. They had to do with the history and geology of New Zealand. He took numerous notes and compared them to a second discovery he had made while inspecting the site of the new landing field. Yes, there was a possible fortune in his hand—if old Mac would play ball!

He strolled down the narrow companion-way and knocked at Mac’s door. “Come in!” bawled the old ex-skipper. Jimmy entered the cabin and sat down.

“What’s eatin’ ye, bub?” said Mac gruffly.

“I’ve been thinking,” Jimmy replied. “You know that strip of salt marsh that adjoins the land you sold the Government?”

“Yeah. What about it?”

“What will you take for it?”

Old Mac’s eyes narrowed. “Why?”

“Just an idea. I’ll give you five thousand cash. I have the certified check right here.”

Old Mac looked surprised, then a crafty expression flitted across his seamed features. “I might sell,” he said slowly. His eyes traveled to the large wall calendar. He cleared his throat noisily. “All right, bub, I don’t need that land.”

“Draw up the deed,” Jimmy said. He got up. “While you’re doing that, I’ll go above for a moment.”

He went to the wheelhouse and greeted Riley, the skipper. “What’s our position?” he asked then.

The skipper told him. Jimmy returned to old Mac’s cabin. “You might add our position to that deed,” he said. “It’s just a whim of mine.”

“Sure,” said Mac. He finished the deed and handed it over. Jimmy held out the certified check.

As he left the cabin, he noticed a cunning look on old Mac’s face, and he smiled to himself.

A day after they had landed, Jimmy visited old Mac at his office in Dunedin. “There’s oil



on that land you sold me,” Jimmy said. “Thought you might like to know.”

“What land I sold you?” snapped old Mac. “Look here, yunker, mebbe you think yer smart, but you ain’t. When that deed was signed it was Sunday—making any contract illegal in New Zealand.”

Jimmy smiled. “You’re wrong, Mac. If you’ll look at that deed again, you’ll note that our position is stated in it. When you signed the deed, we had already crossed the International Date Line, which made it Monday.”

Old Mac ripped out an oath. “So that was your idea about writin’ our position in, huh? Okay, bub, you win that one.”

“I win another one,” Jimmy essayed casually. “That clay

from Chatham Island is almost pure cement. Did you know that, Mac? So even though you did sell the Government a piece of worthless swamp, it can be surfaced with cement and be made into an excellent landing field. I think . . .”

“Shut up!” shouted old Mac, his face purpling. “And get outa here! You meddlin’ young upstart—”

“Besides all that, Mac,” Jimmy went on relentlessly, “I have just obtained a nice contract to resurface several miles of streets

Get this New **ROADLITER** BICYCLE HEADLIGHT



Throws piercing light beam. Smartly styled in white enamel with chrome trim. Uses 2 St. d flashlight cells.

\$1.39

Less Batteries Same model wired for generator use, \$1.00.



SPITFIRE Fender Reflector

Most positive, far reflecting bicycle reflector yet made. Smart, new design 35¢ each. Write for catalog of bicycle lamps and horns.

FREE! WRITE FOR THIS "AMERICA FIRST" Patriotic Emblem For Your Bike

Striking, colorful transfer. Easily applied to bicycle frame or fender. Will not rub or wash off. New! Timely! Every boy and girl wants one. Sent free. Write your name and address and your bike dealer's name and address on postal for yours, today!



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3375 W. 33rd St.
Marion, Indiana

Buy Only a **GENUINE DELTA**

in Dunedin—with that new cement from Chatham. In fact, I’ve found out that old Pat Dooley has no claim to the clay mine, so I intend to make him a deal and stake a claim to the whole thing.”

Old Mac picked up an inkwell and drew it back. But Jimmy Christian, laughing like a young imp, was on his way out the door.

ANOTHER JIMMY CHRISTIAN ADVENTURE
BEEKRIEG
IN THE JUNE ISSUE OF
Smash Comics
ON SALE APRIL 18TH

ABDUL

THE ARAB

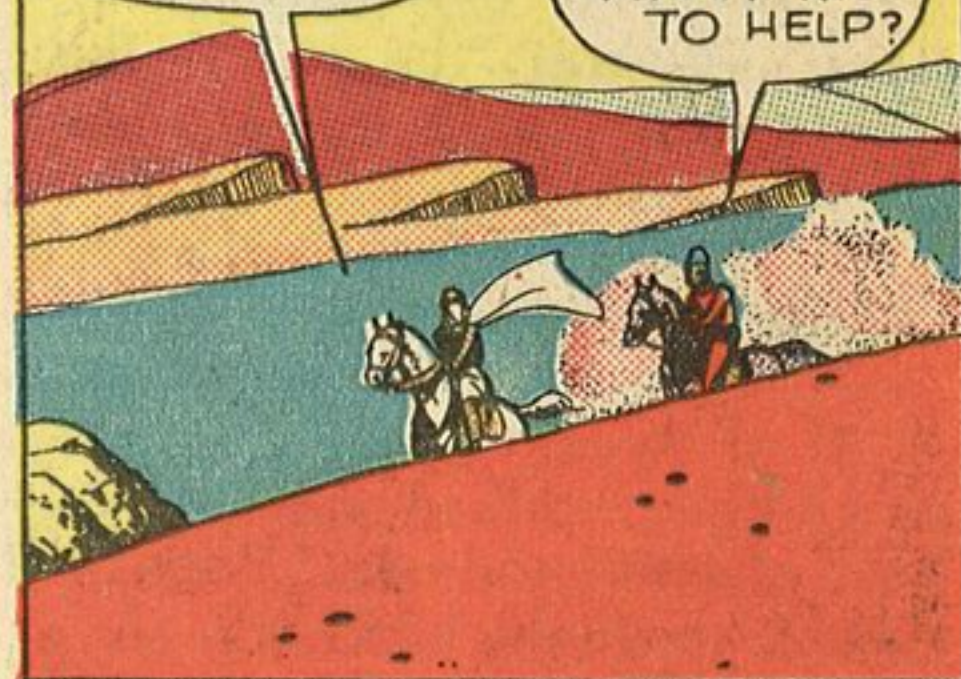
BY
POWELL
ROBERTS



... AND A LITTLE CHILD DID LEAD THEM RIGHT INTO THE NEST OF THE TOUGHEST GANG IN ARABIA...

WHEN WE GET TO TOWN, HASSAN, I WANT YOU TO GO STRAIGHT TO THE PALACE!

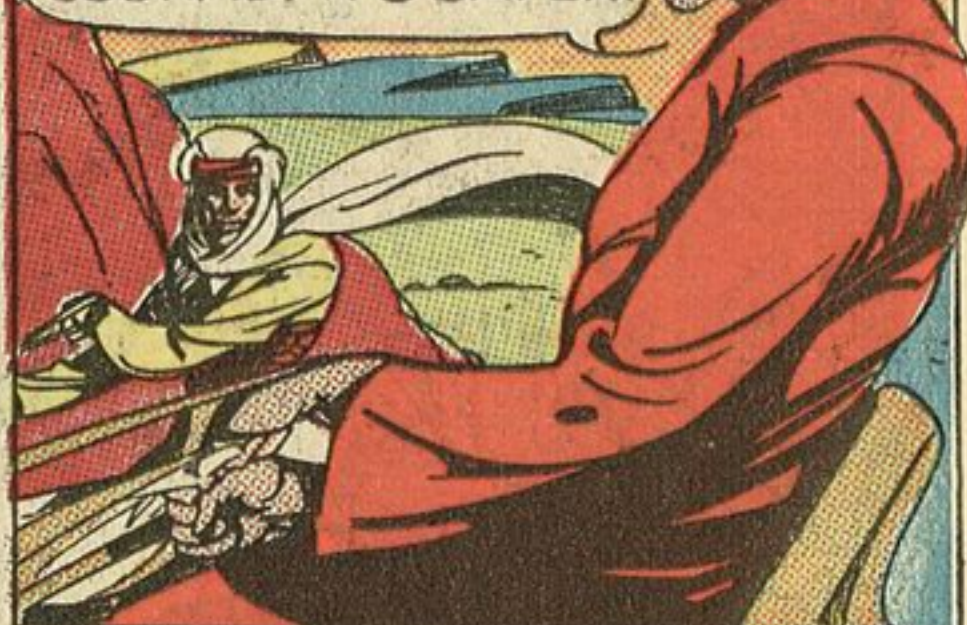
TO THE PALACE? WHAT ABOUT THE IBN KAWIR GANG? DON'T YOU WANT ME TO HELP?



PETTY THIEVES ARE RARELY DANGEROUS! I'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THEM MYSELF, AND ANYWAY, SOMEONE HAS TO BE AT THE PALACE TO GREET MY NIECE, FAWIDA.



AI! AI! DO I HAVE TO PLAY NURSE-MAID TO THAT LITTLE DEVIL? METHINKS I WOULD RATHER MILK COBRAS! IT'S SAFER.



MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER TOWN, ABDUL'S BROTHER-IN-LAW GIVES FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS DAUGHTER ON HER BEHAVIOR.



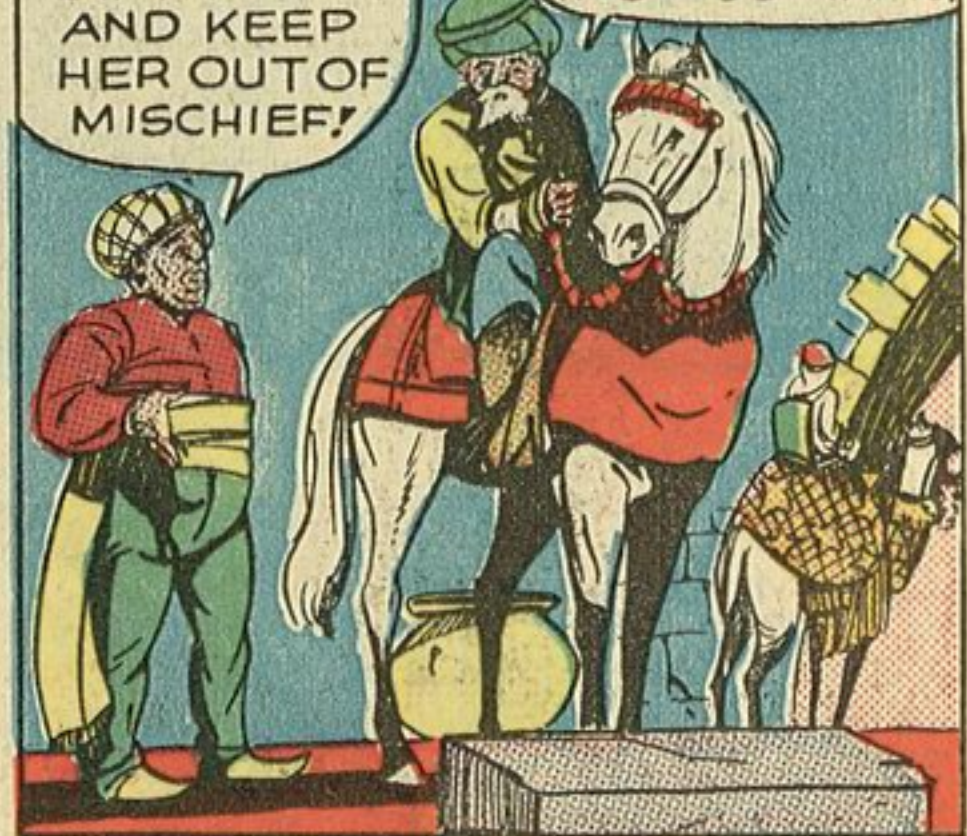
AND ABOVE ALL, LISTEN TO WHAT HASSAN TELLS YOU. HE'S YOUR BODY-GUARD!

OH FAH, POPPA! I NEVER HAVE ANY FUN WHEN THE BIG OX IS AROUND! HE'S AN OLD SOUR-PUSS!

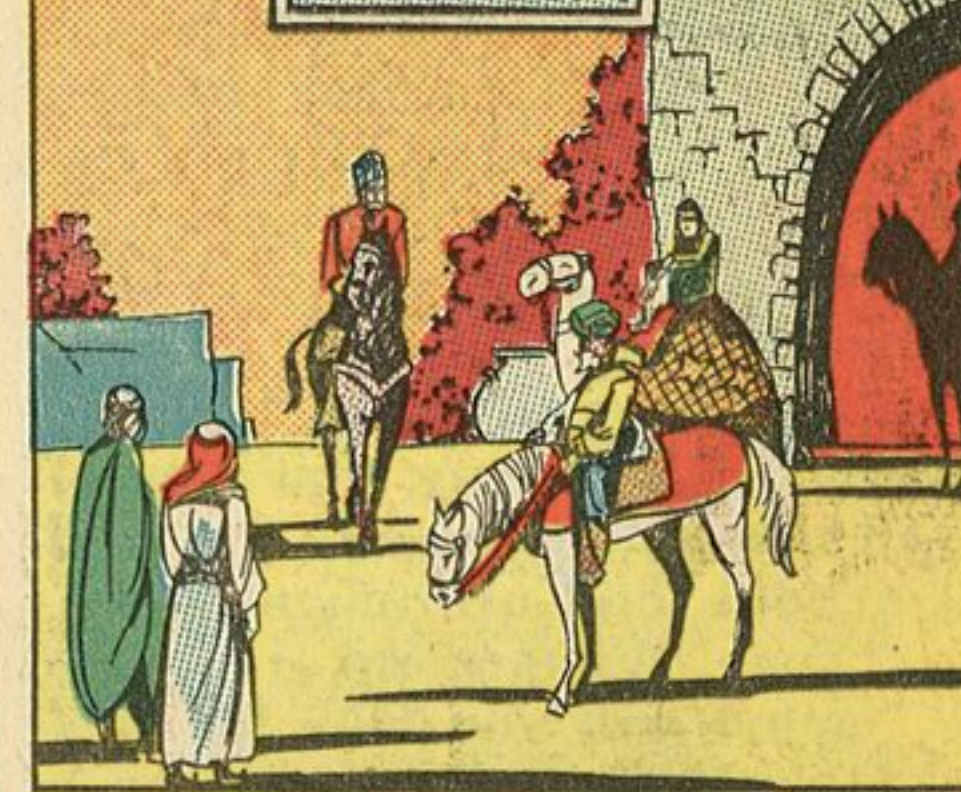


ALL RIGHT, AMAN, GET STARTED... AND KEEP HER OUT OF MISCHIEF!

IT WOULD BE EASIER MOVING MOUNTAINS.



A FEW HOURS LATER, THE GIFT-LADEN CARAVAN DRAWS INTO THE COURTYARD OF ABDUL'S PALACE.

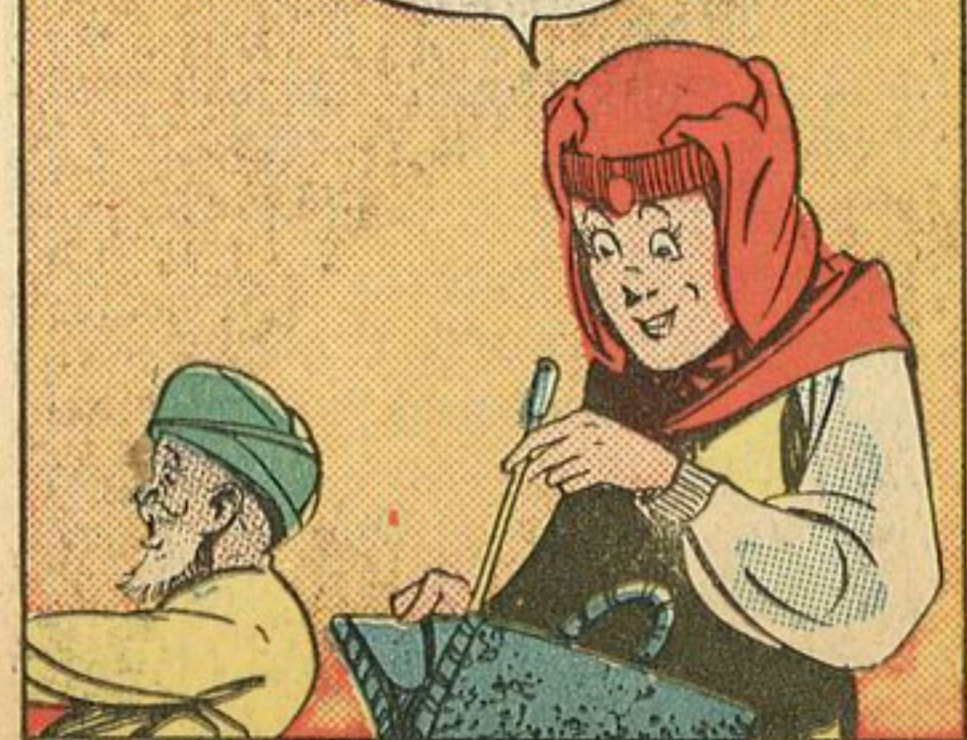


.. AND IT IS WITH GREAT PLEASURE THAT WE BRING FAWIDA!

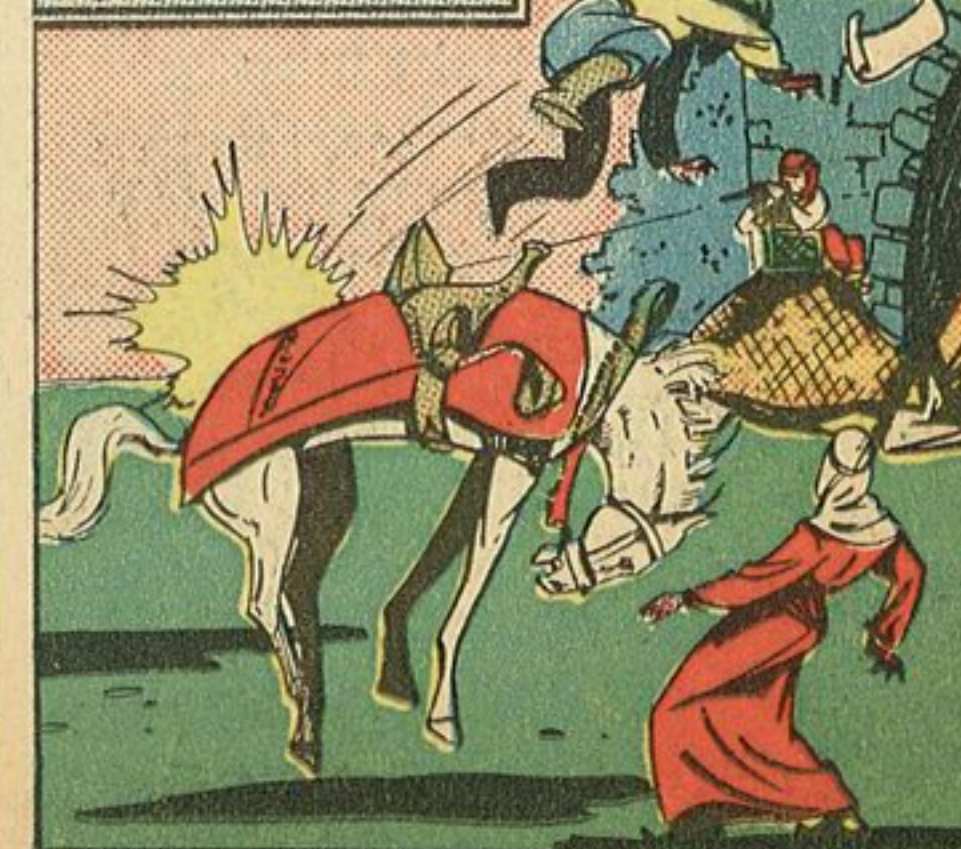
HO HUM! WON'T HE EVER STOP TALKING?



OHO! LOOK WHAT I FOUND! MY PEASHOOTER! NOW FOR SOME FUN!



WITH PRACTICED AIM, FAWIDA SHOOTS A PELLET INTO THE HORSE'S RUMP.





HA! HA!
HA! GEE
YOU LOOKED
FUNNY,
AMAN!

THAT
KID!



I SAW WHAT YOU DID,
YOUNG LADY, AND IT
WASN'T A BIT FUNNY!
AMAN COULD HAVE
BEEN BADLY HURT!



I'M TAKING
YOU TO YOUR
ROOM, AND IT'S
THERE YOU
STAY.. WITHOUT
ANY SUPPER!



REMEMBER, TRY TO GET
OUT, AND I'LL GIVE YOU
SOMETHING TO REMEM-
BER ME BY.



IN THE CITY'S BAZAAR, ABDUL
SCANS THE FACES OF THE CROWD,
SEARCHING FOR THE IBN KAWIR
GANG.



AS HE TURNS A CORNER HE
QUICKLY STEPS BACK, FOR
OUT OF THE SHADOWS THREE
THUGS HURRY BY.



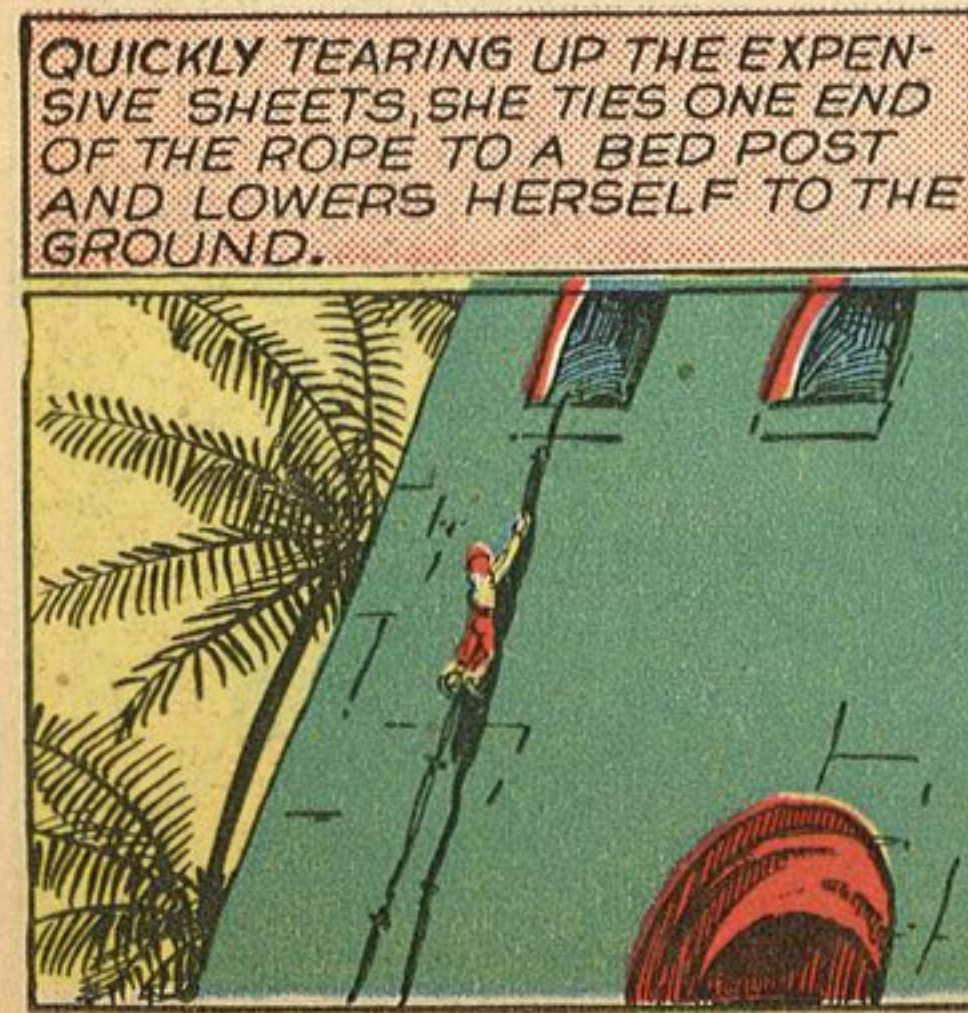
KEEPING WELL TO THE REAR,
ABDUL FOLLOWS THEM.



THROUGH THE TORTUOUS ALLEYS
HE TRAILS THEM, UNTIL THEY
DISAPPEAR INTO A CELLAR.



BACK IN THE PALACE, FAWIDA
SCHEMES A WAY OF ESCAPE.



QUICKLY TEARING UP THE EXPEN-
SIVE SHEETS, SHE TIES ONE END
OF THE ROPE TO A BED POST
AND LOWERS HERSELF TO THE
GROUND.



LEAVING THE PALACE GROUNDS,
SHE WANDERS DOWN TO THE
LOWER PART OF THE TOWN.



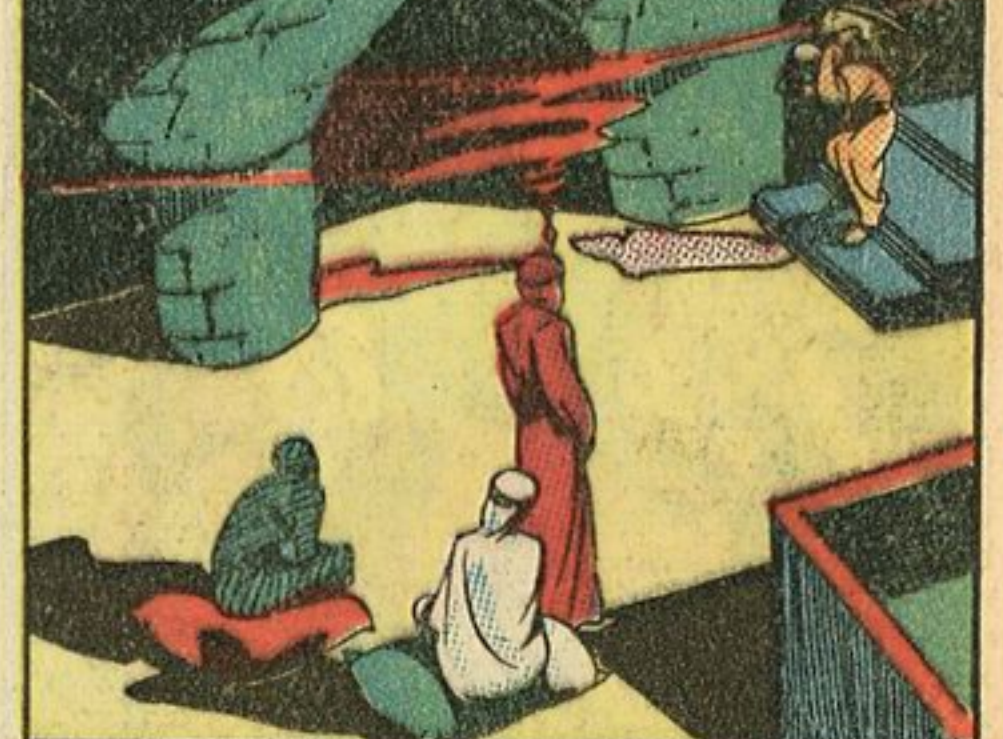
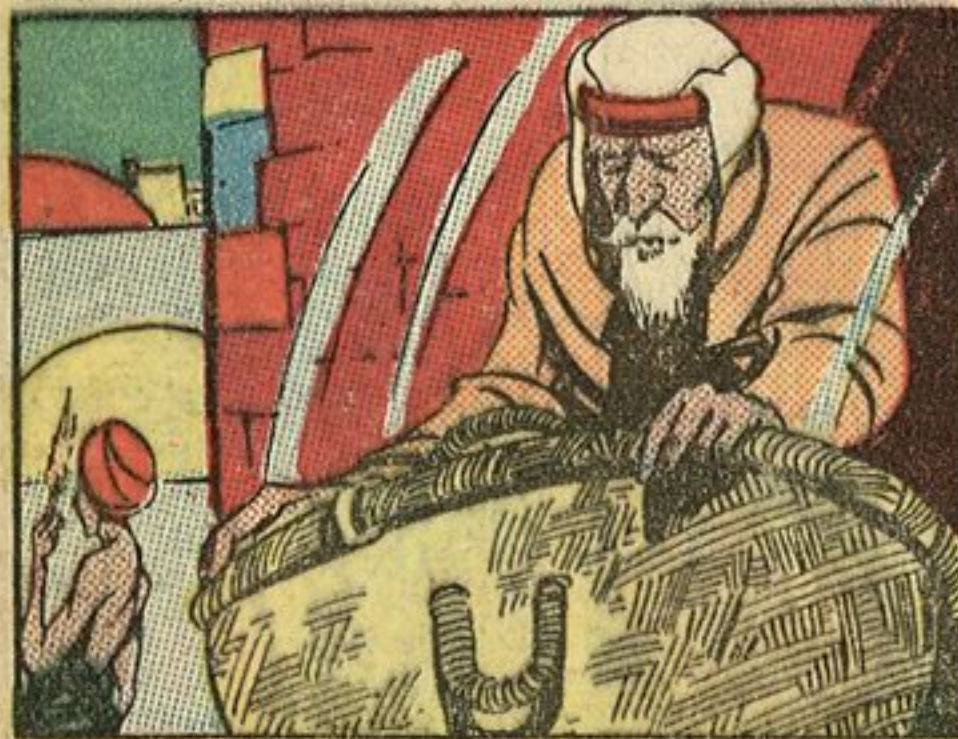
JEEPERS!
A FIRE-
EATER!
HERE..
LEMMÉ
SEE!



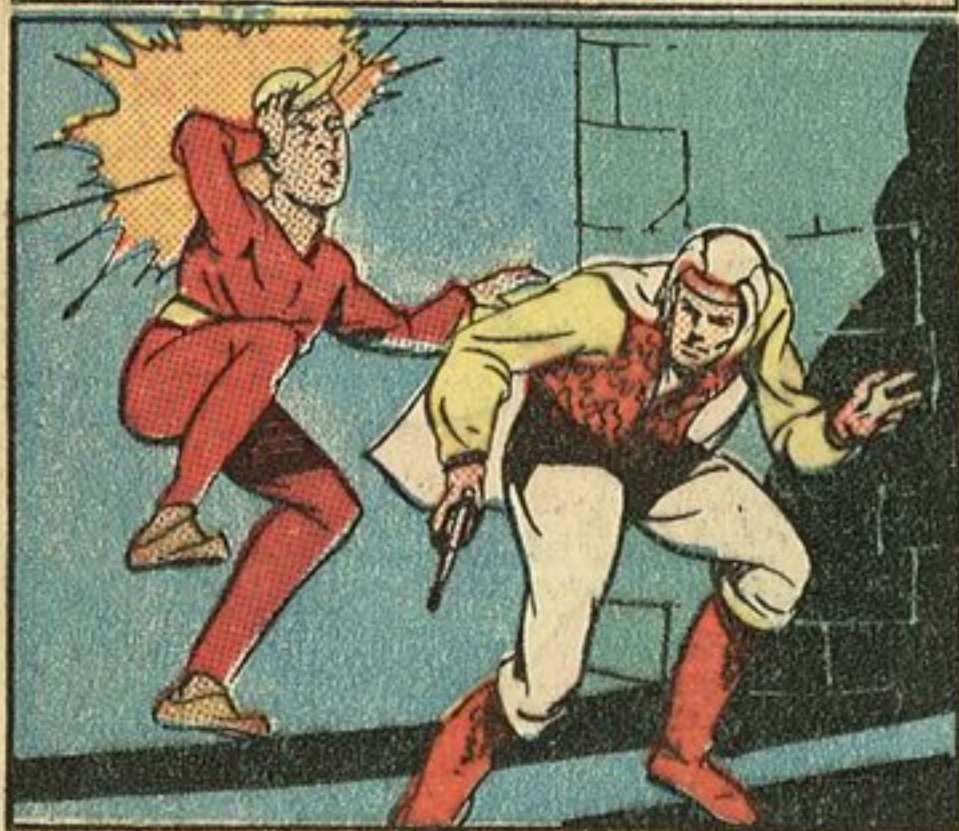
KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS, SHE LIES
STILL IN THE HALF-FILLED CASE..
PRESENTLY THE VENDOR COMES
AND SLAMS SHUT THE LID.

LOADING HIS PATIENT BURRO,
HE TRUDGES OVER THE ROUGH
COBBLESTONES, UNAWARE OF
THE LITTLE GIRL'S PRESENCE.

AT THE DEN OF THE THIEVES, HE
UNLOADS AND STUMBLES IN.



A PUFF AND THE MAN HOWLS WITH PAIN AS A HARD PEA SMACKS INTO HIS EAR.



IN A FLASH ABDUL WHIRLS AND FIRES.



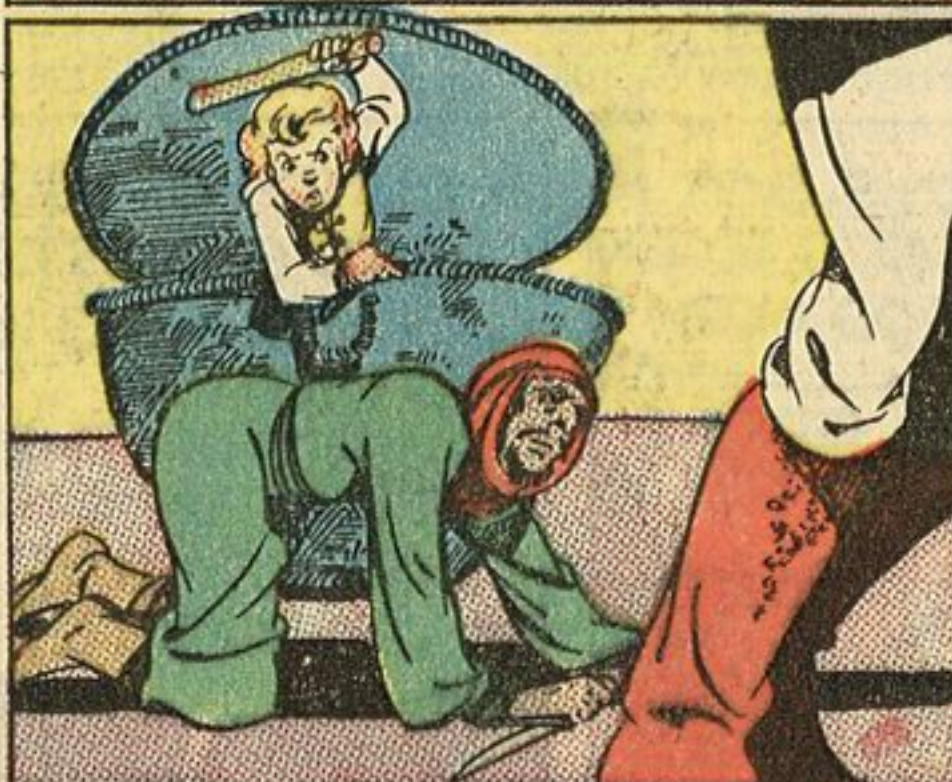
IN A SECOND ALL IS CONFUSION, AS THE OTHERS RUSH AT HIM. LIKE A WILDCAT HE FIGHTS BACK.



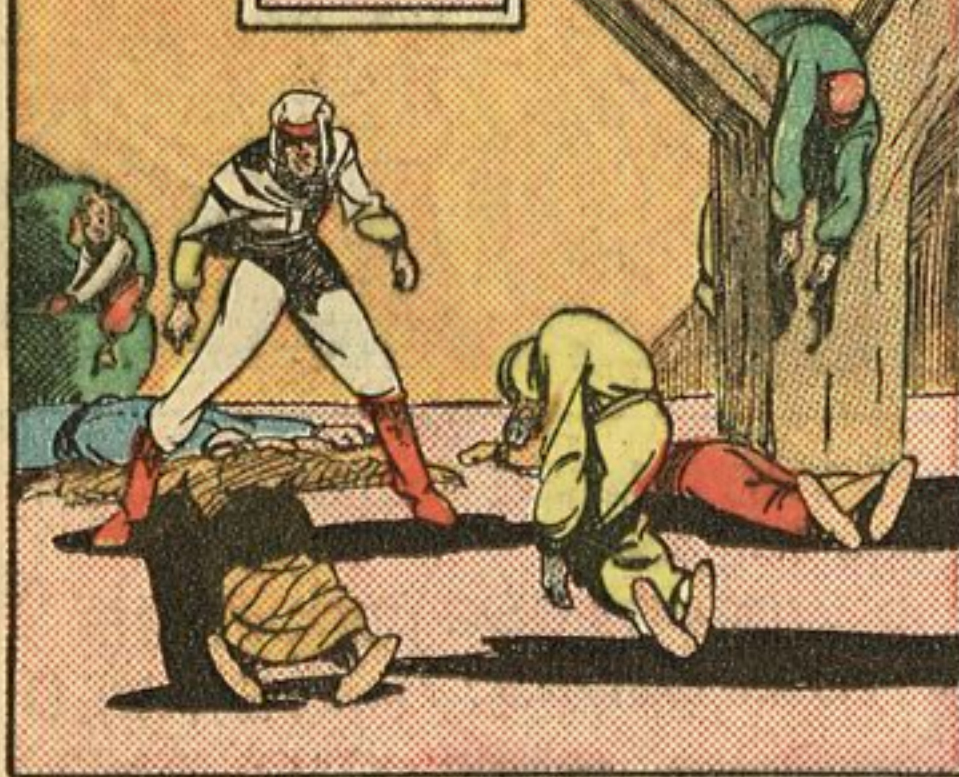
WITH CRUSHING BLOWS HE SMASHES HIS OPPONENTS INTO SUBMISSION.



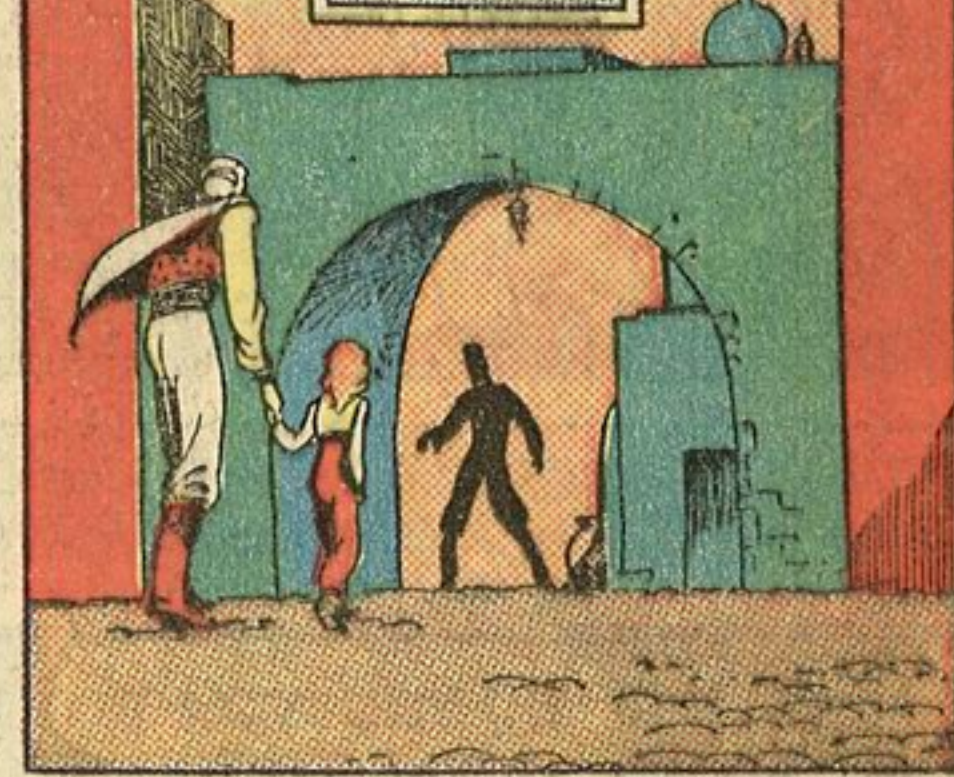
ONE OF THE MEN SNEAKING IN BACK OF HIM DRAWS A DAGGER.. BUT ABDUL HAS A GOOD AIDE..



AS QUICKLY AS IT STARTED, THE FIGHT ENDS.. JOYOUS FAWIDA CLAMBERS OUT OF HER HIDING PLACE.



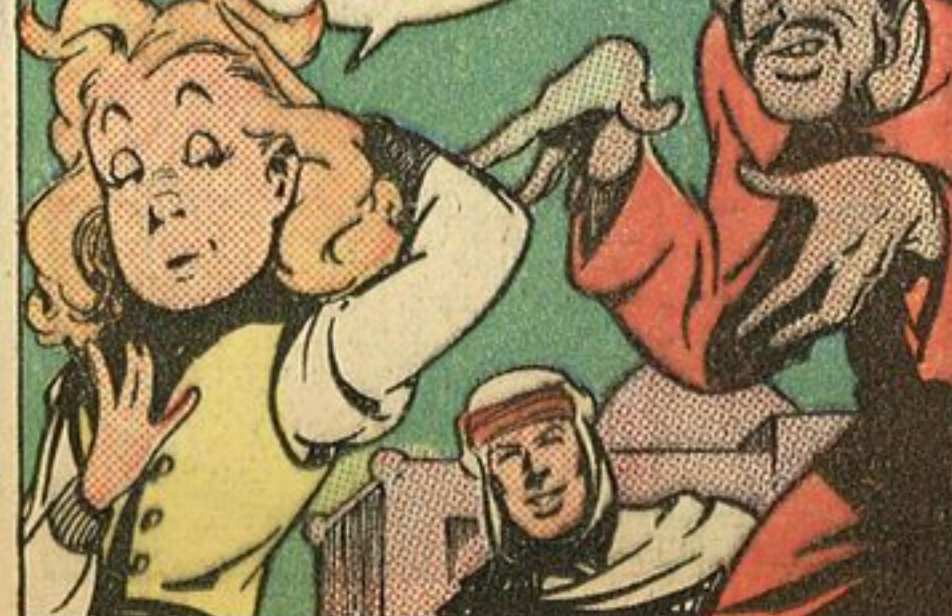
TURNING THE GANG OVER TO THE POLICE, ABDUL AND FAWIDA HURRY BACK TO THE PALACE



W-WHERE WERE YOU? I LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR YOU!



I WAS HELPING UNCLE ABDUL ROUND UP THE IBN KAWIR GANG.. IT'S A WONDER YOU WOULDN'T HELP!



HMMPH! COWARD! TAKE IT EASY, HASSAN!



CHIC CARTER



ACE
REPORTER

AFTER A SERIES OF ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES IN FAR OFF MONGOLIA, CHIC CARTER RETURNS TO AMERICA... TO IMMEDIATELY START A BATTLE AGAINST A VICIOUS RACKET...

A JOYFUL REUNION TAKES PLACE AT THE DAILY STAR

HI'YA, POP! STILL THE SAME OLD GAFFER, EH?

WELL, I'LL BE.. CARTER! THE ORIGINAL ROVING REPORTER.. WELCOME, KID!



GOT ANY GOOD ASSIGNMENTS FOR ME, POP?



YEAH.. I'VE GOT ONE THAT'S EVEN TOO GOOD FOR YOU!

SPRING IT!



A BUNCH OF HIGH-CLASS GANGSTERS ARE WORKING A PROTECTION RACKET ON THE MILK TRUCK DRIVERS! IT'S DYNAMITE!



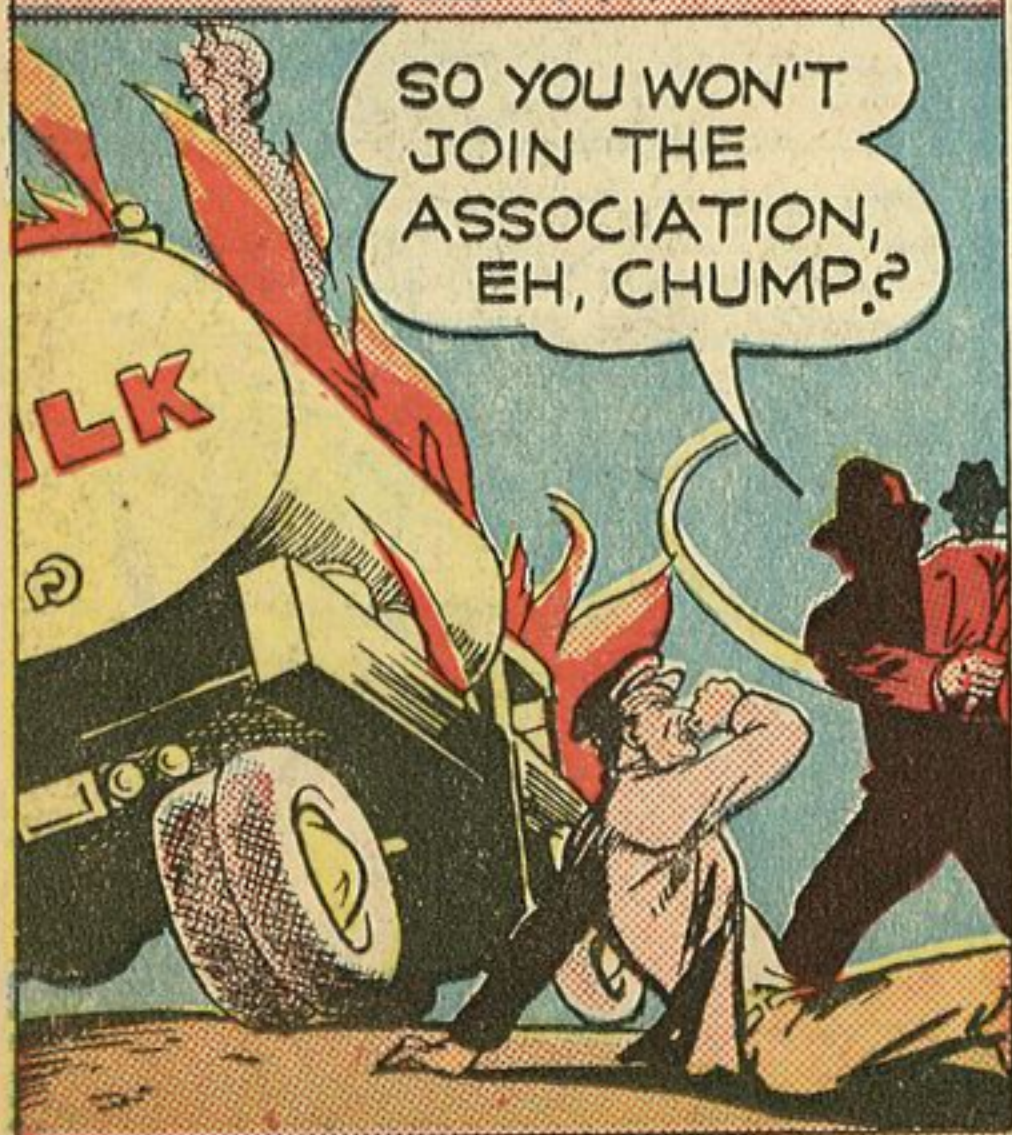
AND TOUGH ON THE POOR FAMILIES, TOO!

WHAT IF THE DRIVERS REFUSE TO PAY!



"THEIR TRUCKS ARE WRECKED AND THEY GET BASHED AROUND PLENTY.."

SO YOU WON'T JOIN THE ASSOCIATION, EH, CHUMP?



"THE DRIVERS' FAMILIES HAVE EVEN BEEN THREATENED!"

YOUR HUSBAND GETS ONE MORE CHANCE!



AND THE POLICE CAN'T CATCH UP WITH THESE TORPEDOES!

LISTEN..HOW MANY DRIVERS HAVE HELD OUT AND REFUSED TO JOIN SO FAR?





ABOUT A DOZEN DRIVERS HAVE REFUSED TO BE KNOCKED OVER!

GET THOSE DRIVERS HERE!



POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.... SERGEANT MONAHAN? THIS IS CHIC... DRAG YOUR CARCASS OVER HERE!!



OKAY..OKAY!/I'LL BE RIGHT THERE! AN' I'LL BRING SOME HARNESS FRIENDS!



THE DRIVERS ARE COMING, CHIC..BUT LISTEN..DON'T TURN THIS PAPER UP-SIDE DOWN, PLEASE!



HA! HA! THIS STORY IS SO HOT THAT EVEN YOU'RE PANICKY, EH, POP?



IN A PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR, A SECRET MEETING IS HELD...

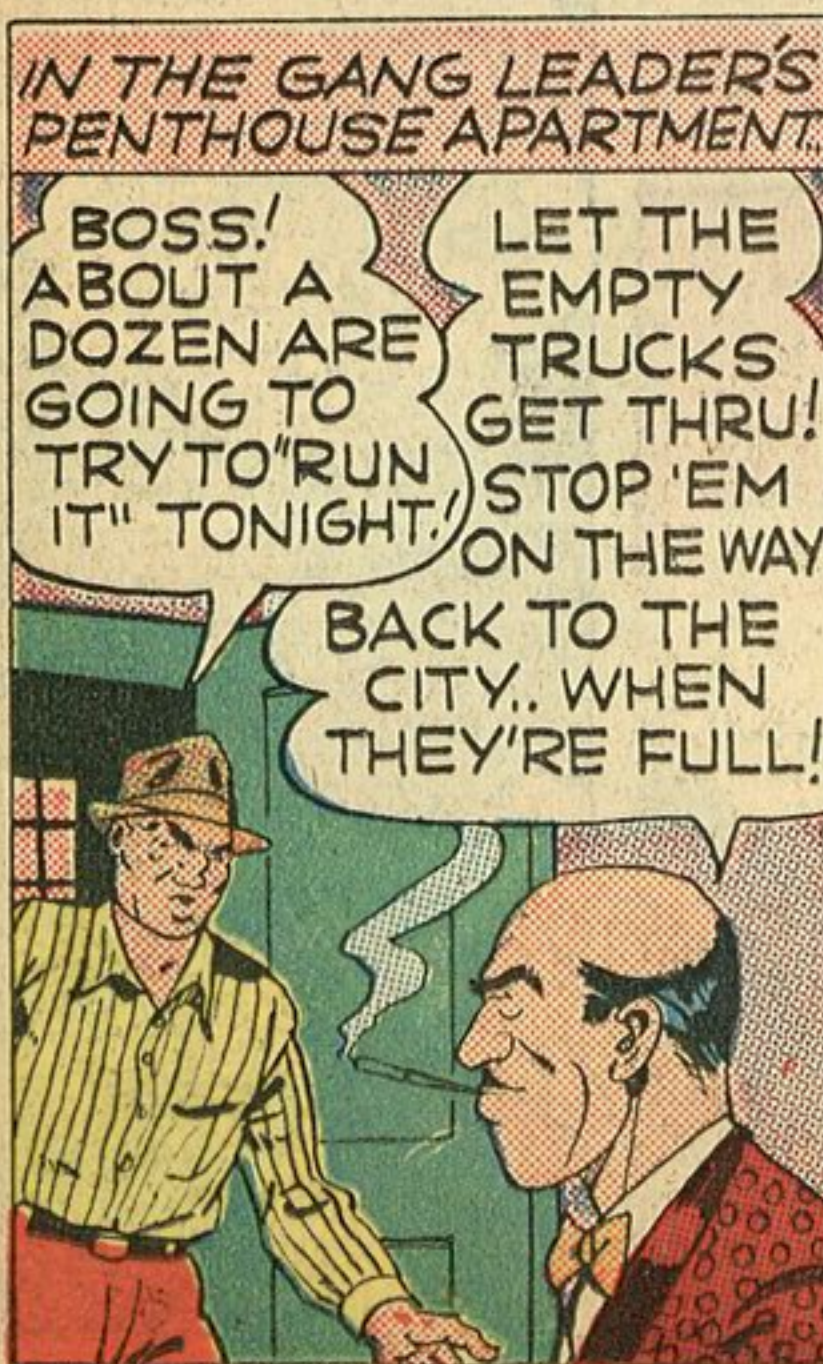
THESE GANGSTERS AND THEIR BLOOD COLLECTIONS STOP TONIGHT, FELLOWS.. AND DEFINITELY!



YOU DRIVERS ARE HAULING MILK TONIGHT! MAKE SURE THE HOOD-LUMS KNOW ABOUT OUR "MEETING!"



OKAY, CHIC! IT'LL NEVER DAWN ON THEM BABIES THAT THERE'S ANYBODY WITH US!



IN THE GANG LEADER'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT

BOSS! ABOUT A DOZEN ARE GOING TO TRY TO "RUN IT" TONIGHT.

LET THE EMPTY TRUCKS GET THRU! STOP 'EM ON THE WAY BACK TO THE CITY.. WHEN THEY'RE FULL!



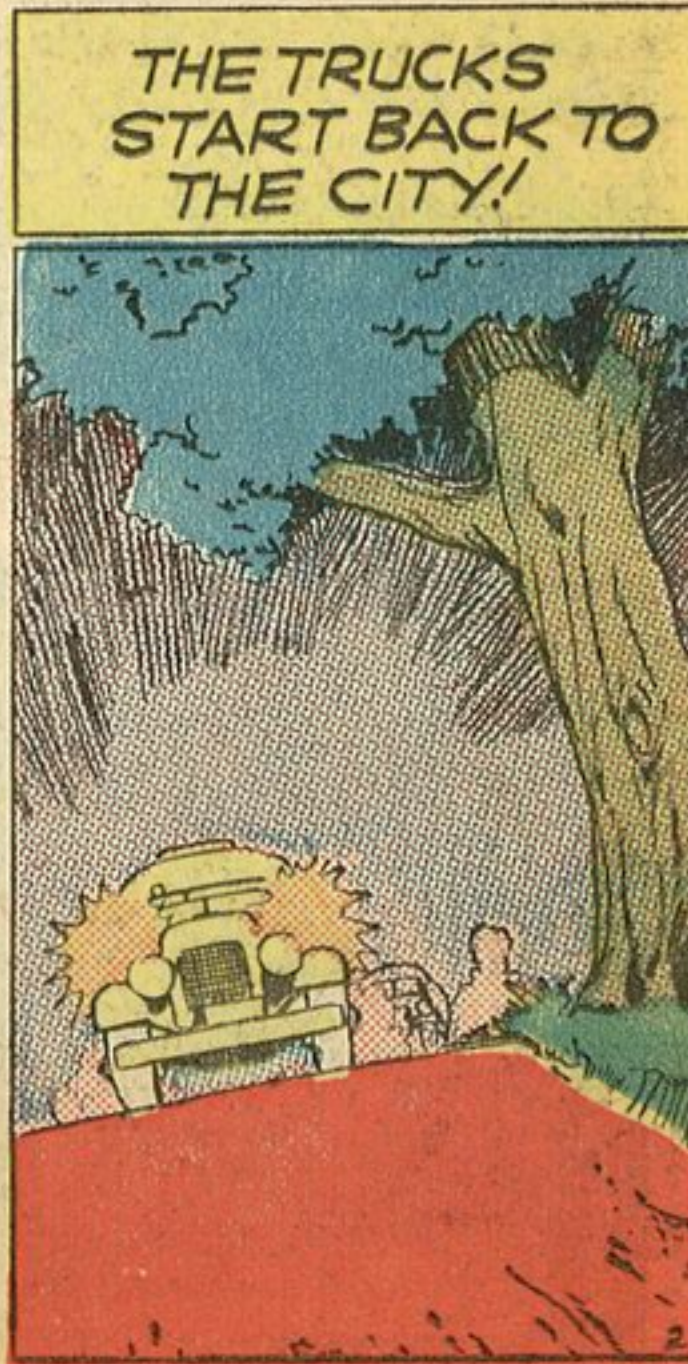
AND DROWN HALF TH' DRIVERS IN THEIR OWN MILK TANKS!



MIDNIGHT.. ON A LARGE DAIRY FARM OUTSIDE THE CITY..

AND YA AIN'T PUTTIN' MILK IN THAT ONE TANK AT ALL, CHIC?

NO, MONAHAN!



THE TRUCKS START BACK TO THE CITY!

CHIC, MONAHAN, AND
A WELL-ARMED
GUARD RIDE THE
FIRST TRUCK

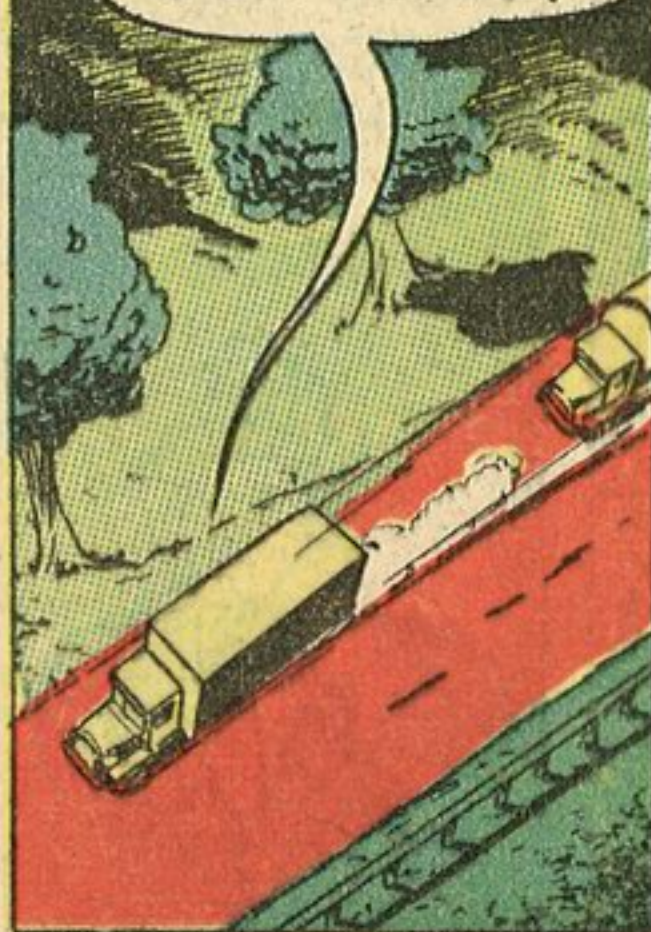
WHY CAN'T THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT
NAIL THESE BIRDS,
SERGEANT?



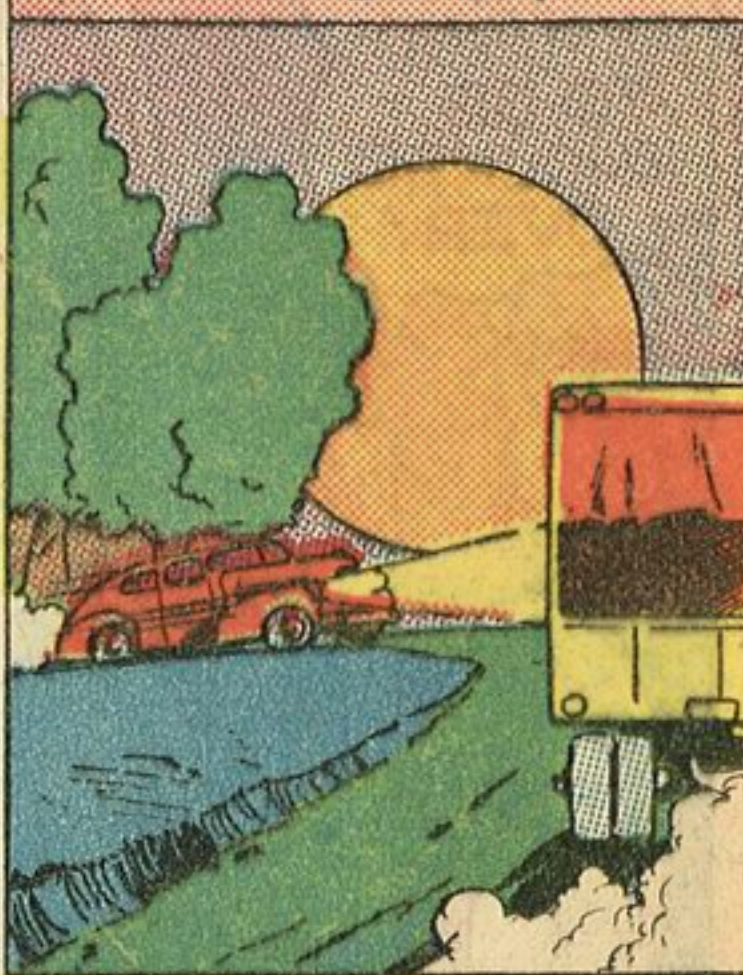
WE GOT ORDERS
FROM THE HIGHER
UPS TO LAY OFF...
SOME CITY OFFICIAL
IS GETTIN'
GREASED..IT
BURNS ME
UP!



THAT'S WHY US
COPS ARE USIN'
OUR OFF-DUTY TIME
TO HELP YOU.. BUT
DON'T FAIL!



WITHOUT WARNING,
A GANG CAR DARTS
FROM A SIDE ROAD
TO CUT OFF THE
TRUCKS!



OUTTA
THAT TRUCK,
WISE GUY!



BUT CHIC HAS HIS
OWN IDEAS....

WITH PLEASURE,
RAT!

COPS!



THE RACKETEERS WALK
INTO A HAIL OF
PUNCHES...

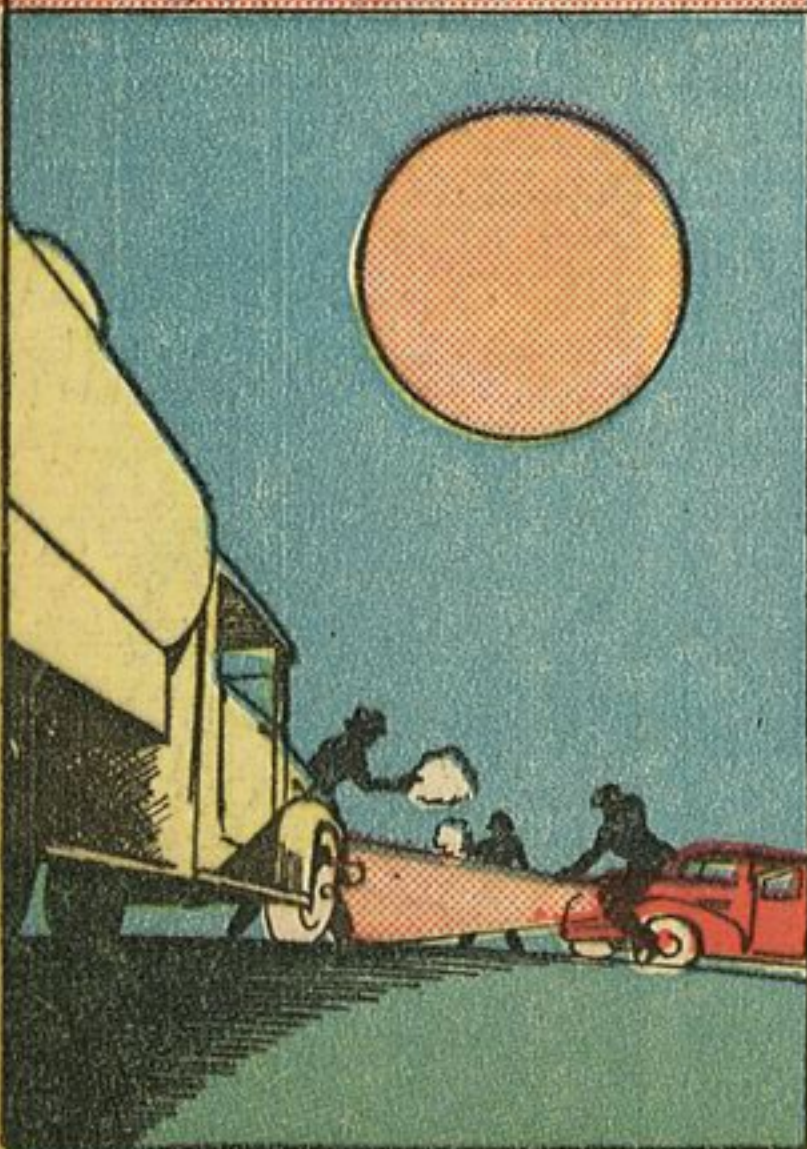


GUNS ARE
SOON
CRACKLING...

THOUGHT YA
COULD TRAP
US, EH?



BUT THE STRAIGHT
SHOOTING COPS BRING
A QUICK END TO IT!



WELL..
NOW WHATTA
WE DO WITH
'EM,
CHIC?

REMEMBER
THAT FIRST
TANK TRUCK
THAT I LEFT
EMPTY, MONAHAN
M' BOY?

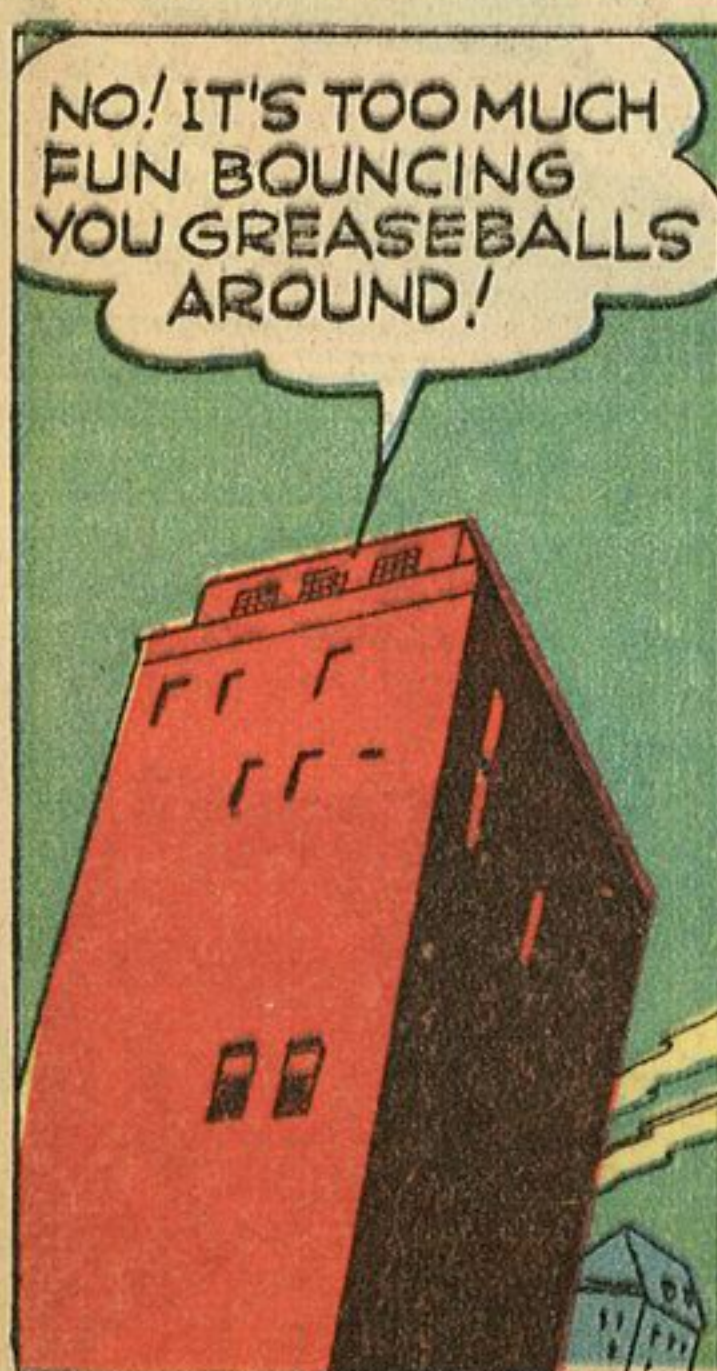


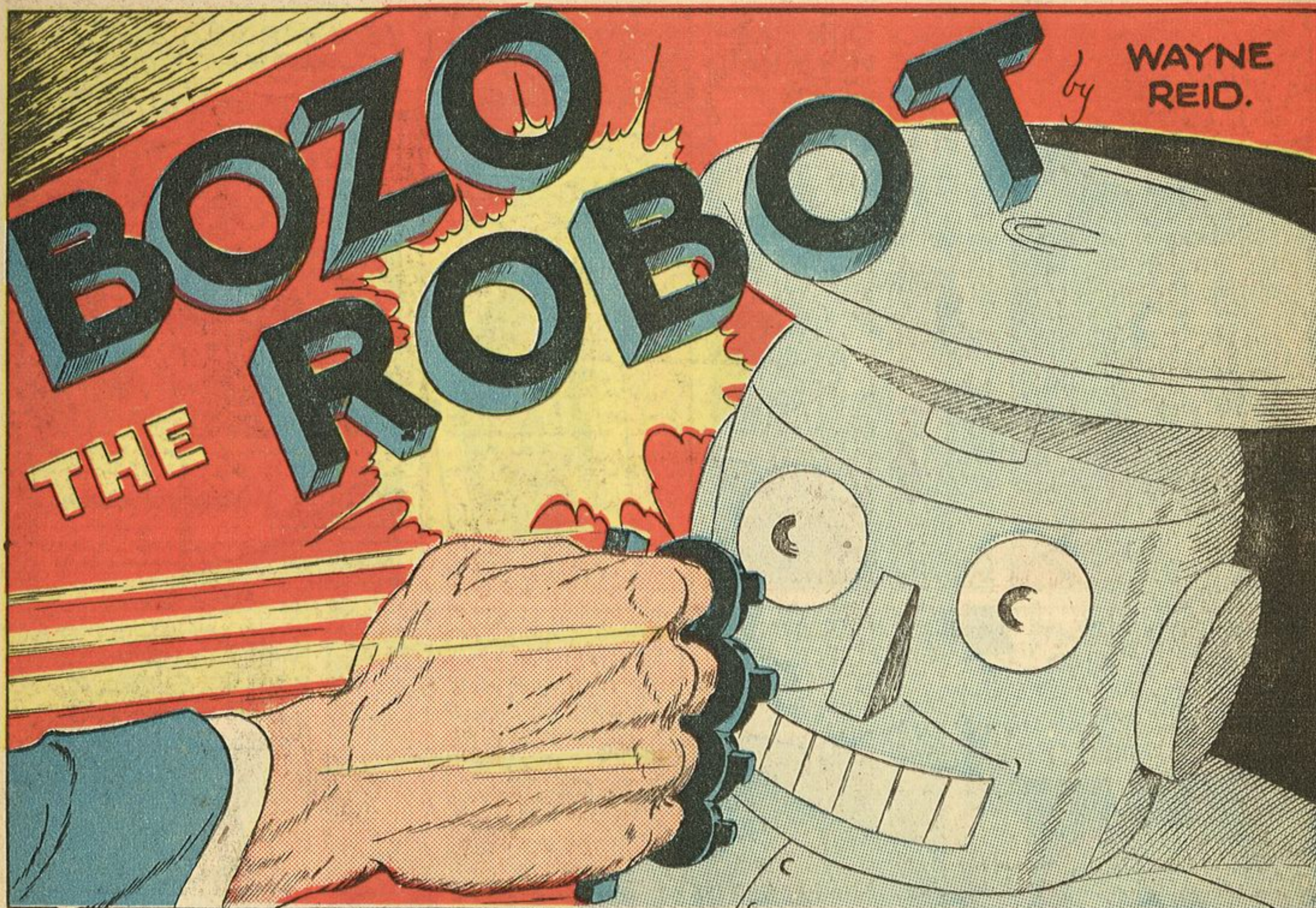
AND THE THUGS
ARE DUMPED INTO
THE TRUCK..



WHO'S THE BOSS
OF THIS MOB?
ANSWER ME,
OR I'LL BEAT
YOUR EARS
OFF!





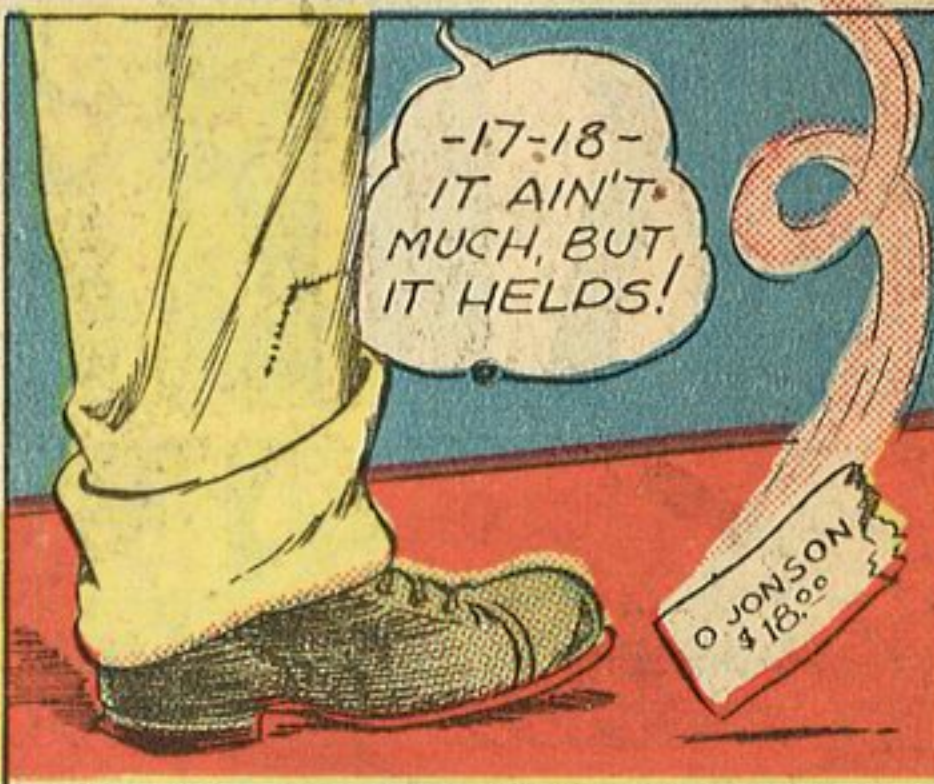
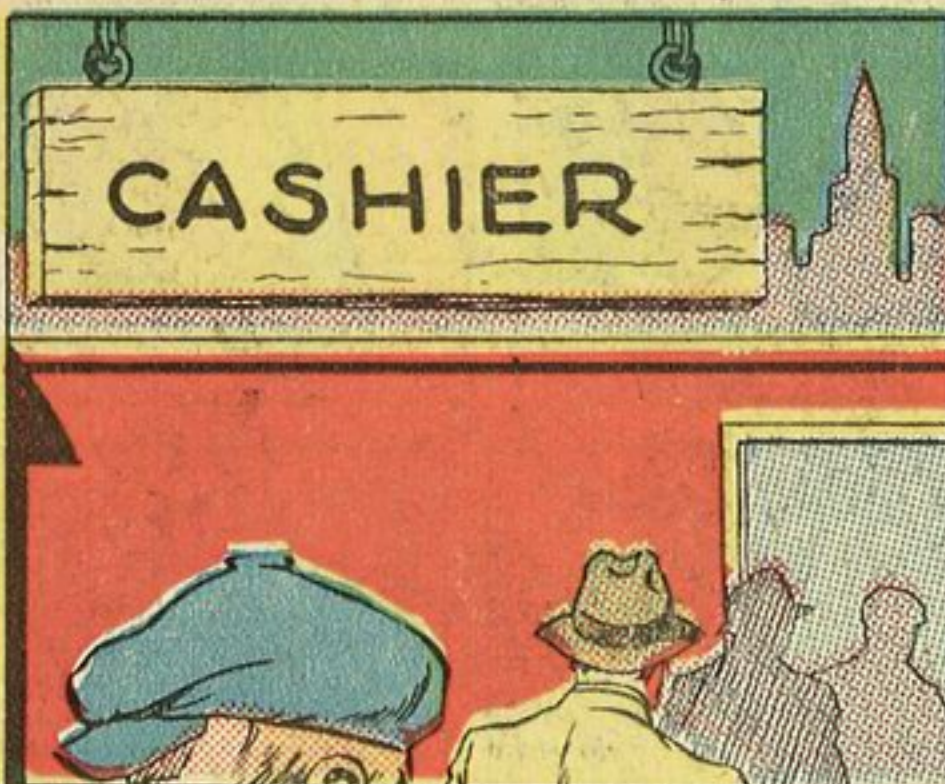
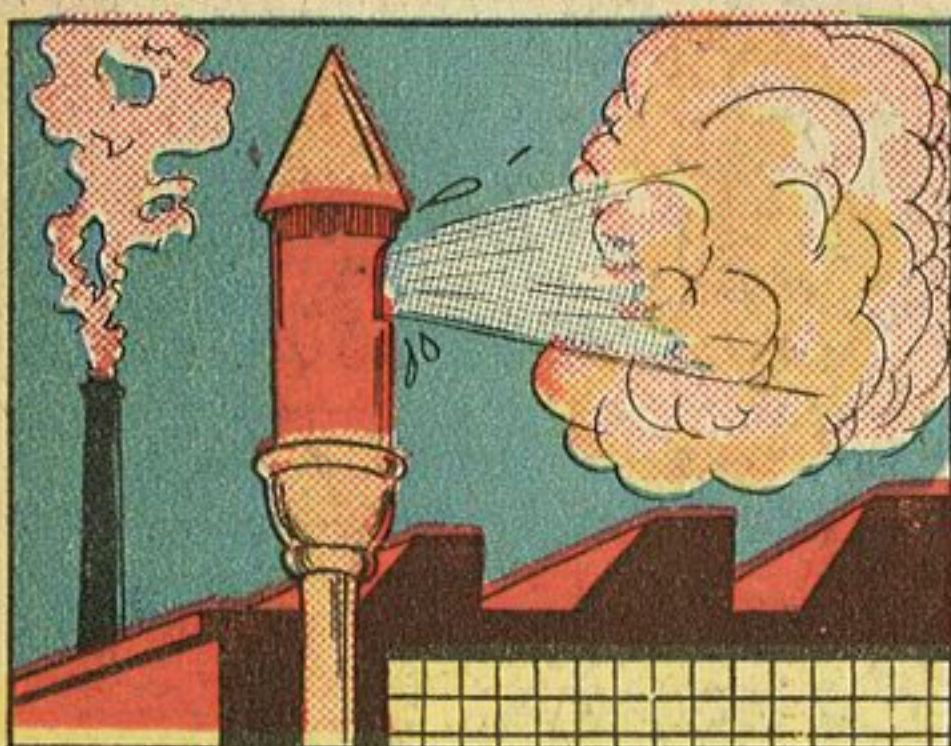


by WAYNE REID.

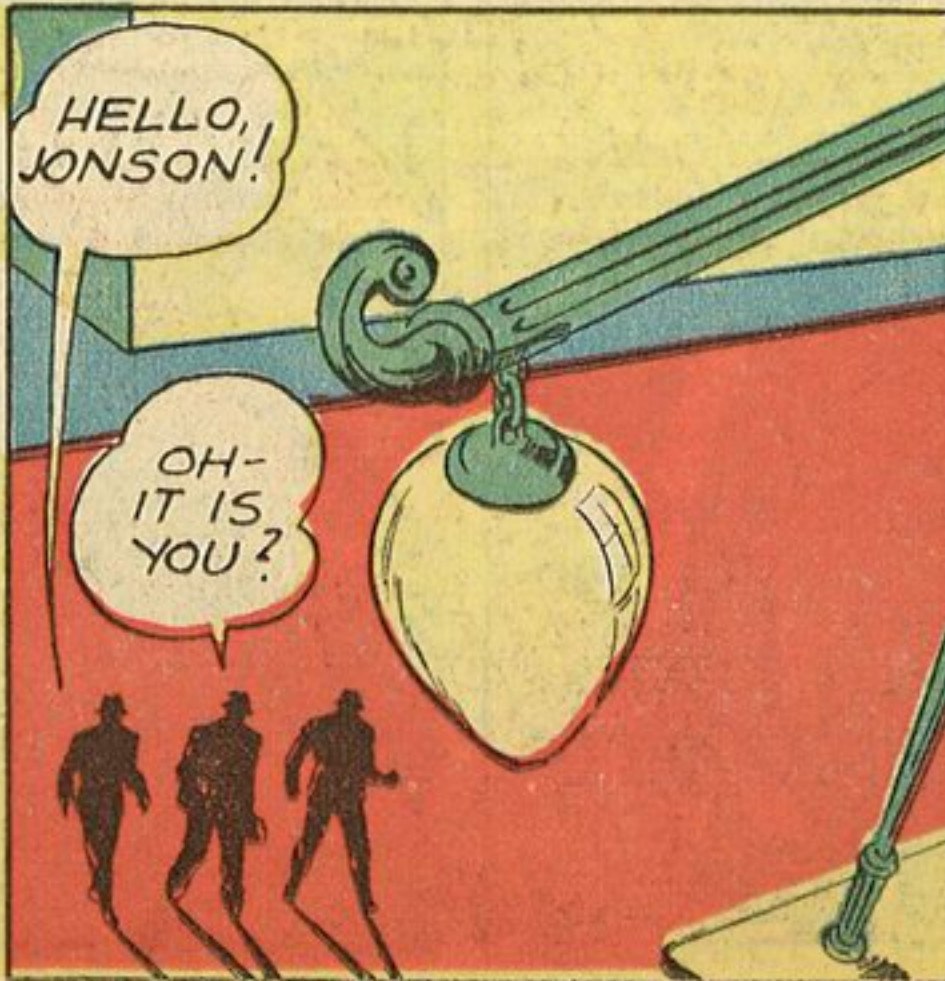
A FACTORY WHISTLE BLOWS, THE SIGNAL FOR HUNDREDS OF WORKERS TO LAY DOWN THEIR TOOLS---AND---

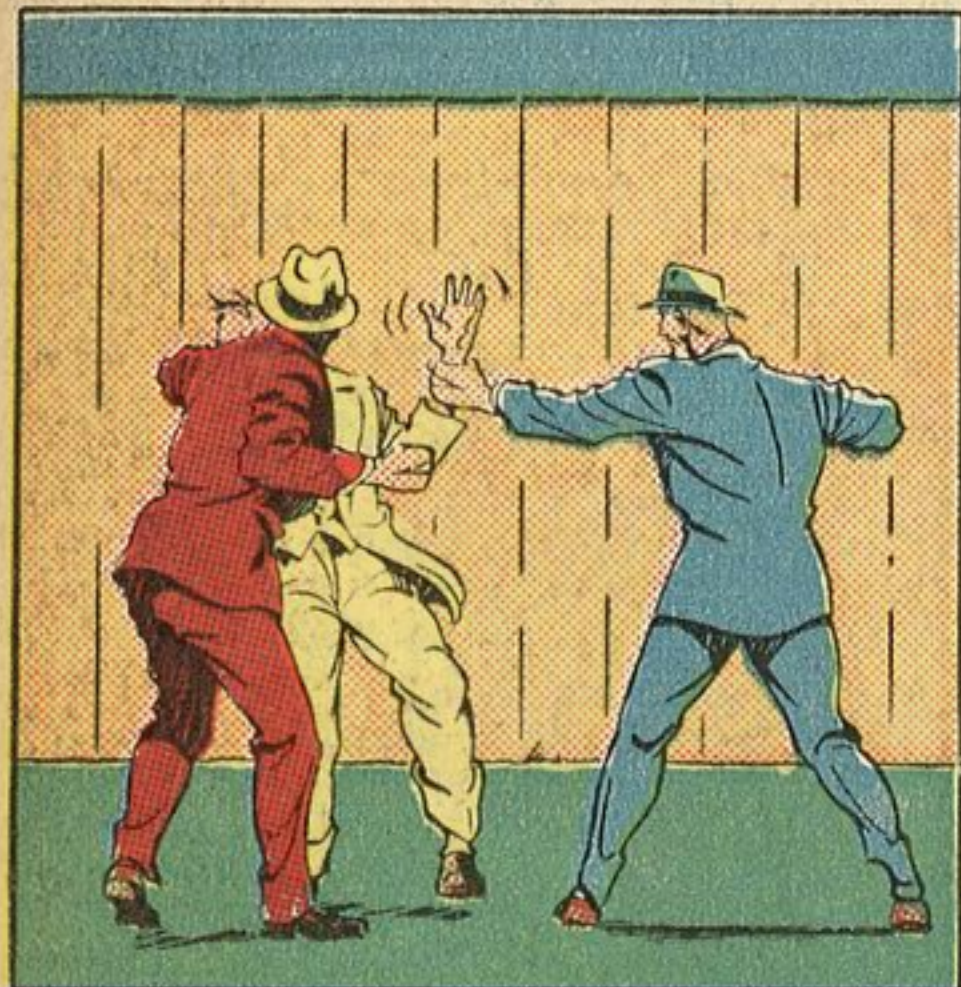
WEARILY THEY LEAVE THE CASHIER'S WINDOW WITH THEIR MEAGER SALARIES----

AND ONE MILL WORKER, OLAF JONSON, HEADS FOR HIS HOME AND FAMILY--



QUIETLY, TWO MEN FOLLOW HIM----



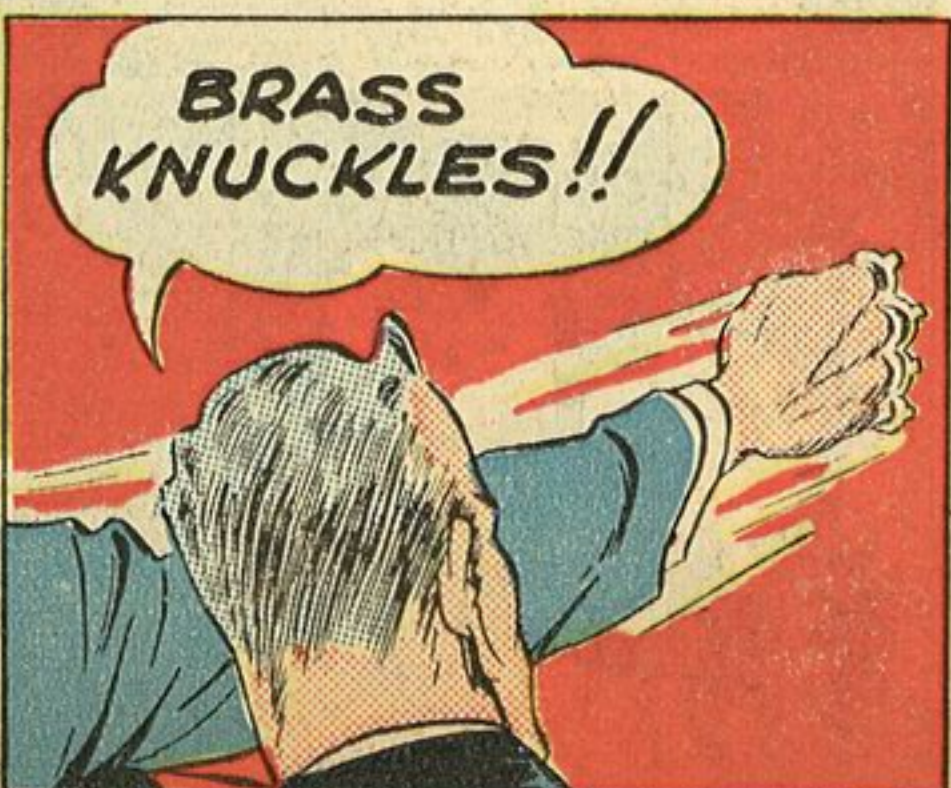


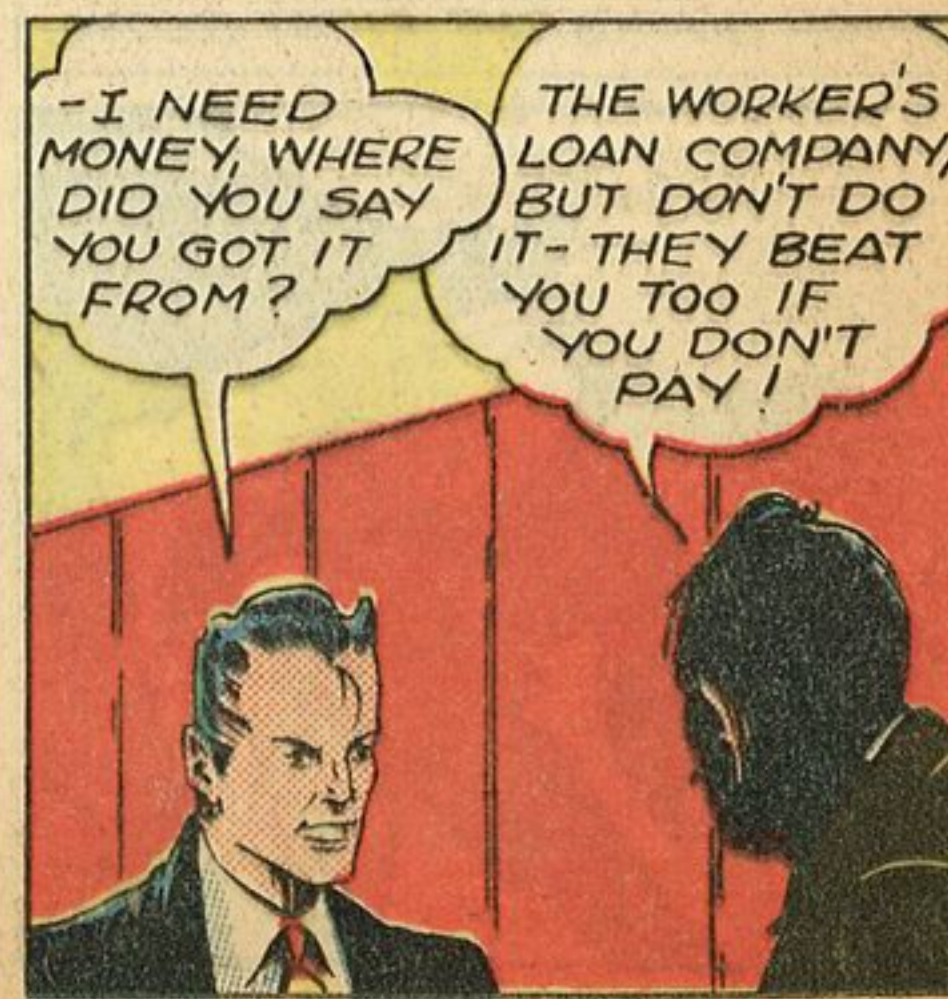
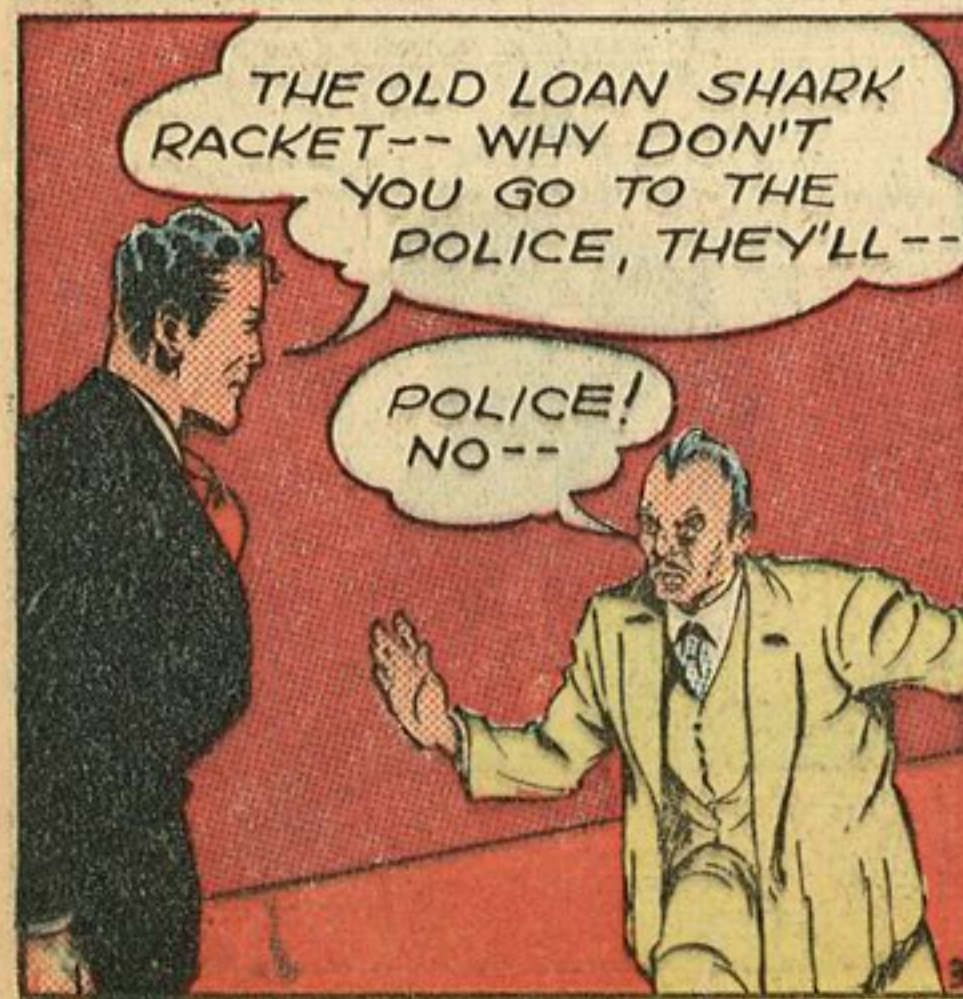
AND DOWN THE STREET, HUGH HAZZARD WITNESSES THE ONE-SIDED STRUGGLE -

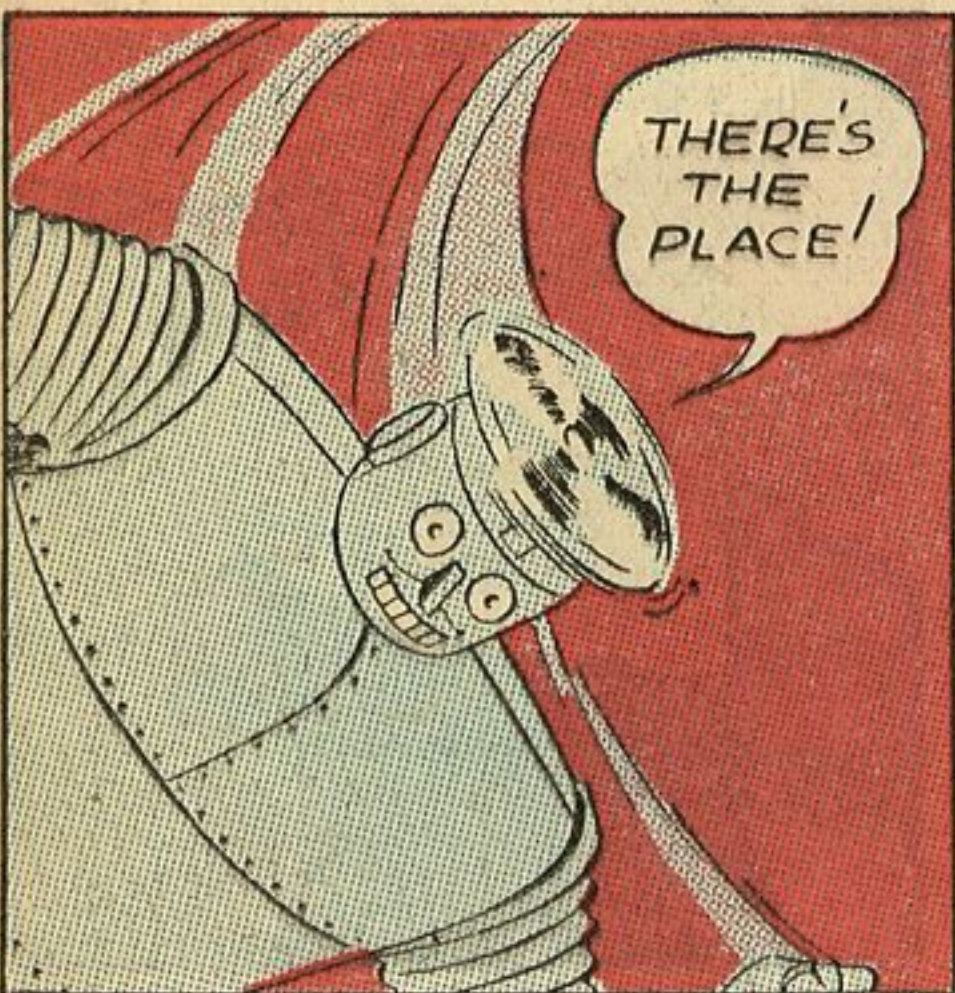
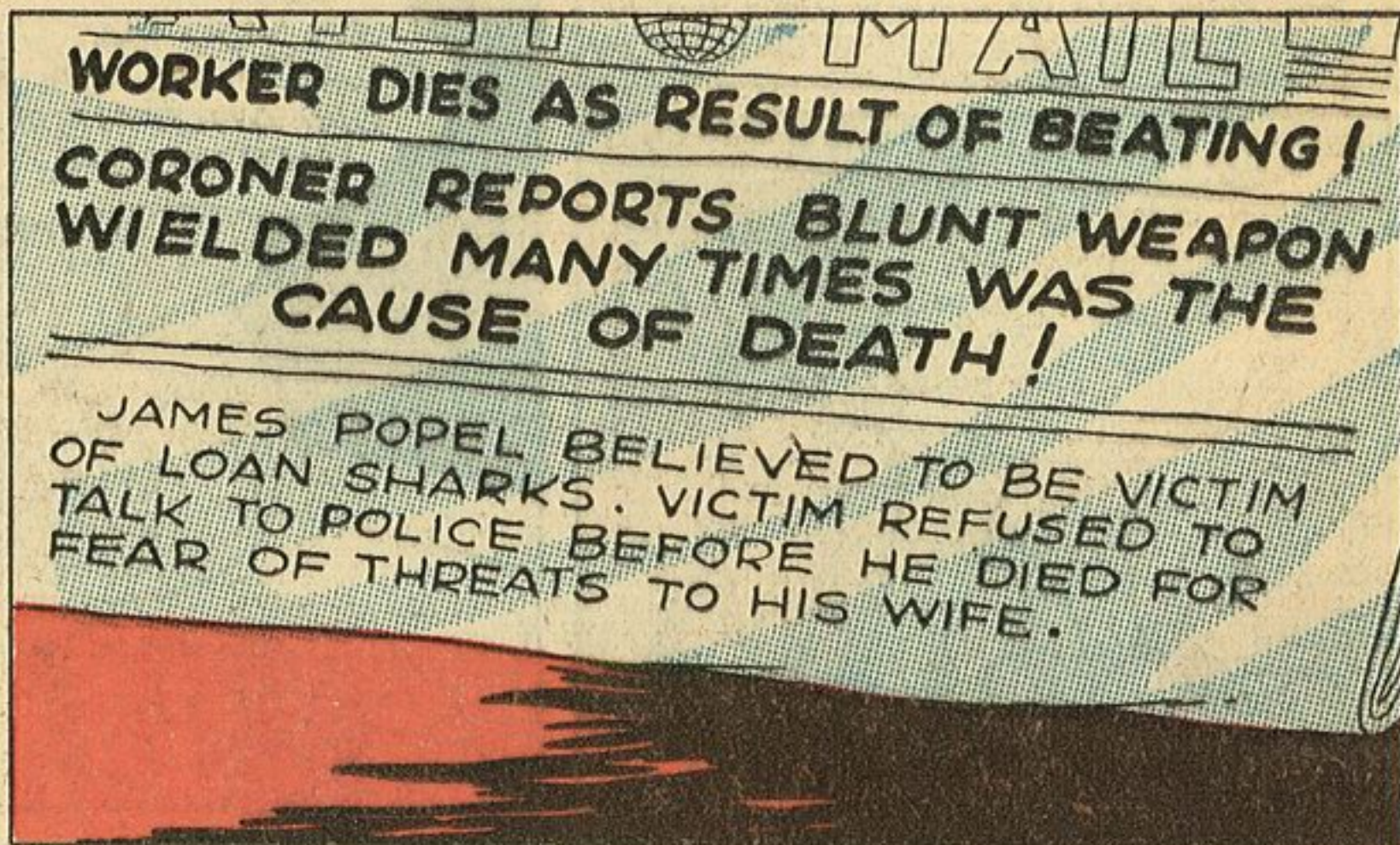


HUGH DUCKS THE FIRST BLOW -

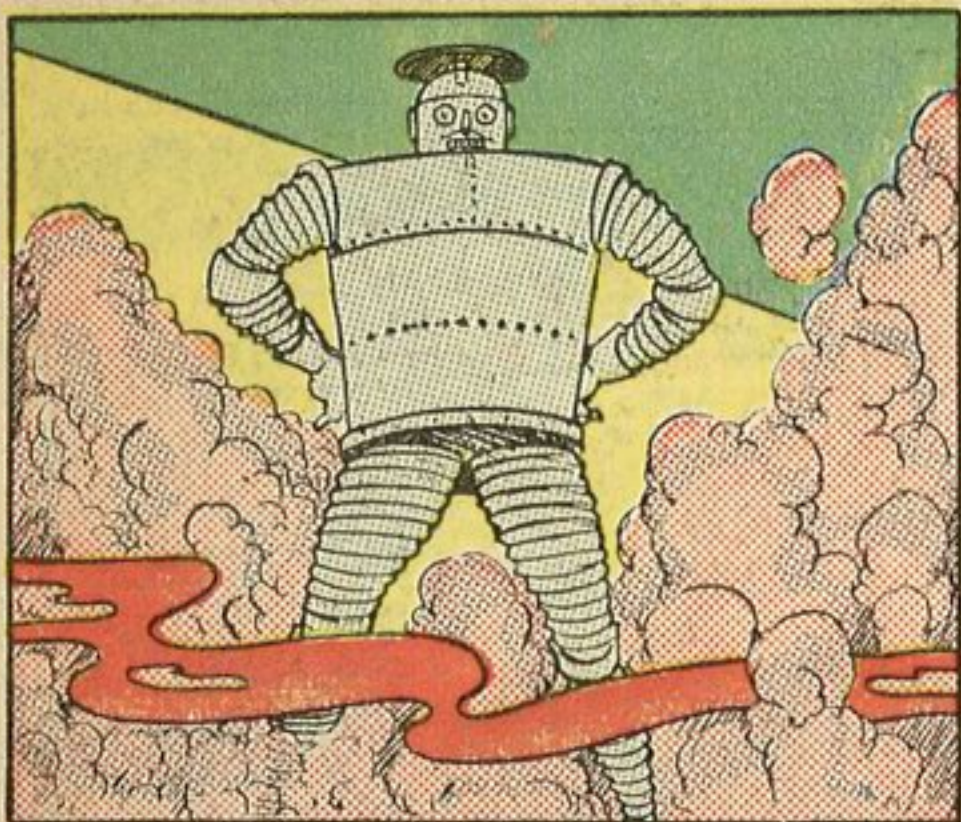
AND AS THE THUG'S FIST PASSES HIS HEAD, HUGH SEES - - -



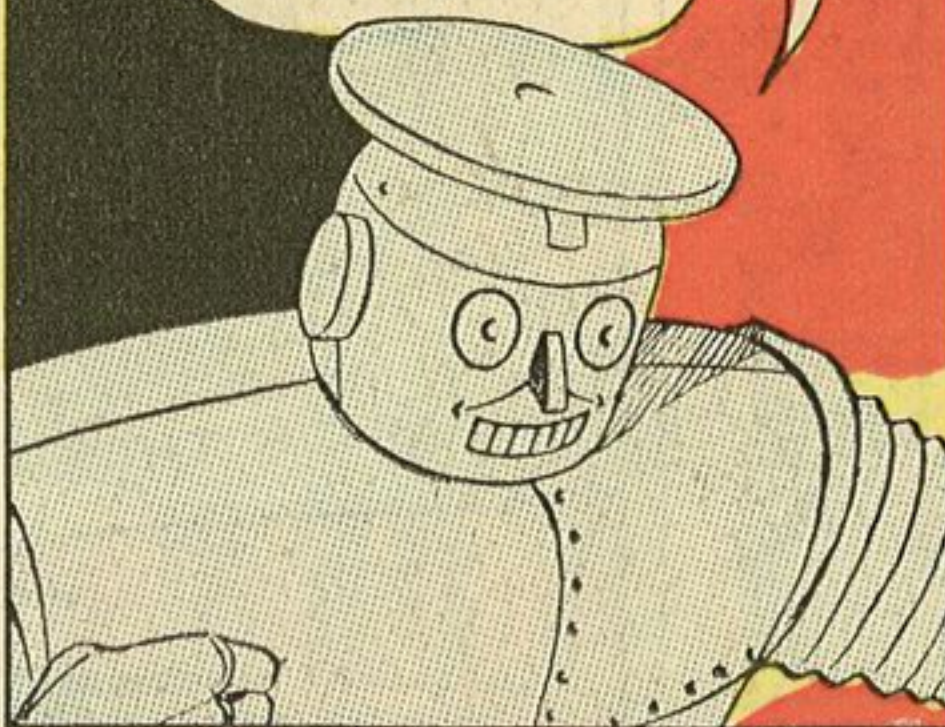




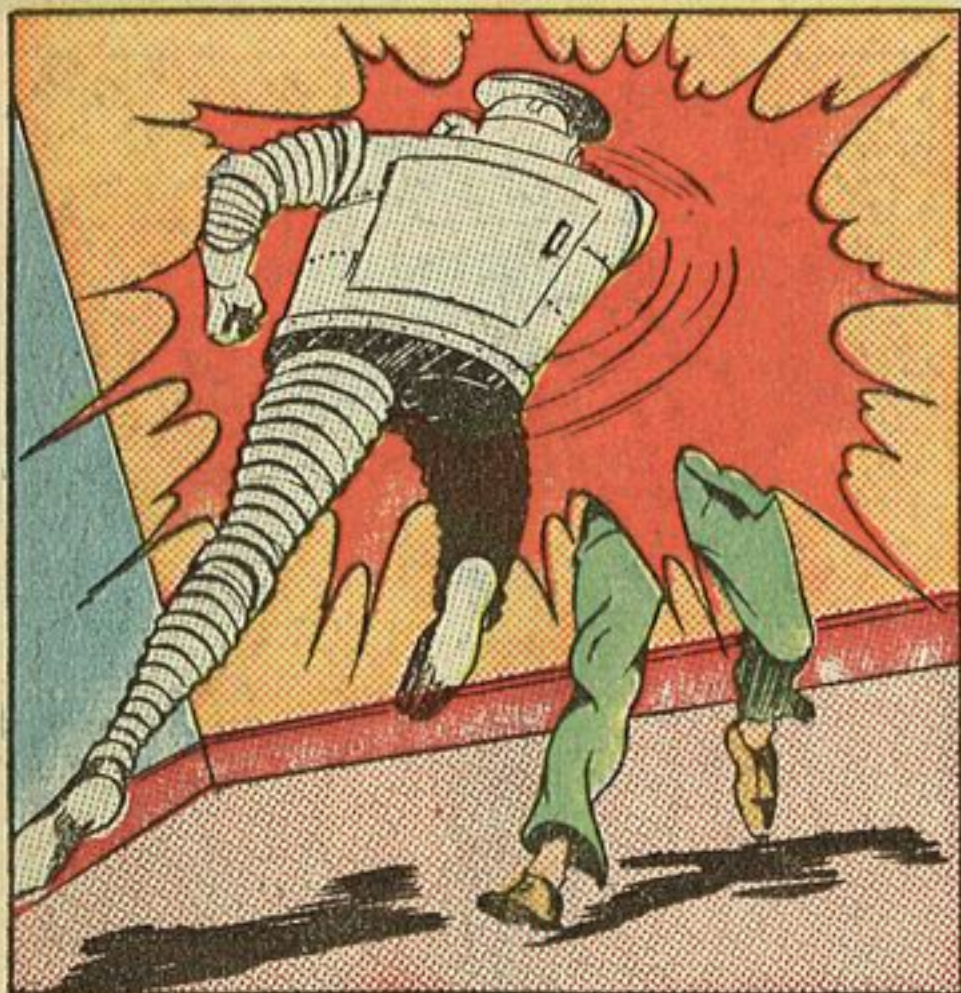
AS THE AIR CLEARS, THE IRON MAN STANDS READY FOR ACTION.



SO YOU RATS WERE READY TO GO TO WORK ON ANOTHER VICTIM, EH?



WELL, I'LL GO TO WORK ON YOU, INSTEAD!



WHAM



THE ODDS ARE EVEN NOW—BRASS KNUCKLES AGAINST A STEEL FIST—



SPLAT

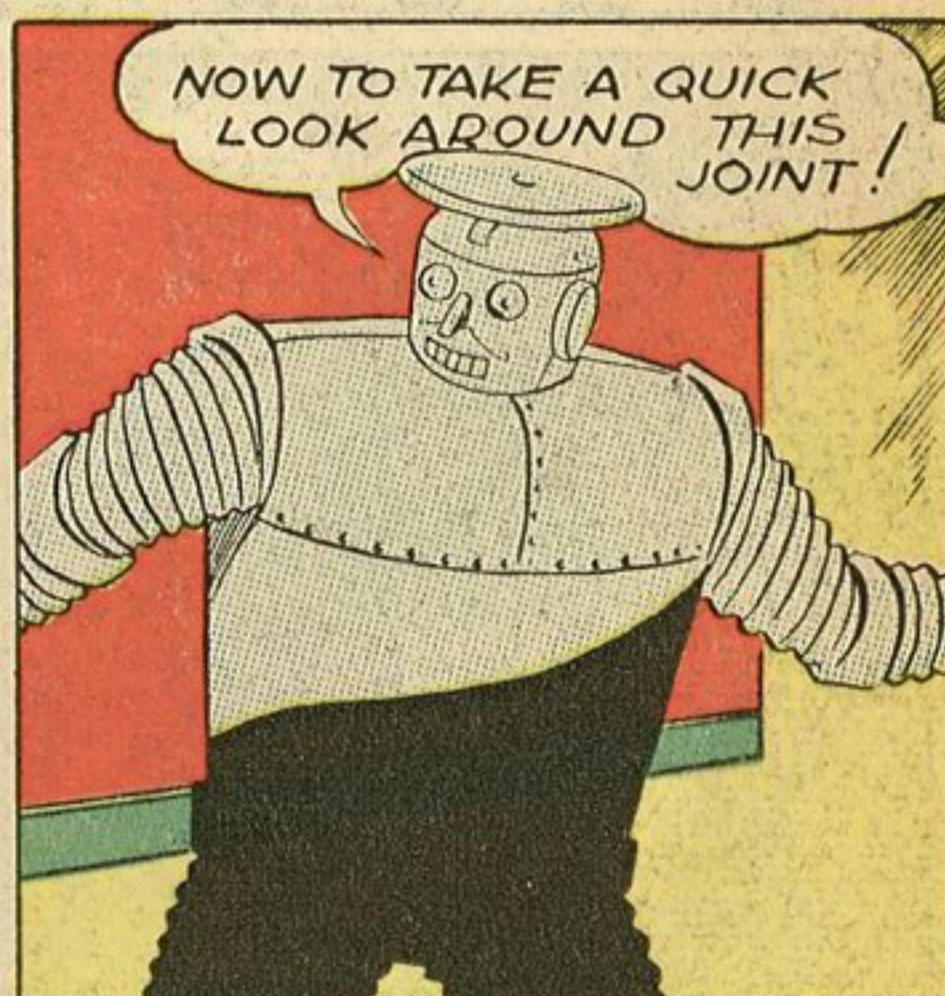


HEY-LOOK! ONE GUY, HE GET AWAY-UP TO ROOF!

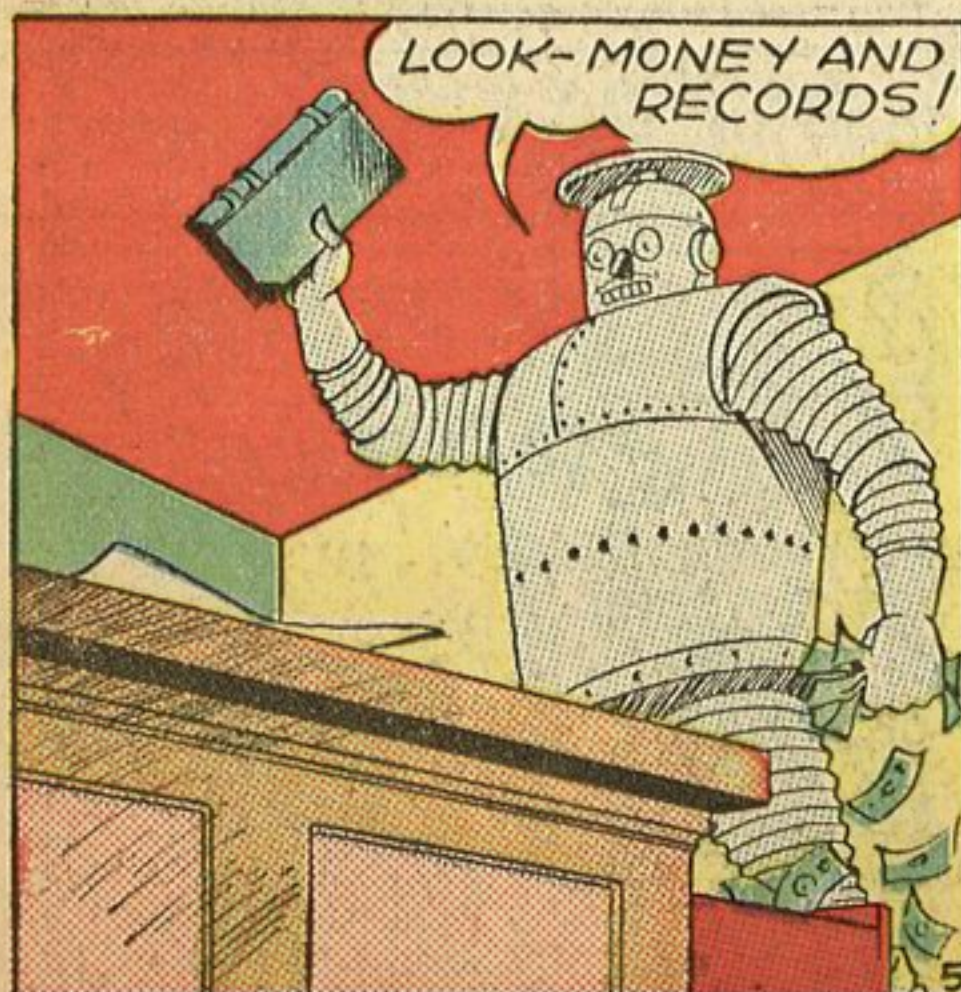
HE WON'T GET FAR!



NOW TO TAKE A QUICK LOOK AROUND THIS JOINT!



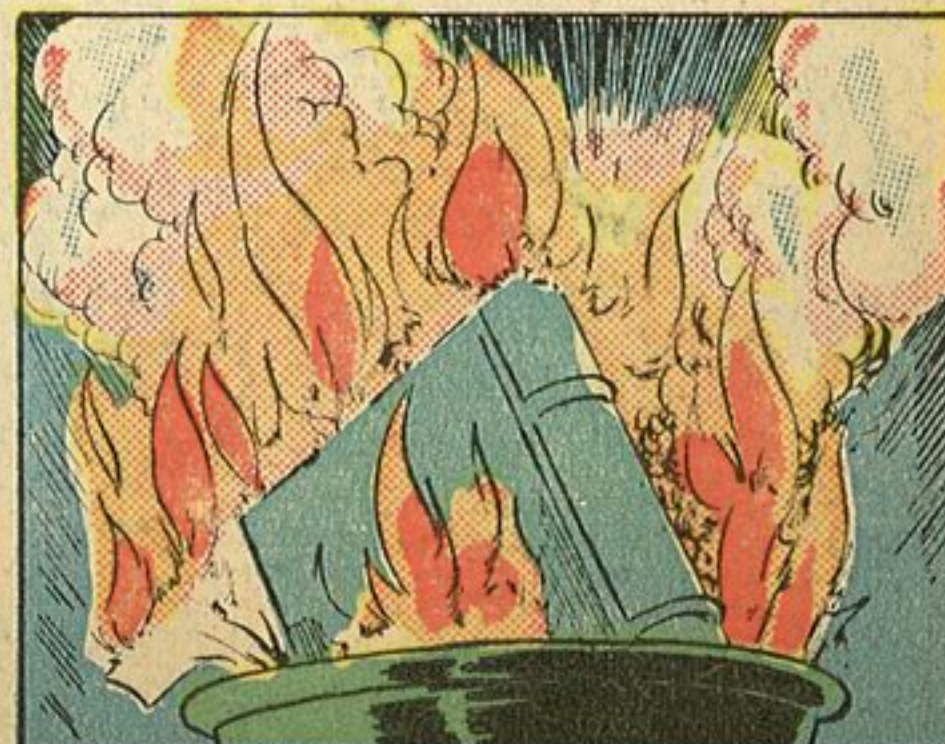
LOOK-MONEY AND RECORDS!

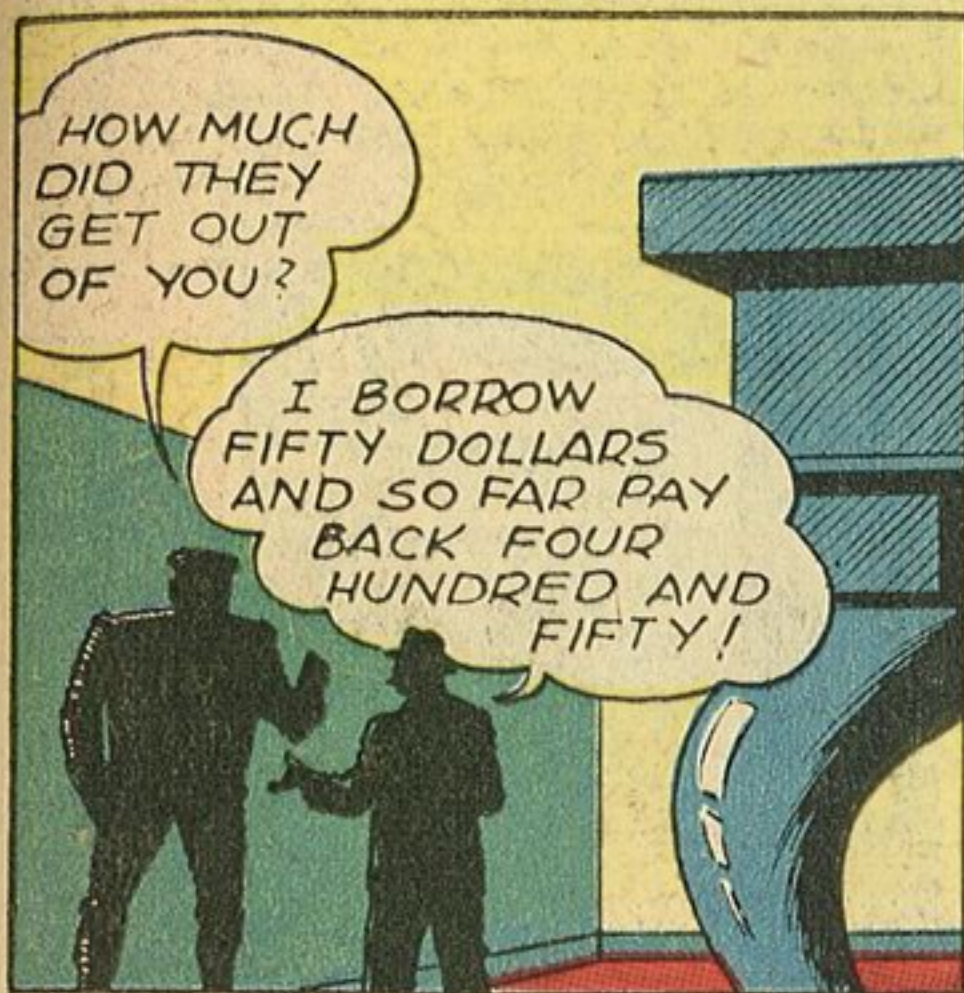


FIRST WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE RECORDS—



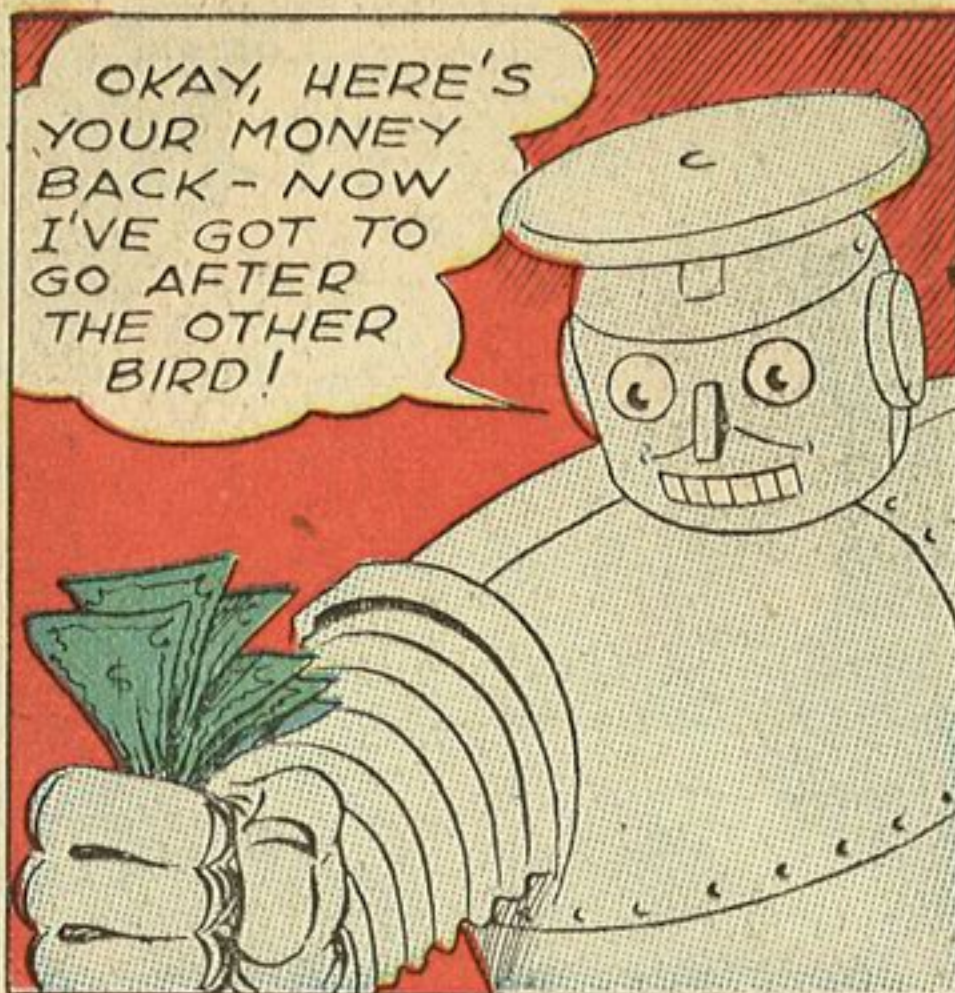
SETTING FIRE TO THE PAGES, THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF HUNDREDS OF VICTIMS GO UP IN FLAMES ---





HOW MUCH DID THEY GET OUT OF YOU?

I BORROW FIFTY DOLLARS AND SO FAR PAY BACK FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY!



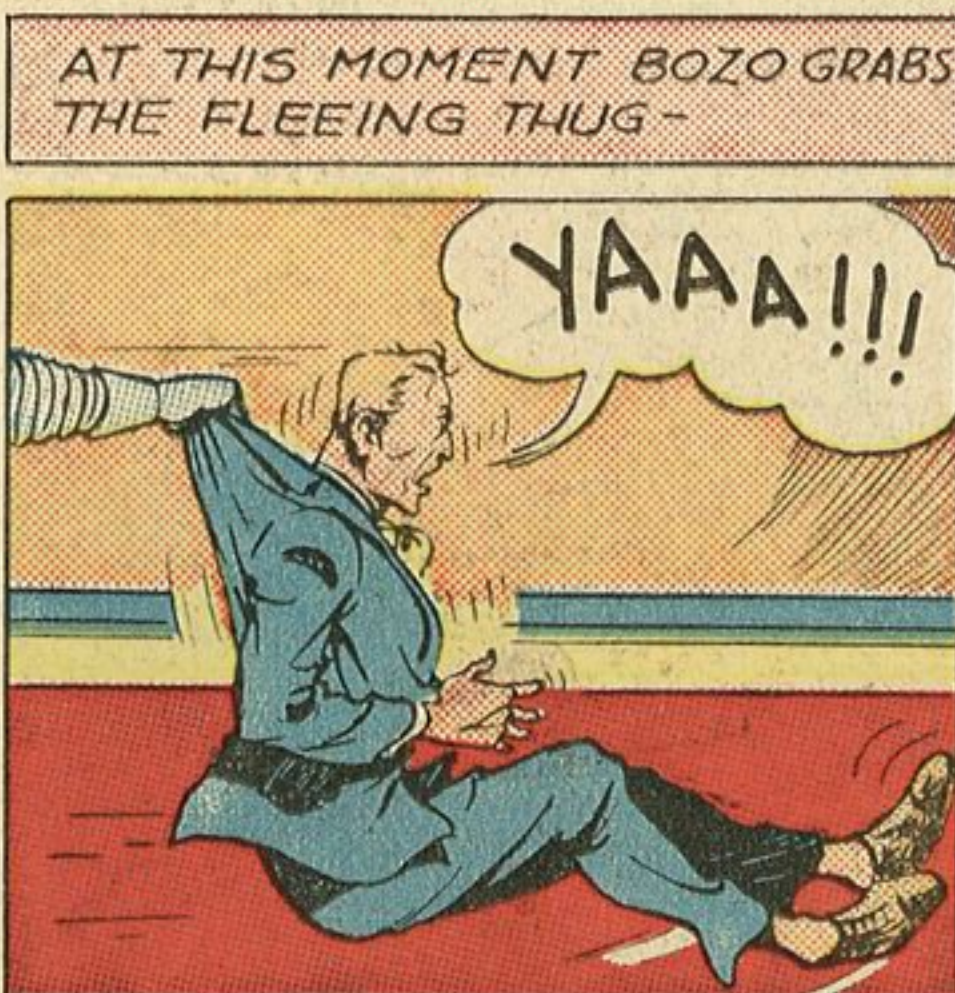
OKAY, HERE'S YOUR MONEY BACK - NOW I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THE OTHER BIRD!



AND LIKE A STREAK, BOZO CRASHES THROUGH THE CEILING AFTER THE ESCAPING CROOK----

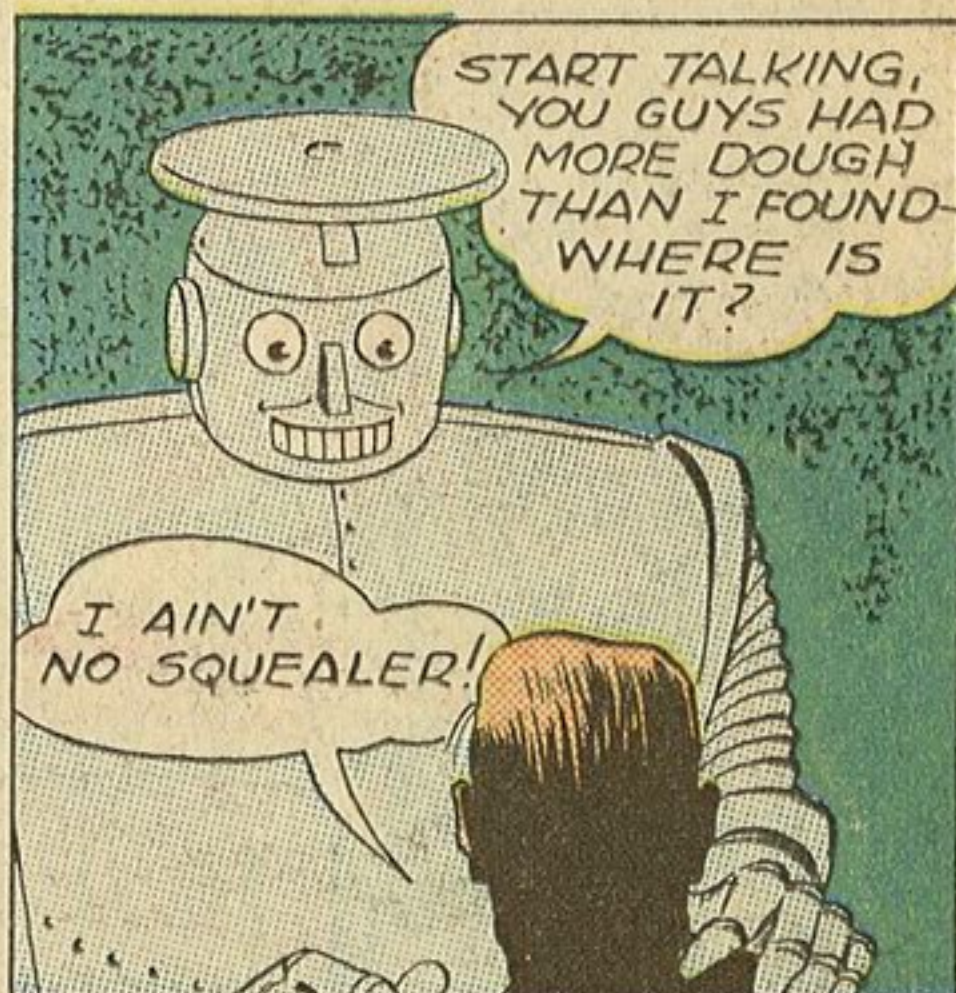


WHATA MAN - I MUSTA FINDA OUT WHAT HE EATSA, AN' FEEDA IT TO MY LEETLE TONY!



AT THIS MOMENT BOZO GRABS THE FLEEING THUG -

YAAA!!!



START TALKING, YOU GUYS HAD MORE DOUGH THAN I FOUND WHERE IS IT?

I AIN'T NO SQUEALER!

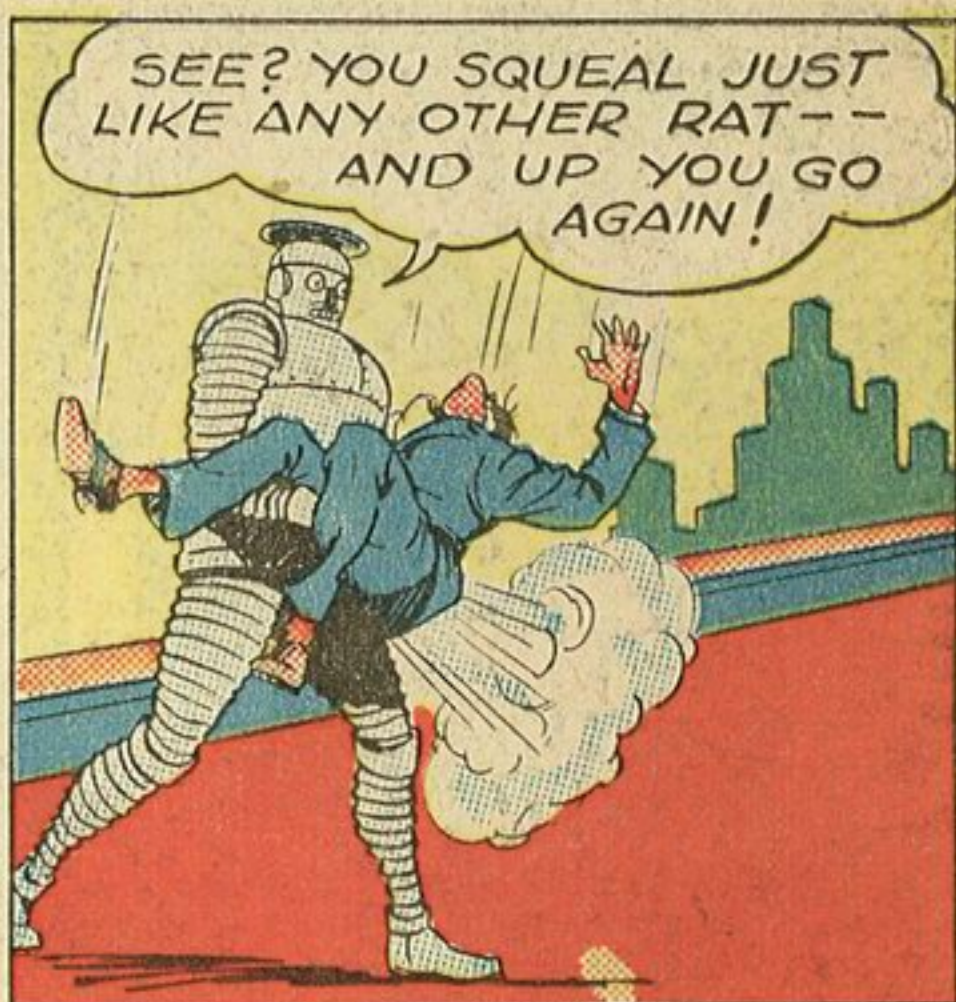


I'LL BET YOU ARE, LISTEN!



PICKING DUTCH UP, THE ROBOT THROWS HIM HIGH IN THE AIR

EEYAAK!



SEE? YOU SQUEAL JUST LIKE ANY OTHER RAT-- AND UP YOU GO AGAIN!



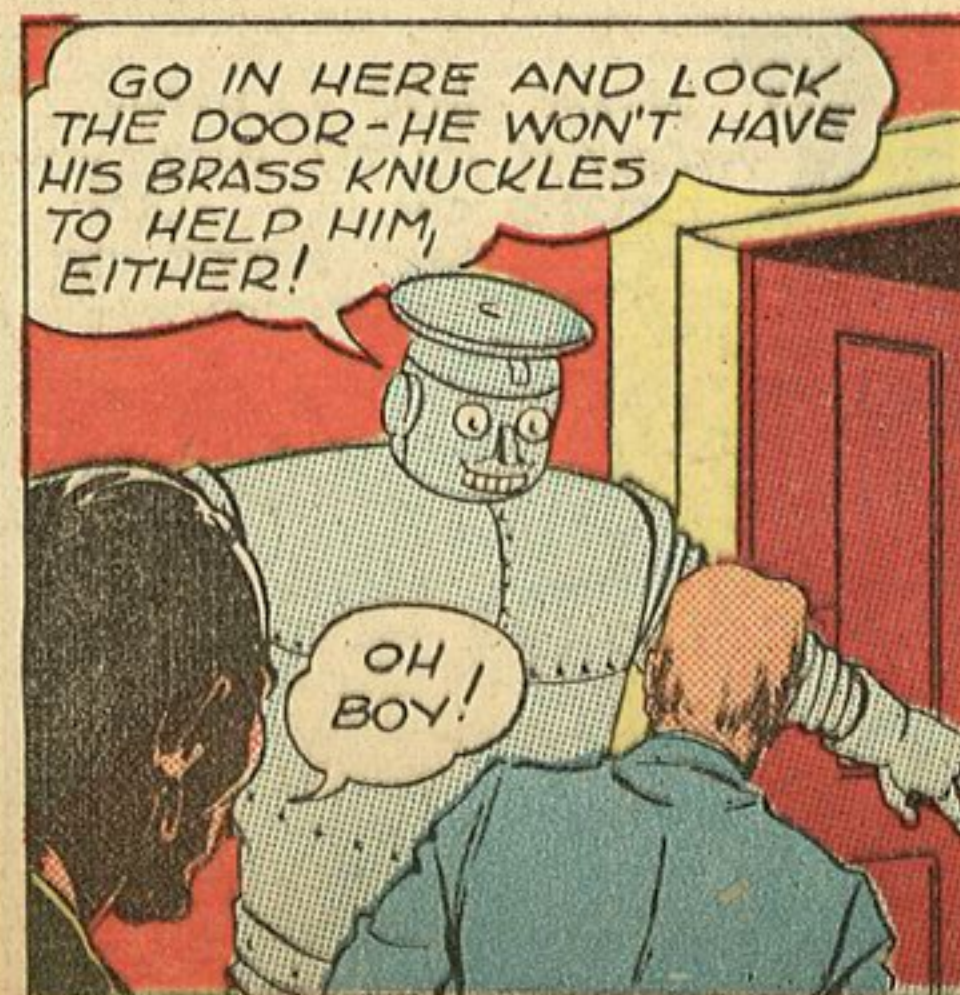
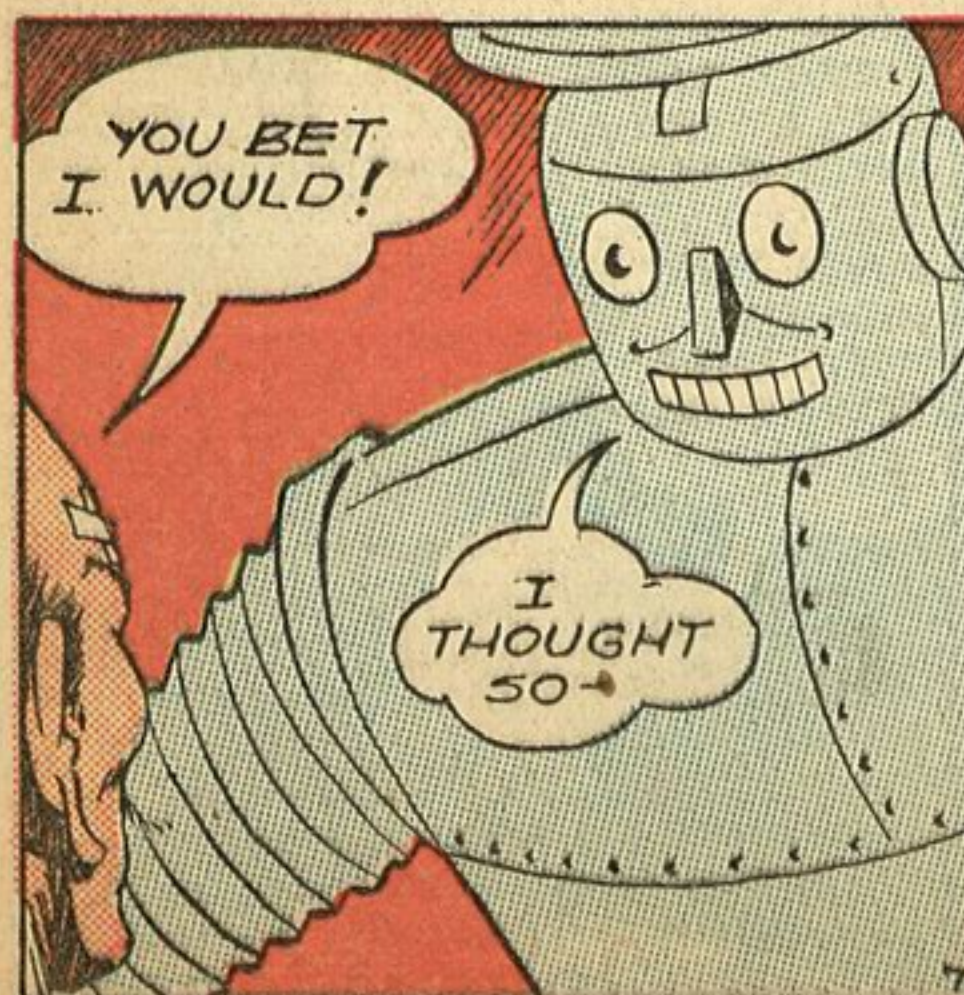
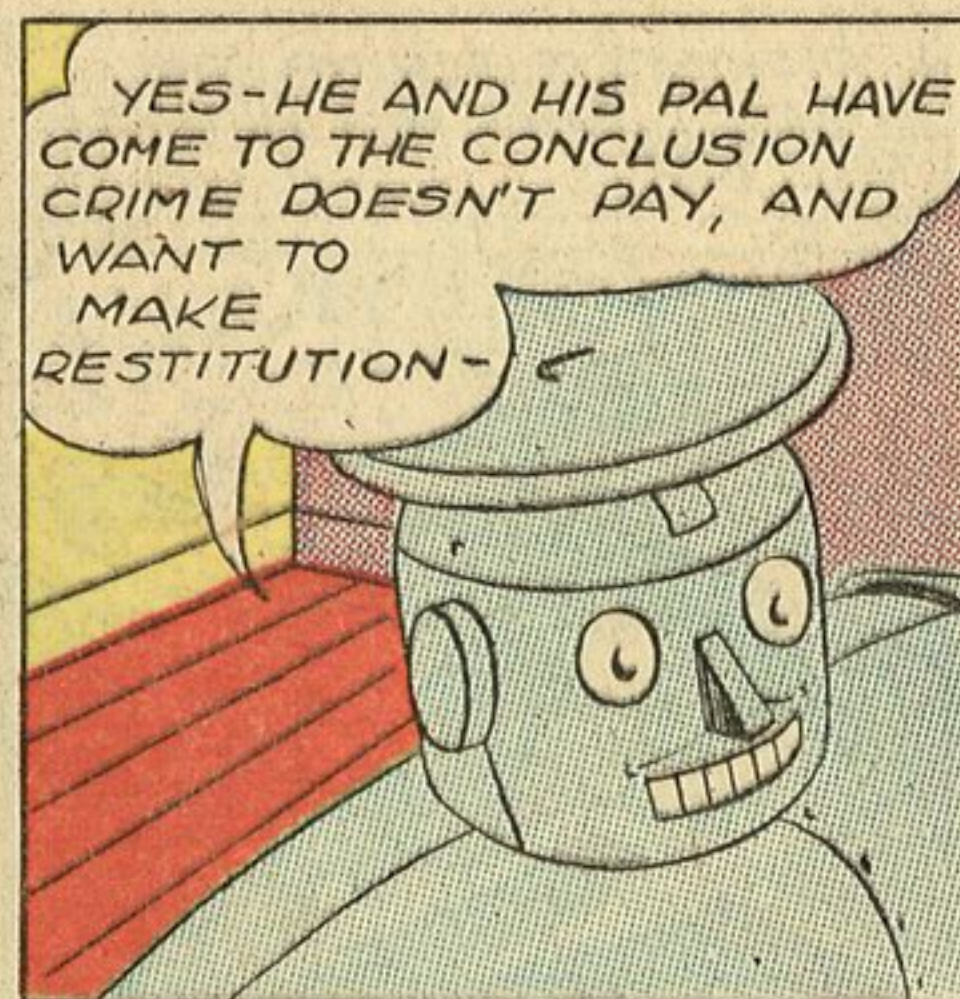
D-DON'T - I - I'LL T-T-TALK!



W-WE GOT DOUGH HIDDEN IN TH' WALL-- LOTS OF IT-- AN' TWO SETS OF RECORDS--



TWO SETS, EH? WE'LL GO DOWN AND GET THE OTHER-- AND THE MONEY TOO-- GET GOING OR I'LL---



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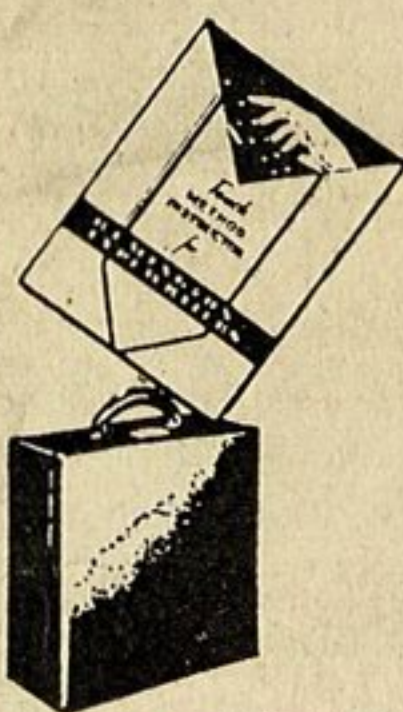


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